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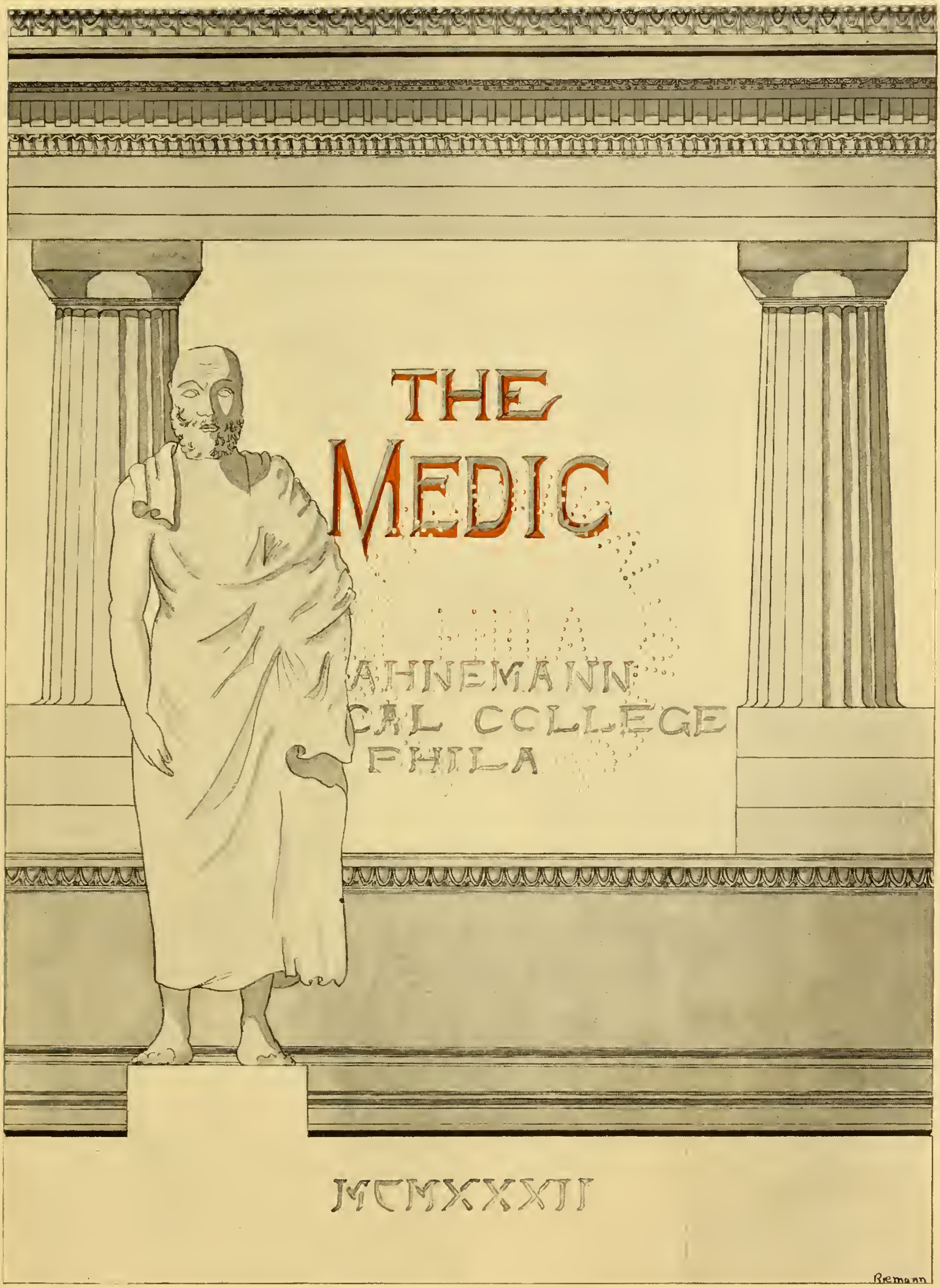

THE MEDIC

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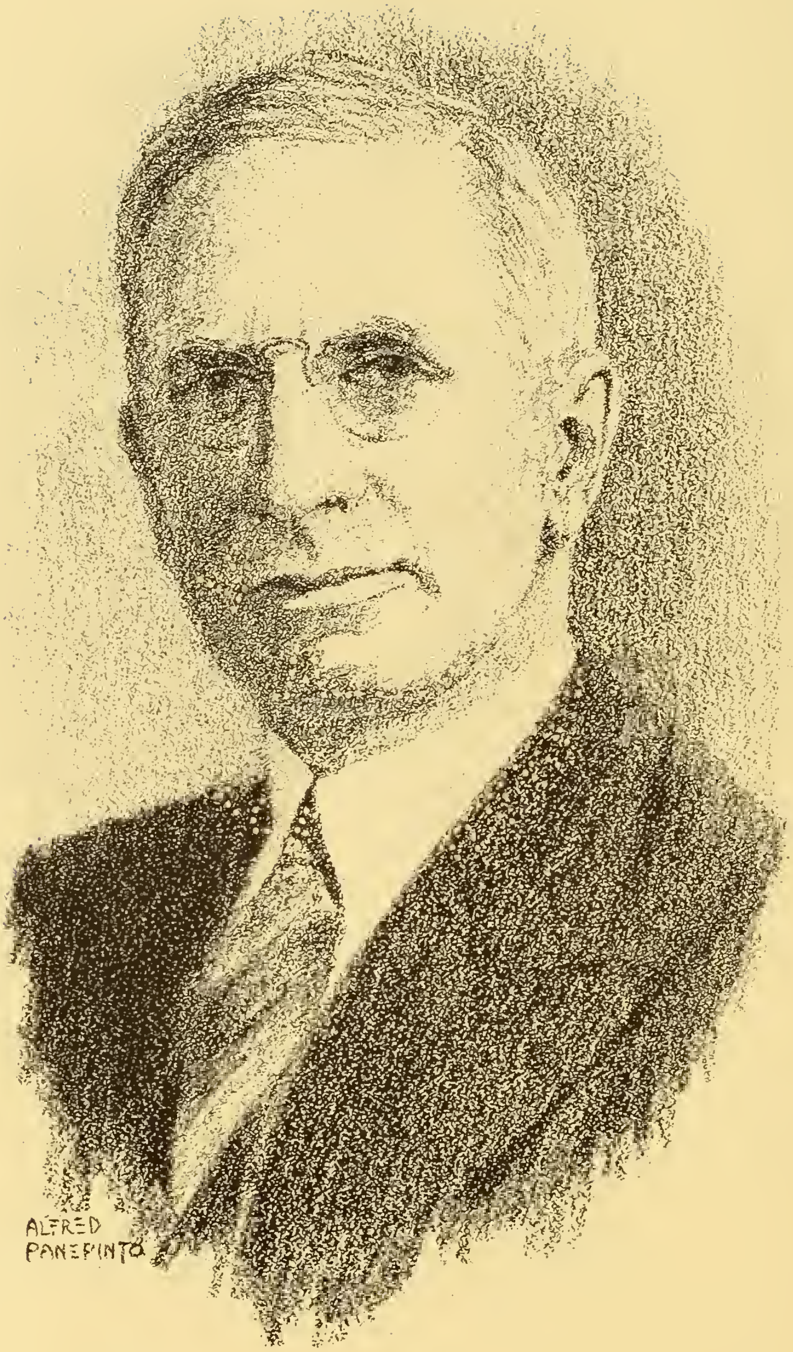
ALFRED
PANEPINTO

Dedication

SIMPLICITY AND GREATNESS HAVE EVER BEEN INSEPARABLY ALLIED.

COMMENTS UPON BRILLIANCE, ACHIEVEMENT, WIT, MIGHT WELL BE IN ORDER IN THIS DEDICATION. INSTEAD, WE PREFER TO HAVE THE QUALITY OF SIMPLICITY AS INHERENT WITHIN IT AS NATURE HAS WILLED THAT IT BE INHERENT WITHIN ITS SUBJECT. THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THOSE WHO READ ARE FAR MORE ADEQUATE THAN ANY PRINTED PAGE. ONLY LET US, WITH A DEEP SENSE OF GRATITUDE, ACKNOWLEDGE THE PRIVILEGE THAT IS OURS,

TO DEDICATE THIS
OUR RECORD FOR ALL TIME
TO
DR. SAMUEL W. SAPPINGTON

CLASS OF 1932.

FOREWORD

AGES ago, or so it seems, someone decided that the days of the class were numbered—that before we realized it, the final threshing would take place which would scatter its members, like chaff, to the four winds.

That idea having penetrated, it seemed we must have a record, which should place on substance less fragile than our memories, notes of our comings and goings, our frailties and strengths, our achievements and failures. "A most capital idea," we decided, nodding most profoundly to our neighbor. "So noble a gathering must not go unsung," whereupon we indulged in a bit more mutual congratulation, and went back to sleep again.

After everyone wise enough to decline had declined, a staff was finally appointed.

An infinite number of things were done which shouldn't be done, but eventually the first glow wore off, and we began to buckle down to the task which had been undertaken so smugly. Individual biographies seemed the heaviest liability. When some philanthropist suggested that we appoint each man his brother's keeper, the fog temporarily lifted, and it seemed our troubles were over. After reading a dozen or so of the "fraternal writeups," cold towels followed by sedative Sitz baths, temperature 96.5 degrees, were the only measures which prevented our making a premature trip to Allentown. That we could be part of a composite composed only of perfect specimens of mankind made us too acutely conscious of our short-comings.

Originally it had been hoped that the elimination of any material which might border on the sarcastic could be eliminated, sarcasm being regarded generally and personally as "the lowest form of wit." Eventually that was discovered to be an Utopian procedure, which, when put into practice, allowed but of inane, spiceless comments, conspicuous only by their similarity. We endeavored to avoid but one thing—the handing out of unearned bouquets. Typical biographies were not even attempted. Instead, we aped our revered Professor of Dermatology in the belief that a thimbleful of spice would outweigh a tank-car full of insipid nectar.

As we have worked with the book, it has become a part of us, and we of it. It has meant definite sacrifice of time and energy for all who strove to widen and improve the scope of that which lay between its covers. We earnestly hope that it may be pronounced either good or bad—not mediocre.

Thorough cooperation between members of the staff has made our task a pleasant if an arduous one. Credit for creativeness goes largely to the chairs of humor and art. With the exception of Jimmy Butler's "historical caricatures," for which we wish to express our appreciation to that gifted mariner, the original art work was done entirely by one man.

The story is told. The song is ended, save only the final verse—a fervent doxology.

THEME

FAR afield we searched to find that which would serve as a nucleus about which we might build. The Present was with us always—perhaps its substance was so commonplace that it yielded us no inspiration—perhaps we knew it so well that we could lay our hand upon no one part which seemed more promising or worthy than another—or perhaps, after all, we really knew very little about it.

The Future, always entrancing, yielded us nothing save infinite theories. The fool and the wise man alike may theorize—and often reap an equal harvest.

Finally we turned about and walked down time's long corridors, and in those cool, refreshing damps, we discovered the past, and found it to be good. Within Time's mighty caves and vaults we tried to separate the Past of Medicine from the Past of Men and of Nations. Wiser men would have known such a task to be undesirable and impossible. The Past of Medicine has ever been inseparably allied with the Past of the Race.

We garnered symbols of that Past—works of art, produced by the hands of Masters whose names are forever immortalized. Things of beauty they undoubtedly are, perfect in detail, thought, and workmanship. But even such symbols can only touch the surface of that which the Past has taught us, and which we would wish to pass on.

Perhaps, if, from the standpoint of the profession, we may summarize that which we have learned, we would say: Whatever attributes he may possess, let no man aspire to the true title of Physician unless he have uppermost in his heart the wish to serve his fellow man.

Perhaps, if, as part of a people whose pride lies in their progress, we may summarize that which we have learned, we will say with Lessing: "Das Wahre is nicht neu, und das Neue ist nicht wahr."

Contents

INTRODUCTION

COLLEGE
  - Historic
  - Views
  - Administration
  - Faculty

CLASSES
  - History
  - Seniors
  - Juniors
  - Sophomores
  - Freshmen

HOSPITAL
  - Interiors
  - Progress

ACTIVITIES
  - Organizations
  - Fraternities
  - Athletics

THE HEADACHE

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

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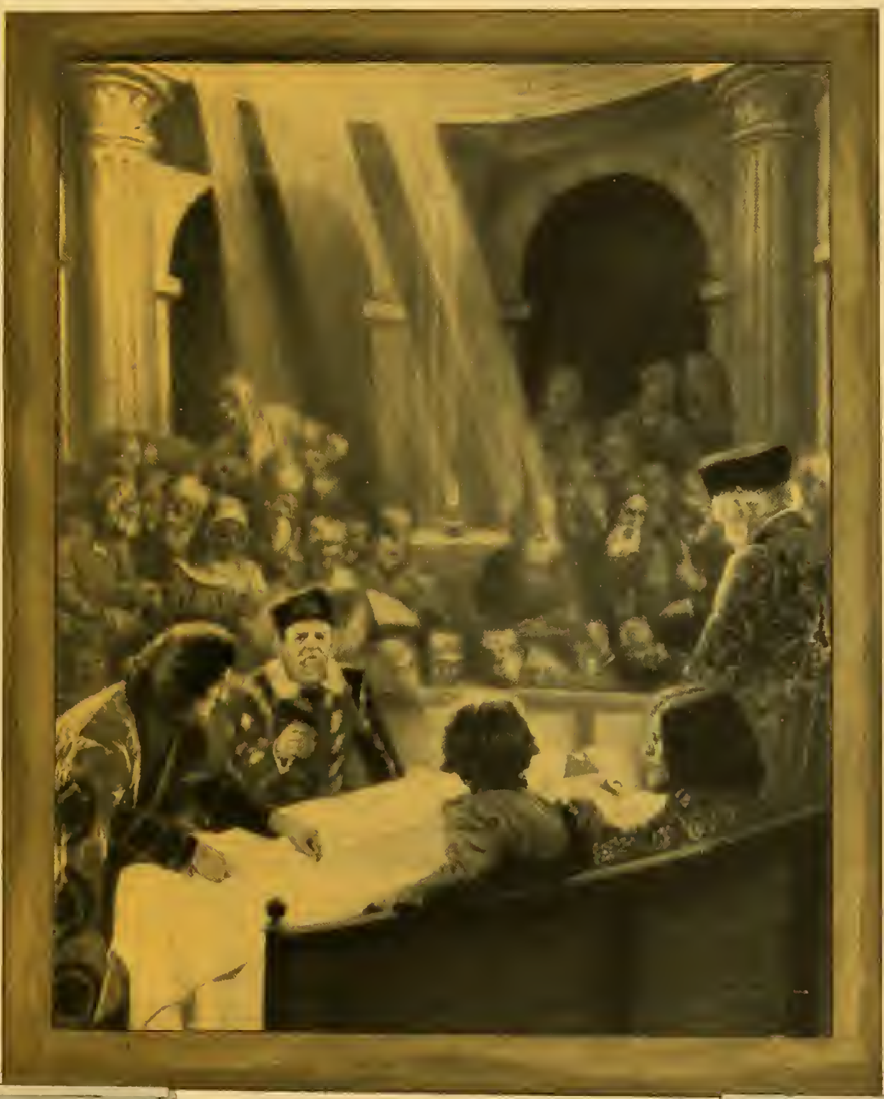


COLLEGE

"FABRICIUS AB EQUAPENDENTE
(1537-1619)"

The teacher of Harvey at Padua. He is said to be directly responsible for the latter's work on the circulation of the blood.

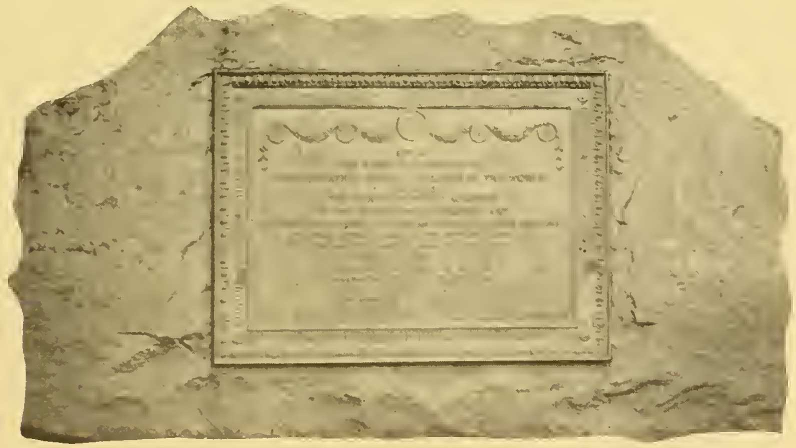
From Out the Past

I

IN A LETTER to Hering in 1833 Hahnemann wrote: "Good luck to you in the land of liberty, where you can do all that is good without let or hindrance." Belying these words, in 1848 the National Medical Convention went on record as being definitely opposed to the teaching and practice of Homeopathy.

The stimulus served as the rock upon which should be built the college which we call ours.

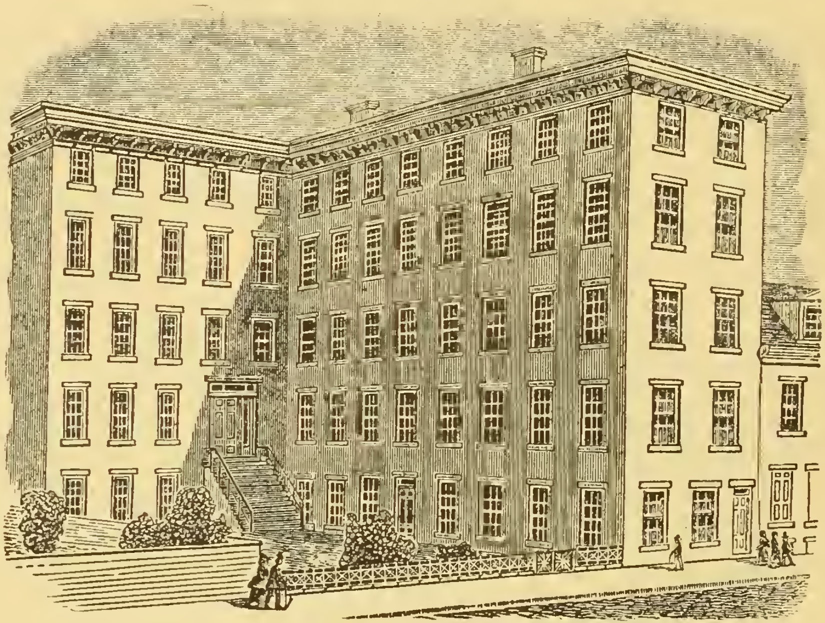
In the same year in which the above resolution was adopted, Doctors Hering, Jeans, and Williamson founded and incorporated the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania, with a charter allowing it to confer upon its graduates the degree of Doctor of Homeopathic Medicine. This was the first institution of its sort to be founded in the world. The only previous institution for the teaching of homeopathy in this country was the Allentown Academy of the Healing Art, also established by Hering. From records which can be obtained, this was more in the nature of a post-graduate school for instruction in therapeutics.



In the fall of 1848, the college first opened its doors—an event sounding far more impressive and ceremonious than was probably the case. The rear of a building at 229 Arch Street was leased, and in this building one course of lectures was given. The faculty, this first year, numbered nine, and the student body fifteen. Hemocytometers and sphigomanometers were in all probabilities few in number. Instruction in blood chemistry was said to be shockingly superficial.

The following year the college moved to an ex-church building on Filbert Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth. Additions were made to the faculty, and apparently the student body was increasing proportionately, for on March 2, 1850, at the second commencement of the college in Musical Fund Hall, twenty students were graduated. The building on Filbert Street was destined to be the mecca of homeopathists for some years to come.

From the inception of the college, a dispensary, for the practical instruction of students, had been an integral part of it. On April 20, 1850, the Court of Common Pleas for Philadelphia County granted a charter to the Homeopathic Hospital of Pennsylvania. A large building on Chestnut Street, near the Schuylkill, was leased, a staff was organized, and the hospital was opened in 1852. Vincent L. Bradford, president of the hospital corporation, spoke at its opening: "Let, then, all who regard Homeopathy with favor, unite in the support of a charitable establishment in which it shall at once be applied to the removal of pain and sickness, and practically taught to a large succession of learners, who, in after life will diffuse its benefits far and wide." Two years later it was forced to close its doors for want of support, its property and funds being given to the Soldiers' Hospitals during the War of the Rebellion.

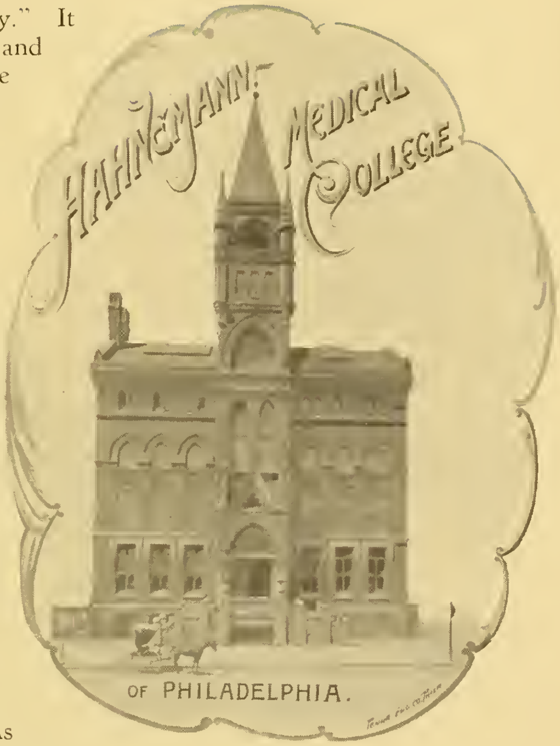


FIRST HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL IN PHILADELPHIA

Many efforts to organize a new hospital failed until September 9, 1862, at which time a woman's association for the management of a hospital was formed. These able ladies started a hospital in the rear of the college building, for wounded and sick soldiers. In this institution were treated many who had been discharged uncured from United States Army Hospitals. After the war, this hospital likewise closed its doors.

The need for clinical material and increased facilities, led the faculty in 1869, to hold a fair in Horticultural Hall, the proceeds to be used for the construction of a hospital. This netted the unexpectedly large sum of $17,000. In 1870, the Filbert Street building was purchased, and a five-story brick hospital was erected on the same property. The historian notes some contention between the members of the Hospital Corporation, and the faculty during the early eighteen seventy's, the contention centering around the desire of the hospital corporation to keep that institution separate from the college, and the contending wish of the faculty to erect an amphitheatre to permit of adequate clinical instruction. This condition eventually gave rise to the present corporate title.

In 1867 a schism occurred in the college, due to the abolition of the "Chair of Special Pathology and Diagnostics," held by Dr. Raue. This movement was instituted by Dr. Lippe, who contended that such instruction was contrary to "pure homeopathy." It led to the withdrawal of Dr. Hering and other members of the faculty, and the founding of The Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, by Dr. Hering. For a time, both institutions continued to exist. The "Medical Investigator" for August, 1867, mentions the older institution, and with some sarcasm says that "it offers to give a 'thorough medical education' taught by only seven professors." During the session 1868-69 the relations between the two rival colleges were anything but cordial. The rivalry ceased, and union was once more effected in 1869, when, through some highly delicate politics, a controlling share of the stock of the old college passed into the hands of Dr. Hering. At this time it was decided that the new name should stand, as a tribute to the founder of homeopathy. Once again, out of strife had come increased strength. As this era drew to its close, Hahnemann pioneered in the adoption of a three-year course.



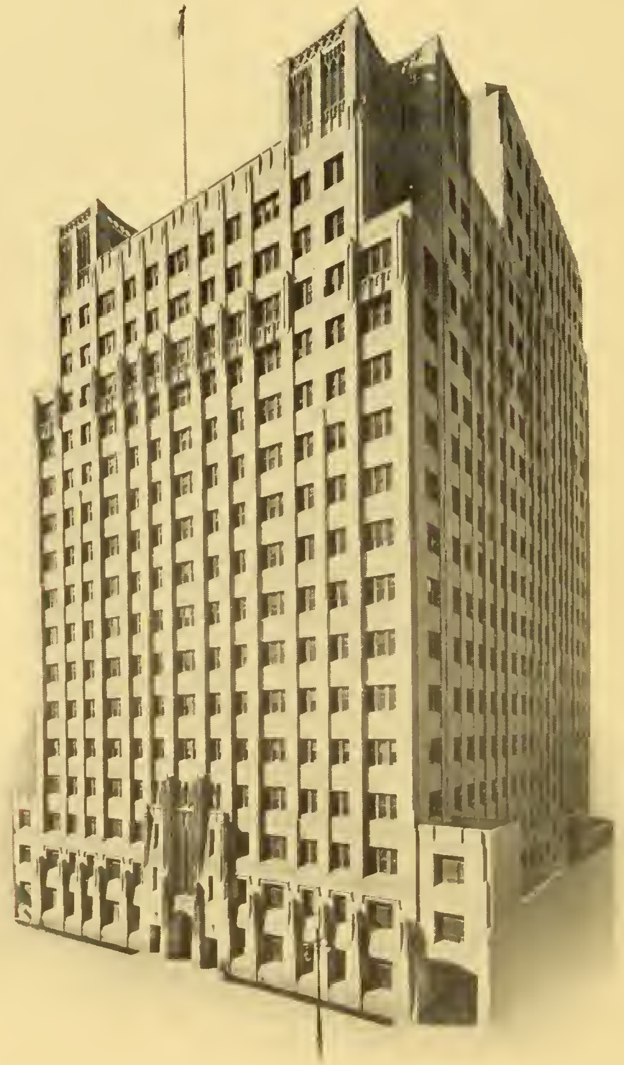
By 1880, the contention between college and hospital had become acute, and the facilities and equipment of both had become inadequate and obsolete. The machinery for the construction of a new hospital and college was put in motion. Negotiations and more negotiations were the order of the day. The usual number of setbacks occurred, but finally, and largely through generosity of the faculty, in September, 1883, the sum of $103,666.67 was paid for a piece of ground lying between Broad and Fifteenth Streets, above Race Street. Here the work of erecting a new college building was begun in the fall of 1884, with the laying of the cornerstone. Work continued over a period of two years, and in September, 1886, the new college was dedicated. In 1890, largely through the efforts of Dr. A. R. Thomas, who served for twenty-seven years as Professor of Anatomy, and for twenty years as Dean of the College, and to whom college and hospital alike owe an eternal debt of gratitude, the new one hundred and fifty bed hospital was opened. The establishment of these two modern buildings was a milestone in the history of homeopathy, and an anchor which was destined to hold Hahnemann in the front rank of medical schools—or perhaps we would more advisedly say that the men who made these buildings possible were sheet anchors, capable of weathering any vicissitudes.

The year that saw the opening of the hospital, also saw the laying of plans for a four-year course. Four years later this was put in effect.

For forty years the hospital and college contributed their share to the healing of the sick. Improvements were made as improvements came, but eventually the institution once again began to feel the twinges of growing pains. History repeated itself in the old story of negotiation upon negotiation, and inevitable setbacks. Once again difficulties but served as a spur to endeavor.

In the latter part of November, an unsuccessful search was made for a key which was never used—the key to the entrance of the Old Hahnemann Hospital. It had ceased to be a retreat for the sick, and instead had become the temporary abode of those who would one day minister to the sick. In its day it had been imposing and awe-inspiring, but now, far above it, towered a giant, which seemed indeed to reach for the sun.

So passeth the day of things, but the spirit which inspired them shall live on.



L'envoi

HISTORIES are dull, drab things at best—merely notations of successions of facts, all differing in a way, and yet all very similar. Histories of great conflicts, of dashing, masterful generalship, of feats of great valor, and great loyalty to a cause, alone have the power to appeal to others than the true scholar and bibliophile.

Yet, if we would learn, but two sources of learning are open to us—history and our own experience. If the life of man were more than a flash of light in the infinity of time and space, we might well cast aside all knowledge save that which we accumulate in the school of our own lives. Then indeed could we build on solid foundations. To say that such a course is impossible is but to point out the obvious. To advance, we must build upon the lessons—the mistakes and accomplishments, if you will—which history holds in its strong-box. Upon that, if we are sufficiently wise, and live sufficiently long, we may place an upright or two cast in the cauldron of our own experience.

If any lesson can be learned in the foregoing pages, it is that of loyalty to a cause and submergence of self. We are not trying to preach—the great majority of sermons which have come our way have served to irritate us mightily—but we are doing our best to bring a realization to those of us who go out this year from this institution, and to any others who have need of such realization—that Hahnemann has existed and progressed because men had vision—and that Hahnemann can only continue to exist and progress through an increasing and greater vision in every man who proudly holds her diploma.

Much has been said of Homeopathy in the preceding pages. It has served as the rallying cry and the standard about which our school has risen. We would in no sense minimize or decry that standard, but even as we pause to recognize its merits, we would remember that we are primarily members of a profession, which, with all its faults and blindnesses, has ever struggled onward toward light and truth; and that we are secondarily members of a sub-division of that profession. We will remember that even as laboratories have been created to establish the rationale of our method of the treatment of disease, we must create more laboratories which will study the cause and prevention of disease. We will remember that the Great Physician is, after all, Nature, and that our efforts must ever be to aid, and never to interfere with that greatest of all consultants. We will, above all, avoid dogmatism in any respect.

In such a way we may prove ourselves worthy successors of the founders. With such a spirit, no vision of the future can be too sanguine.

Dr. Rufus B. Weaver

Affectionately Yours
Rufus B. Weaver

NINETY-ONE years ago, "Daddy" first appeared on the scene, in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Undoubtedly no one thought of calling him "Daddy" at that time. There he remained during the Civil War days, until the day before the battle of Gettysburg, when he left unceremoniously by flagging a train, when the capture of the town by the "Johnny Rebs" seemed imminent.

His undergraduate days were spent at Pennsylvania College (now Gettysburg College), from which institution he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1862. A book on anatomy and physiology fell into his hands sometime during this period, which book served as the guidepost of his life work.

With this in mind he entered the Penn Medical University, a medical college in Philadelphia. While a student there, he came in contact with Dr. Amos Russell Thomas, who held the chair of anatomy in that institution from 1856 to 1866. "Daddy" received his M.D. in 1865, but was listed as an instructor in the College from 1864 to 1869, so his association with Dr. Thomas was probably both that of student and fellow teacher.

Constantly impelled by a desire to know more of the human body, in 1865 he took a course in anatomy from Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, who at that time conducted a private school of anatomy, and who was said to be able to obtain bodies when medical schools were bodyless. From time to time in the next several years, Dr. Weaver worked under Dr. Agnew's direction. When an instructorship in anatomy at Hahnemann was offered to Dr. Weaver, Agnew urged him to take it, speaking of it as "the chance of a lifetime."

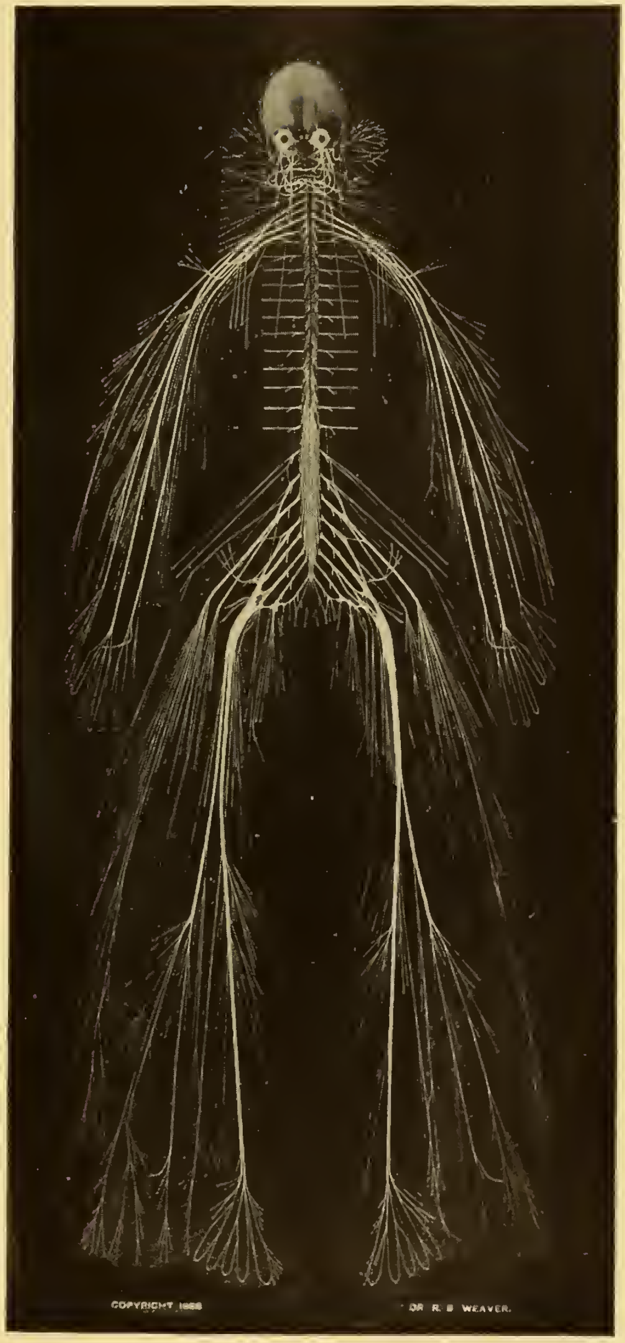
In the years of 1867-68 and 1868-69, the man who was to devote so many years of his life to the instruction of others, sat on the benches for the last time at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and the Jefferson Medical School, respectively. His studies in these institutions were entirely along anatomical lines.

Upon the severance of his connections with the Penn Medical University, Dr. Thomas had become Professor of Anatomy at Hahnemann. In 1870 Dr. Weaver joined him in the capacity of Demonstrator of Anatomy. In 1879 he was made Lecturer on Surgical Anatomy. During this period, and the years which followed, he established the Museum, dissecting and preserving most of its specimens with his own hands. It seems almost in the realm of the incredible that one man could do the tremendous amount of work which he did, and at the same time fill the role of ever-patient teacher, counselor and friend.

In the spring and summer of 1888 "Harriet" came into being. Never in the history of anatomy or of medicine has such a task been accomplished. Only infinite knowledge, skill, and patience allowed of its completion.

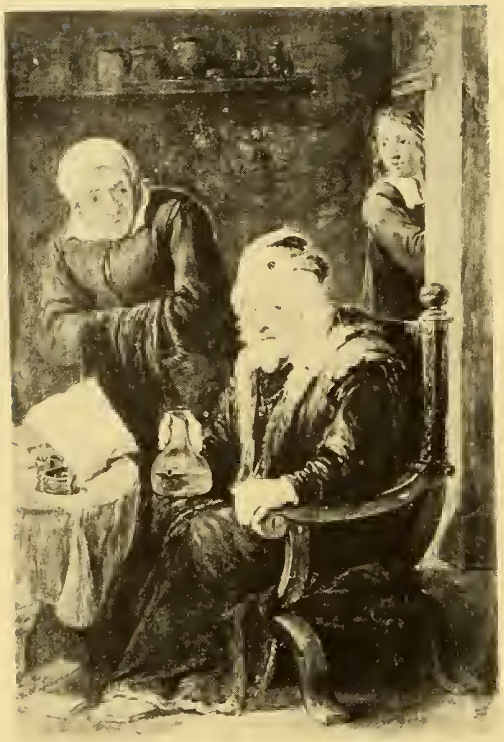
If those who read would know more of that task, let them consult "Harriet's" guardian. In George's eyes each nerve holds a separate memory of the man who separated its tender fibrils from its native bed. No sainted relic was ever more holy to a devout pilgrim than are those white branches to him.

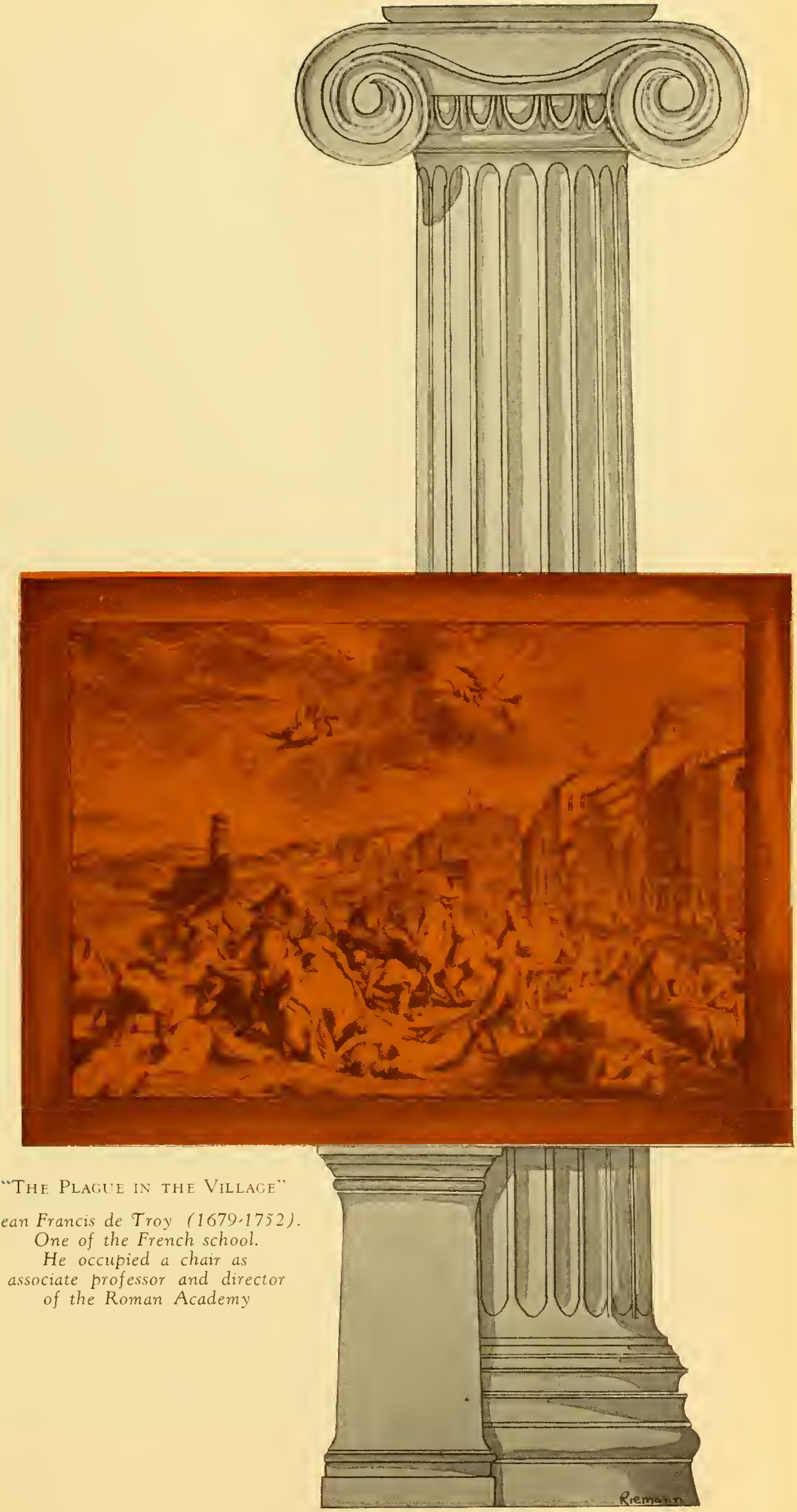
As a token of appreciation for the great work he had done, Hahnemann gave "Daddy" an honorary M.D. in 1891. Six years later, following the death of Dr. Thomas, honor was mutually bestowed when he became Professor of Anatomy.



From that time until seven years ago "Daddy" gave of himself to Hahnemann. During that time he was the most beloved figure on the faculty—the last one to whom a newly-hatched graduate said goodbye—the first one whom a long absent alumnus wished to see.

His failing health has deprived us of the intimate friendship of this grand old man. Those of us who know him have appreciated the extent of that loss.

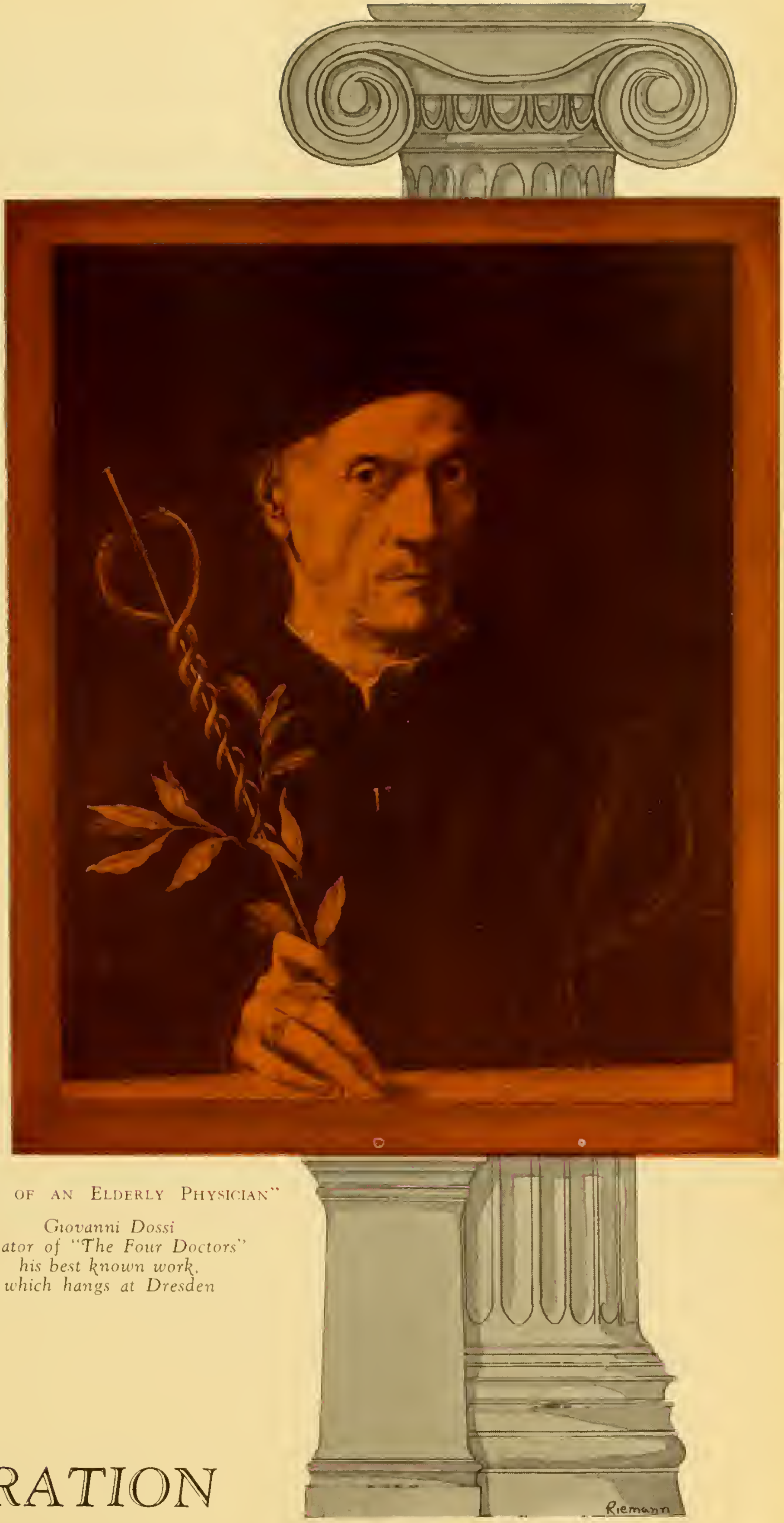




"THE PLAGUE IN THE VILLAGE"

Jean Francis de Troy (1679-1752).
One of the French school.
He occupied a chair as
associate professor and director
of the Roman Academy

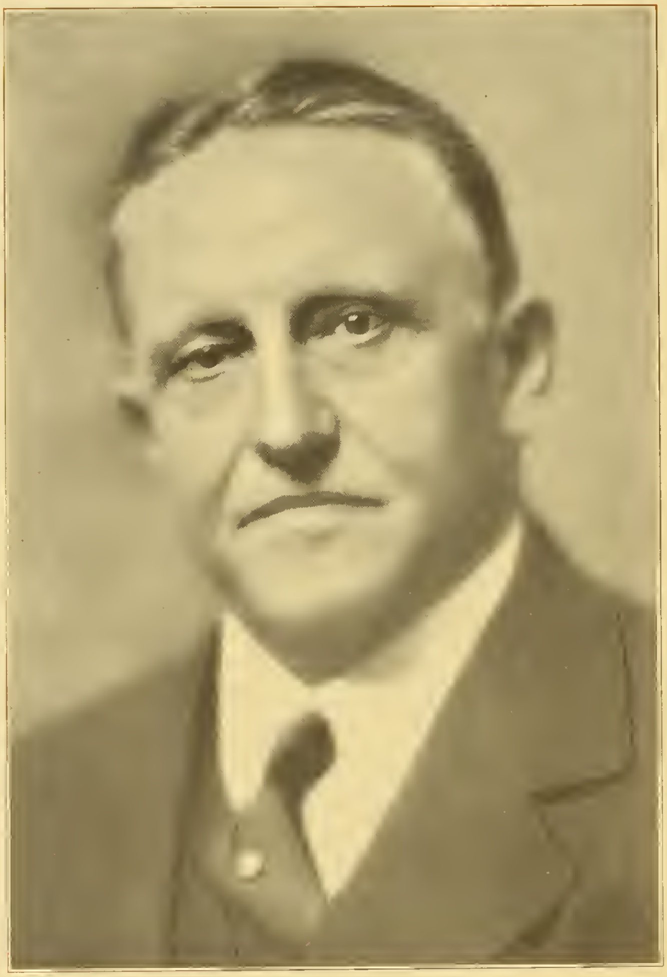
VIEWS



"Bust of an Elderly Physician"

Giovanni Dossi
Creator of "The Four Doctors"
his best known work,
which hangs at Dresden

ADMINISTRATION



COLONEL LOUIS JOHN KOLB

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AS NOTED elsewhere in this volume, the college and hospital have been one since the spring of the year 1885. From that time until the present, the progress which these two institutions have made has been due in no small measure to the able men who have guided their destinies from the trusteeship. Names famous in Philadelphia history have always been present in that body.

At the present time, two descendants of the founders of the institution are members of the board. The others are men of prominence in the affairs of the city and state.

Mr. Company, the treasurer, was the only one whom we were unable to find in Who's Who.

For many years Walter E. Hering served faithfully and well as president of the board. The Greater Hahnemann stands as a lasting monument to his vision.

Following Mr. Hering's resignation in May, 1930, Colonel Kolb, the man on whom the brunt of the executive work concerned in financing and building the new hospital had fallen, was chosen as his worthy successor. His activities, many and varied, are curbed only by the irritating, unrelenting factor of time. He has long been active in civic, social, business and philanthropic matters. St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital and The Graduate Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, as well as Hahnemann, number him among their directorate.

While men such as these man the tiller, the assurance of a greater future, whose foundations already rest upon solid rock, brings peace and exultation to our souls.

DR. WILLIAM A. PEARSON, DEAN

Greetings for the 1932 Class Book

MODERN medical education includes the experience of the ages in the healing art. A knowledge of the development of modern medicine is important. No longer do physicians, bleed, blister, and purge desperately ill patients nor resort to still earlier practices of casting out devils.

Samuel Hahnemann made a most valuable contribution to medicine at a time when empiric methods were rampant and most of Hahnemann's contentions are in perfect accord with modern science. Medicine today is the application of modern science to the cure and alleviation of disease.

The Class of 1932 deserves congratulations for featuring the historic side of medicine in this record.

May this splendid class demonstrate further improvements in the science and art of healing and reflect credit upon their Alma Mater and the honored profession of medicine.

Sincerely yours,

W. A. Pearson

"ANATOMY LESSON OF DR. SEBASTIAN"

Claes Egbertz
A famous Dutch painter of portraits
of the early sixteenth century

FACULTY

HERBERT L. NORTHROP, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

"Our wards are full——"

Professor and Head of Department of Surgery
Surgeon-in-Chief to The Hahnemann Hospital

SAMUEL W. SAPPINGTON, M.D., F.A.C.P.

"——loves the blood vessels"

Professor and Head of Department of Pathology and Bacteriology
Pathologist to The Hahnemann Hospital
Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

D. BUSHROD JAMES, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"The proper treatment of anteflexion——"

Professor and Head of Department of Gynecology
Gynecologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

WILLIAM A. PEARSON, Ph.C., Ph.D., M.D., Sc.D.

"My very good friend——"

Professor and Head of Department of Chemistry
Dean, The Hahnemann Medical College

JOHN E. JAMES, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*grows a centimeter each time*"

Professor and Head of Department of Obstetrics
Chief Obstetrician to The Hahnemann Hospital

FRANK H. WIDMAN, M.D.

"——*until the fifteenth*"

Professor and Head of Department of Physiology
Registrar, The Hahnemann Medical College

HARRY S. WEAVER, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"And my wife said, 'Harry'----"

Professor and Head of Department of Laryngology, Rhinology, Ophthalmology, and Otology

Laryngologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

LEON T. ASHCRAFT, Ph.B., A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

"Don't say T. B.; don't say G. C.——"

Professor and Head of Department of Urology
Urologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

CHARLES SIGMUND RAUE, M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Pediatrics
Physician to Children, The Hahnemann Hospital

HARRY MARTIN EBERHARD, M.D.

"——*let me tell you*"

Professor and Head of Department of Gastro-Enterology
Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

EDWARD A. STEINHILBER, M.D.

"Irregardless, gentlemen——"

Professor and Head of Department of Neurology and Psychiatry
Neurologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

ARTHUR HARTLEY, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*and what do we do have here?*"

Associate Professor of Surgery
Professor of Applied Anatomy
Head of Department of Anatomy
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital

GARTH WILKINSON BOERICKE, M.D.

"Others may have their modesty——"

Professor and Head of Department of Materia Medica and Therapeutics
Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital
Director of The Hering Laboratory

G. HARLAN WELLS, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P.

"——*ground glass, alum, and glue*"

Professor of Medicine
Physician-in-Chief to The Hahnemann Hospital

RALPH BERNSTEIN, M.D., F.A.C.P.

"Here's the rope——"

Professor and Head of Department of Dermatology
Consulting Dermatologist to The Hahnemann Hospital
Clinical Chief, Section of Dermatology, The Hahnemann Hospital Dispensary

JACOB WILLIAM FRANK, M.D.

"——*suspicious of Koch*"

Professor of Roentgenology
Roentgenologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN A. BORNEMAN, P.D.

"——*very largely used*"

Professor of Pharmacy

FRANK C. BENSON, Jr., A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*for what it's worth*"

Professor of Radiology
Radium Therapeutist to The Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN A. BROOKE, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——a few pictures here"

Professor of Orthopedic Surgery
Surgeon to The Hahnemann Hospital

FRANK O. NAGLE, M.D.

"——a perfect operation"

Professor of Ophthalmology
Associate in Ophthalmological Pathology
Ophthalmologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

WILLIAM RENDELL WILLIAMS, M.D.

"——*teeth, poor hygiene; mouth, false*"

Professor of Clinical Medicine
Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

WILLIAM M. SYLVIS, M.D.

"——*into a lash of branches*"

Professor of Anatomy
Associate Professor of Surgery
Associate in Surgical Pathology
Surgeon to The Hahnemann Hospital

WARREN C. MERCER, M.D.

"So I drove off——"

Professor of Clinical Obstetrics
Obstetrican to The Hahnemann Hospital

DESIDERIO ROMAN, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

"The learned doctor will read——"

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Lecturer in History of Medicine

GUSTAVE A. VAN LENNEP, M.D., F.A.C.S.

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Surgeon to The Hahnemann Hospital

GEORGE F. BICKLEY, M.D.

"——*diets*"

Clinical Professor of Gastro-Enterology
Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

HERBERT P. LEOPOLD, A.B., M.D., F.A.C.S.

"If you grandfathers and great grandfathers——"

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Surgeon to The Hahnemann Hospital

FRED W. SMITH, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——inspiratory stridor"

Clinical Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology
Laryngologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

JOSEPH V. F. CLAY, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——your elbow in your ear"

Clinical Professor of Otology
Otologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

JOSEPH McELDOWNEY, M.D.

"——what do you hear?"

Clinical Professor of Physical Diagnosis
Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

LEON CLEMMER, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——a little peanut"

Clinical Professor of Obstetrics
Senior Obstetrician to The Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN DEAN ELLIOTT, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*all rightee*"

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Associate in Surgical Pathology
Surgeon to The Hahnemann Hospital

BENJAMIN K. FLETCHER, Ph.G., M.D.

"——and what is your name?"

Clinical Professor of Pediatrics
Physician to Children, The Hahnemann Hospital

JAMES D. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

"——*all of it out*"

Clinical Professor of Proctology
Lecturer on Rectal Diseases

HENRY IRVIN KLOPP, M.D., F.A.C.P., Sc.D.

"——not chronic; prolonged"

Associate Professor of Mental Diseases

THOMAS W. PHILLIPS, M.D.

"Men, the clavicle——"

Professor of Anatomy
Assistant Proctologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

DONALD R. FERGUSON
A.B., M.D., F.A.C.P.

"——now Cicero, hold your breath"

Clinical Professor of Medicine
Assistant Visiting Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

EDWARD ROLAND SNADER, JR.
B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P.

"Lower, louder, longer——"

Associate Professor of Medicine
Lecturer on Physical Diagnosis
Assistant Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

C. DUDLEY SAUL, M.D.

"—*constitutional dyscrasia*"

Associate Professor of Medicine
Lecturer on Allergic Diseases
Assistant Visiting Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital

CARL V. VISCHER
M.D., F.A.C.P.

"—*M.M.I.; Fibrolysin*"

Chief, Medical Out-Patient Department of The Hahnemann Hospital
Assistant Visiting Physician to The Hahnemann Hospital
Associate Professor of Medicine

LINNAEUS E. MARTER
M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*where the probe is now*"

Associate Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology

Laryngologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

WILLIAM C. HUNSICKER
M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*second glass*"

Associate Professor of Urology

Urologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

THOMAS A. SNYDER, M.D.

"*On September* 14, 1872——"

Associate Professor of Histology and Embryology

Lecturer on Ophthalmology

Assistant in Ophthalmological Pathology

Ophthalmologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

JAMES M. GODFREY, M.D.

Clinical Professor of Anaesthesia

Anaesthetist to The Hahnemann Hospital

AUBREY B. WEBSTER
A.B., M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*the blood vessel only*"

Associate Professor of Surgery
Surgeon to The Hahnemann Hospital

DEACON STEINMETZ,
M.D., F.A.C.S.

"— *tans the appendix*"

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Surgeon to The Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN L. REDMAN, M.D.

Associate Professor of Pediatrics
Physician to Children, The Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN L. VAN TINE, M.D.

Associate Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics

WILLIAM I. TOMLINSON, M.D.

"The gentleman in distress——"

Associate Professor of Obstetrics
Senior Obstetrician to The Hahnemann Hospital

OLIVER B. WAIT, M.D.

"——smell it!"

Associate Professor of Obstetrics
Obstetrican to The Hahnemann Hospital

JOSEPH SAMUEL HEPBURN
A.B., B.S., A.M., M.S., Ph.D.

"——less racket!"

Associate Professor of Chemistry

JOSEPH CHANDLER, A.B., Ph.D.

"If you can't be gentlemen——"

Associate Professor of Chemistry

CHARLES B. HOLLIS, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*build it up*"

Associate Professor of Rhinology and Laryngology

Laryngologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

FREDERICK C. PETERS, M.D.

"——*pain, photophobia, lachrymation*"

Associate Professor of Ophthalmology

Ophthalmologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

Instructor in Ophthalmological Pathology

EARL B. CRAIG, M.D., F.A.C.S.

"——*Mackinrodt's ligament*"

Clinical Professor of Gynecology
Gynecologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

FRANK JOSEPH FROSCH, M.D.

"*River, stay away from my door*"

Associate Professor of Gynecology
Demonstrator in Gynecologic Pathology
Gynecologist to The Hahnemann Hospital

HARRY F. HOFFMAN, M.D.

"What are your plans?"

Associate Professor of Mental Diseases

OTHMAR F. BARTHMAIER, M.D.

"In the past——"

Associate Professor of Pathology

Professors—continued

Gilbert J. Palen, M.D., F.A.C.S.	Professor of Otology
Wayne T. Killian, M.D.	Professor of Anæsthesia
William B. Griggs, M.D.	Associate Professor of Therapeutics
Paul C. Wittman, M.D.	Associate Professor of Dermatology
James B. Bert, M.D.	Associate Professor of Obstetrics
Everett A. Tyler, Ph.B., M.D.	Associate Professor of Anæsthesia

Associates

J. Miller Kenworthy, M.D.	Associate in Urology
James H. Closson, 3rd, M.D.	Associate in Materia Medica
Alfred E. Krick, M.D.	Associate in Pharmacology
Charles L. W. Rieger, M.D.	Associate in Roentgenology
John H. Reading, Jr., M.D.	Associate in Pediatrics
J. Dean Elliott, M.D.	Associate in Surgical Pathology
Frank J. Frosch, M.D.	Associate in Gynecological Pathology
George R. Neff, M.D.	Associate in Nervous Diseases
John C. Scott, A.B., Ph.D.	Associate in Physiology
George Lorenz, Jr., M.D.	Associate in Gastro-Enterology

Lecturers

Duncan Campbell, M.D.	Lecturer on Medical Terminology
Nathan Griffith, LL.B.	Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence
William F. Baker, A.M., M.D.	Lecturer on Non-Pharmacal Therapeutics
David W. Horn, Ph.D.	Lecturer on Hygiene
Richard W. Larer, M.D.	Lecturer on Industrial Medicine
George D. Geckeler, M.D.	Lecturer on Physiology
John J. McKenna, M.D.	Lecturer on Roentgenology
H. E. Roepke, M.D.	Lecturer on Physical Diagnosis
Clarence L. Shollenberger, M.D.	Lecturer on Anatomy
Wm. R. Levis, M.D.	Lecturer on Tropical Medicine
Newlin F. Paxson, M.D., F.A.C.S.	Lecturer on Obstetrics
A. R. Seraphin, M.D.	Lecturer on Medicine
James H. Closson, M.D.	Lecturer on Nervous Diseases
Thomas M. Snyder, M.D.	Lecturer on Ophthalmology
Charles J. V. Fries, M.D.	Lecturer on Ophthalmology
Albert Mutch, M.D.	Lecturer on Obstetrics
Wm. G. Schmidt, A.M., Ph.D.	Lecturer on Bio-Physics
George D. Geckeler, M.D.	Lecturer on Medicine
Thomas L. Doyle, M.D.	Lecturer on Plastic Surgery
William L. Martin, M.D.	Lecturer on Operative Surgery
E. Paul Kitchin, M.D.	Lecturer on Ophthalmology
Charles J. White, M.D.	Lecturer on Physical Diagnosis

Demonstrators

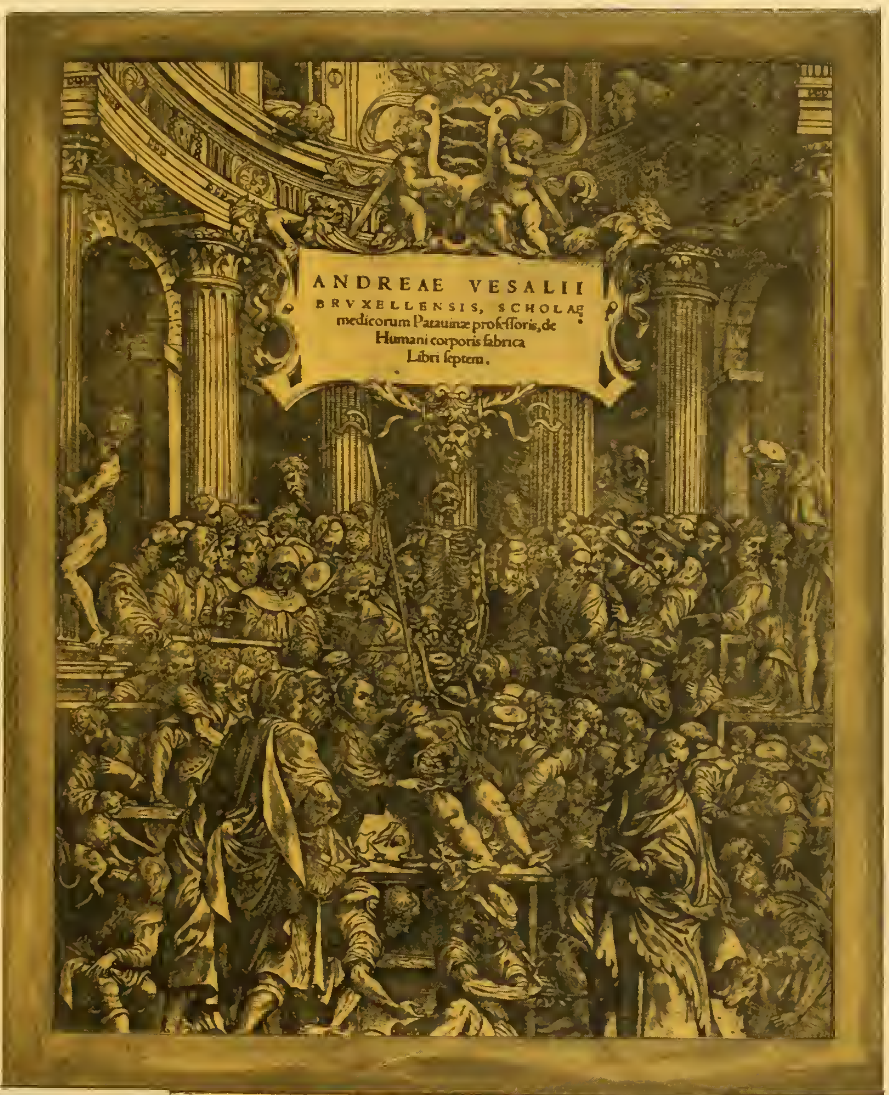
Marion W. Benjamin, M.D.	Demonstrator of Ophthalmology
Joseph R. Criswell, M.D.	Demonstrator of Otology
Robert M. Hunter, M.D.	Demonstrator of Gynecology
Carroll F. Haines, M.D.	Demonstrator of Otology
Charles F. Kutteroff, M.D.	Demonstrator of Gynecology
Paul A. Metzger, M.D.	Demonstrator of Nervous Diseases
William J. Ryan, M.D.	Demonstrator of Ophthalmology
Franklin Flanagan, M.D.	Demonstrator of Ophthalmology
Desiderio A. Roman, M.D.	Demonstrator of Obstetrics
Richard R. Gates, M.D.	Demonstrator of Obstetrics
Charles D. Fox, M.D.	Demonstrator of Pediatrics

Instructors

N. Fulmer Hoffman, M.D.	Instructor in Surgery
Chas. F. Leonard, M.D.	Instructor in Urology
B. G. Walker, M.D.	Instructor in Urology
Frank E. Bristol, M.D.	Instructor in Surgery
Henry S. Ruth, B.S., M.D.	Instructor in Anaesthesia
Edward W. Campbell, M.D.	Instructor in Urology
Harry A. Fisher, Jr., M.D.	Instructor in Anaesthesia
Edwin O. Geckeler, M.D.	Instructor in Orthopedic Surgery
Edwin Hicks, B.S.	Instructor in Chemistry
Richard J. D. Coyne, M.D.	Instructor in Laryngology and Rhinology
George P. Glenn, M.D.	Instructor in Laryngology and Rhinology
H. M. Sylvester, M.D.	Instructor in Therapeutics
Thomas M. Snyder, M.D.	Instructor in Ophthalmological Pathology
Newlin F. Paxson, M.D., F.A.C.S.	Instructor in Gynecological Pathology
Grant O. Favorite, M.D.	Instructor in Pathology
J. Antrim Crellin, M.D.	Instructor in Medicine
George J. Rilling, M.D.	Instructor in Rectal Diseases
Eugene F. Carpenter, Jr., M.D.	Instructor in Surgery
Theodore C. Geary, M.D.	Instructor in Surgery
Russell K. Mattern, M.D.	Instructor in Surgery
John P. Mayer, M.D.	Instructor in Gynecology
A. B. Katz, M.D.	Instructor in Medicine
Aloysius J. Blakely, M.D.	Instructor in Pediatrics
Carl C. Fisher, M.D.	Instructor in Pediatrics
Morris Fiterman, M.D.	Instructor in Medicine
Hunter S. Cook, M.D.	Instructor in Medicine
Dunne W. Kirby, M.D.	Instructor in Medicine
N. Volney Ludwick, M.D.	Instructor in Radiology
Albert R. Rihl, Jr., M.D.	Instructor in Obstetrics
L. Laird Kennedy, M.D.	Instructor in Obstetrics
H. Russell Fisher, M.D.	Instructor in Pathology
Hiram Francis Snider, B.S., M.S.	Instructor in Chemistry

Assistants

Raymond T. Briggs, M.D.	Assistant in Laryngology and Rhinology
Edgar M. Blew, M.D.	Assistant in Mental Diseases
Albert R. Rihl, Jr., M.D.	Assistant in Medicine
Karl F. Mayer, M.D.	Assistant in Medicine
W. E. Kepler, M.D.	Assistant in Roentgenology
David Kahn, M.D.	Assistant in Laryngology and Rhinology
John H. McCutcheon, M.D.	Assistant in Laryngology and Rhinology
Raymond McGrath, M.D.	Assistant in Laryngology and Rhinology
Russell D. Geary, M.D.	Assistant in Laryngology and Rhinology
Pasquale G. Damiani, M.D.	Assistant in Urology
Leander P. Tori, M.D.	Assistant in Urology
Henry G. Blessing, M.D.	Assistant in Urology
Horace L. Weinstock, M.D.	Assistant in Urology
William C. Hunsicker, Jr., M.D.	Assistant in Urology
Jules J. Klain, M.D.	Assistant in Materia Medica
James E. Spaulding, M.D.	Assistant in Materia Medica
H. Earle Twinning, M.D.	Assistant in Dermatology
Joseph W. Shallcross, M.D.	Assistant in Medicine
H. Russell Fisher, M.D.	Assistant in Pathology
Kenneth L. Athey, M.D.	Assistant in Pathology
Harold K. Eynon, M.D.	Assistant in Gastro-Enterology
Frank T. J. Aiken, M.D.	Assistant in Gastro-Enterology
Carroll R. McClure, M.D.	Assistant in Histology and Embryology
William J. Kuemmel, M.D.	Assistant in Dermatology
Russell K. Mattern, M.D.	Assistant in Anatomy
James A. Nelson, B.S. in Chem., Ph.D.	Assistant in Physiology
Edward P. Van Tine, M.D.	Assistant in Gynecology
Edmund G. Hessert, M.D.	Assistant in Gynecology
Michael J. Bennett, M.D.	Assistant in Gynecology
Robert A. Hibbs, M.D.	Assistant in Pediatrics
Lowell L. Lane, M.D.	Assistant in Medicine
Thomas J. Vischer, M.D.	Assistant in Medicine
William J. Kuemmel, M.D.	Assistant in Anatomy
Harry S. Weaver, Jr., M.D.	Assistant in Ophthalmology
Walter J. Snyder, M.D.	Assistant in Gastro-Enterology
James F. Tompkins, M.D.	Assistant in Gastro-Enterology
Roland Ricketts, M.D.	Assistant in Gastro-Enterology
L. Thomas Sooy, M.D.	Assistant in Nervous Diseases
Theodore W. Battafarano, M.D.	Assistant in Pharmacology
Henry L. Crowther, M.D.	Assistant in Obstetrics
Henry D. Lafferty, M.D.	Assistant in Obstetrics
William G. Wosnack, M.D.	Assistant in Obstetrics
Everett H. Dickinson	Assistant in Surgical Pathology
Paul C. Moock, M.D.	Assistant in Pathology



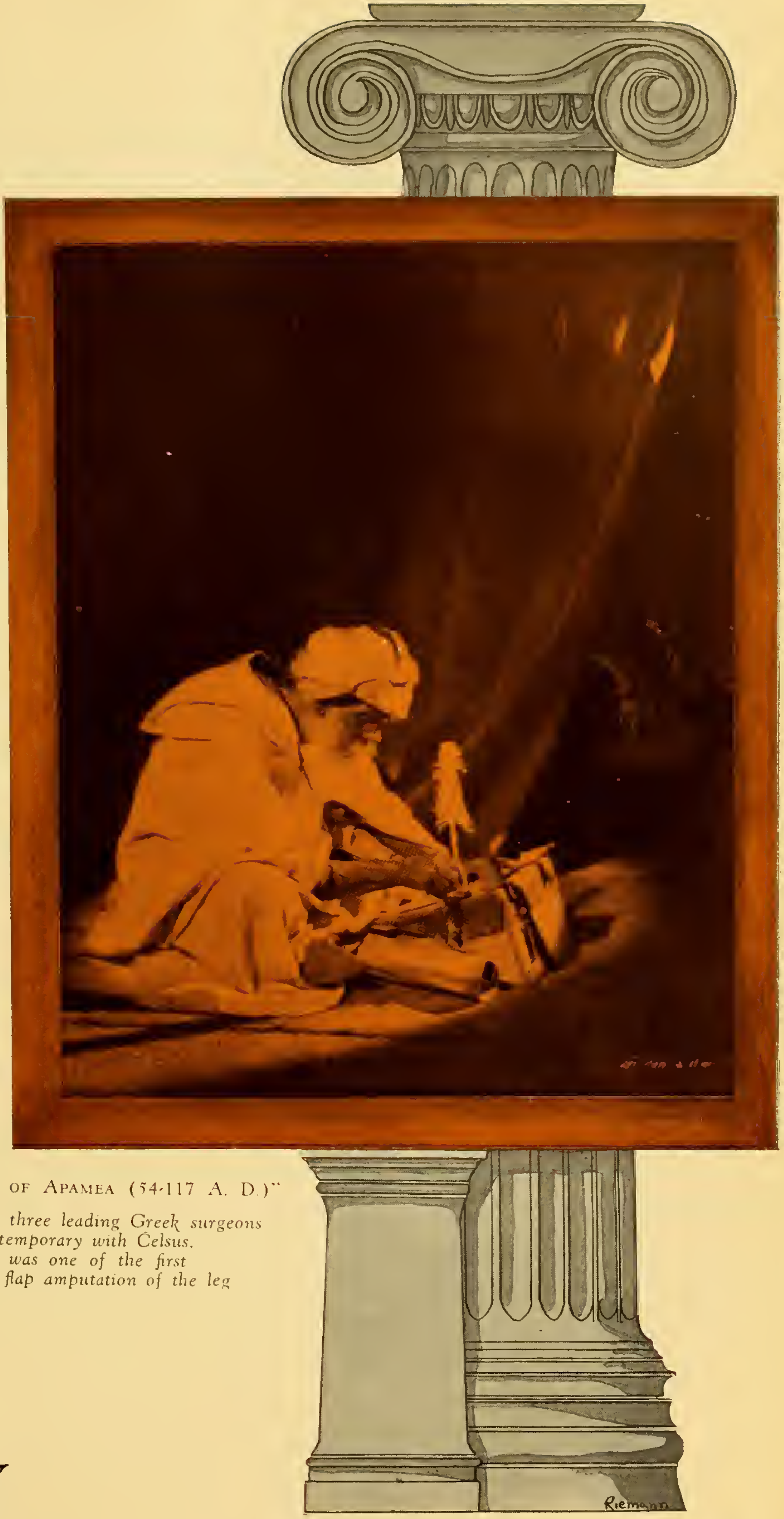
ANDREAE VESALII
BRVXELLENSIS, SCHOLAE
medicorum Patauinæ profeſſoris, de
Humani corporis fabrica
Libri ſeptem.

CLASSES

"CLINIC OF VESALIUS"

Here was discovered the role of the fossa navicularius in urethral infections; the relationship of splenic to hepatic disease. In here were laid the foundations of systematic post-mortem examinations.

Riemann

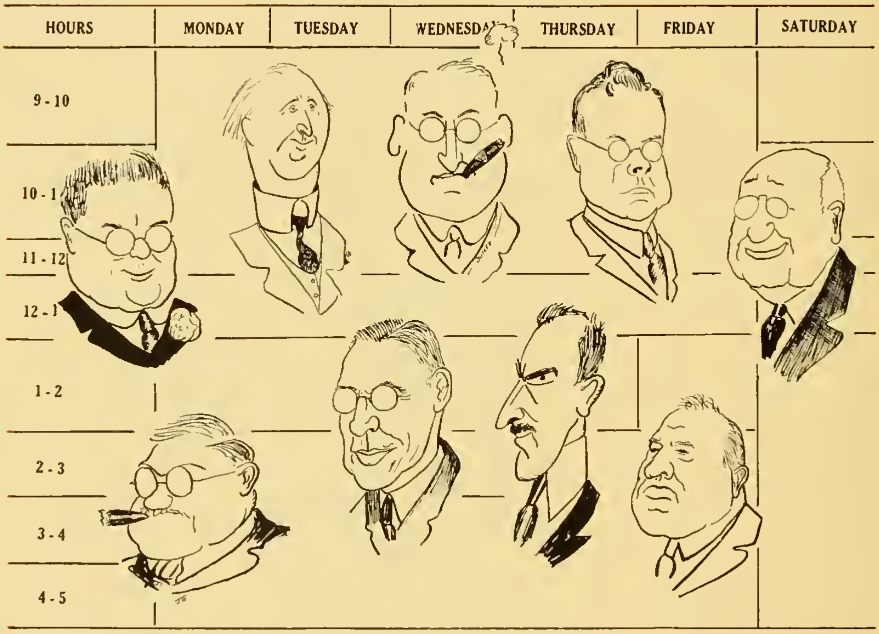


"ARCHIGENES OF APAMEA (54-117 A. D.)"

One of the three leading Greek surgeons
contemporary with Celsus.
He was one of the first
to do a flap amputation of the leg

HISTORY

Recollections



FRESHMAN YEAR

ON OCTOBER 1, 1928, we, 176 Bachelors of one kind or another, representing probably about 300 different schools and colleges, and the Science School, assembled nervously in the Big Clinic, where we gazed and gasped in awe and wonder at the few surgical appliances in sight while somebody opened up College for the year. (#81, it was.)

The first thing on Tuesday morning, we learned that there are two kinds of organic chemistry, regular and Chandler's; and we spent the next two weeks trying to straighten out the latter in the dirt and grime of our temporary quarters in the Packard Building, with eight men to a Bunsen burner and three bottles of nitric acid to the crowd. When supervision relented there was always water to be squirted through the knot hole in the wall of the adjoining lecture room, roosters to be made to crow, and balance windows to be broken over Schoyer's head. Our big regret was that even Piccillo couldn't pick the lock on the elevator in the back of the lecture room. We got so dizzy on that spiral stairway that the whole class was taking Cocculus. What a break the Packard building got that year! It nearly ruined it! All it's good for now is to park cars in, and even that has to be done with great care.

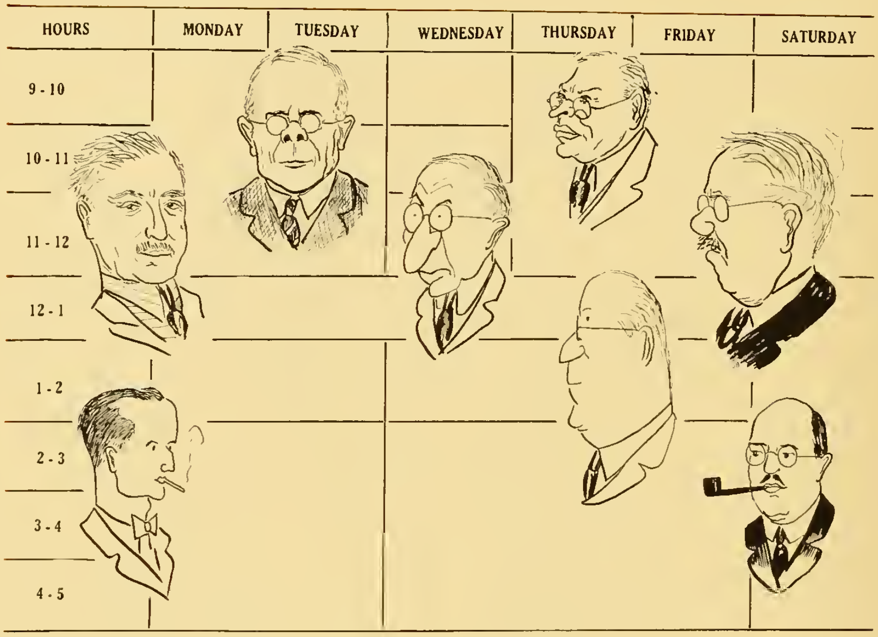
Every Saturday morning we learned the five principles of Homeopathy, and were taught the good old slogan, "Similar similie creator," but let's don't brag about that. Our afternoons that first semester were a confusing mixture of "Men, the clavicle," "Demilunes of Heidenhain," "Genu valgorum," and "Hippocratic oath." And, of course, Dr. Deaver's clinic on Saturday. After a few introductory lectures by Dr. Phillips we were allowed our first peek at a room full of stiffs. To be sure, we had all been to funerals before, but somehow this was different. We soon got used to it, however; we had to; just as we got used to Dr. Chandler's roll at 9, at 10, 11, 12, and, with coffee, at 12.15.

Dr. Snyder, white carnation and all, gave us plenty to think about with his lectures on Histology and Embryology. How amazed we were to learn the effect of a German girl's amenorrhea on embryology, how proud to be able to say poly-morphonuclearneutrophilicleukocytosis" without strangling, and how excited to watch the number in the upper right hand corner of the blackboard dwindle towards 0. But I fear that that pernicious Turin habit on Friday, and early-to-the-Stanley on Wednesday had its inception in the drabness of the historical and terminological efforts in our behalf. On venerated Dr. Weaver's birthday we were shown through the museum, with special emphasis on Hattie, and a not to be forgotten glimpse of Fatty Arbuckle's uterine sound.

After Christmas we moved into the "new college," but for several weeks carpenters were busy moving partitions, sealing off stairways, and making as much noise as Sahl and Rosner in an argument. The aroma of ether and iodoform was not entirely replaced by the odor of tobacco smoke until the middle of February. In spite of a cut in the ratio of men to burners and an extra bottle of nitric acid or two, we still had our Fire House for exams (Allar to Lonergan) and for daily demonstrations of origin, insertion, and nerve supply. Palmeri proved that pagan instincts are hard to quell by sending one of the bottles of nitric acid against the new chem lab wall, establishing a monument to himself, as it has eaten through every coat of paint since applied. Manny Sall was soon discovered and pressed into service as class painist, and, with Charlie Green as entertainer, various ditties about Bryn Mawr, peanuts, and fighting for our M.D. were evolved and made classic. Soon the teachers next door caught on, and closed their windows as the first chord was struck.'

Two new instructors opened up on us the second semester, the whispering baritone and the roaring bass. Dr. Borneman told a few in the front row center about when to pick the rhodedendron, and in the lab we made enough Merc. Iod. Rub. 3X to fix a giraff's sore throat, and enough cold cream to keep Frankel's mustache pointed at the ends until he was attacked at Allentown. This course also included a junket into the wilds of Delaware County, where Ranunculi and Agarici were plucked, and fun was had by all.

Dr. Sylvis, with jokes as good as Heppie's were bad, turned out the lights, and, with Bill Buck at the stereoptican, explained how the maxillary breaks up into a lash of branches sweeping downward and forward across the face. When he was late, Bill had other dicotomous pictures to show. Once in a while an escaped side show man with polyarticular double-jointism would break in and tie himself in knots that hour, but always got untied in time to pass his hat before two o'clock. We mustn't forget our courses in food chemistry and in blood and urine, at least we couldn't forget the big brown bottles. If we do, we'll take China for loss of vital fluids. Culp lost his flask at the Institute dance, and took China. In the food course we even had to bake Bryonia stools out of normal ones just to see if Childs' caloric charts are right. And in blood and urine, we got so that we could look into a colorimeter with one eye and a microscope with the other without getting colorblind. Finally came the time when we finished Histology, and went into the dissecting lab under our own power. A whole half a head to a man. We liked it at first, but attendance at the A's opening game was 100%, except Dibich, who lost his hat. Heroes of the year were Dieleasy, Van Slyke, Palmeri, Benedict, and Rose Bengal.



SOPHOMORE YEAR

176 + tall columnar ± Bottle for Exp. #10 = 132. What a cut! After a summer on beaches, in mountains, jerking sodas, and driving taxis, how we missed some of the old funsters like Green, Keese, Betts, and Megehan.

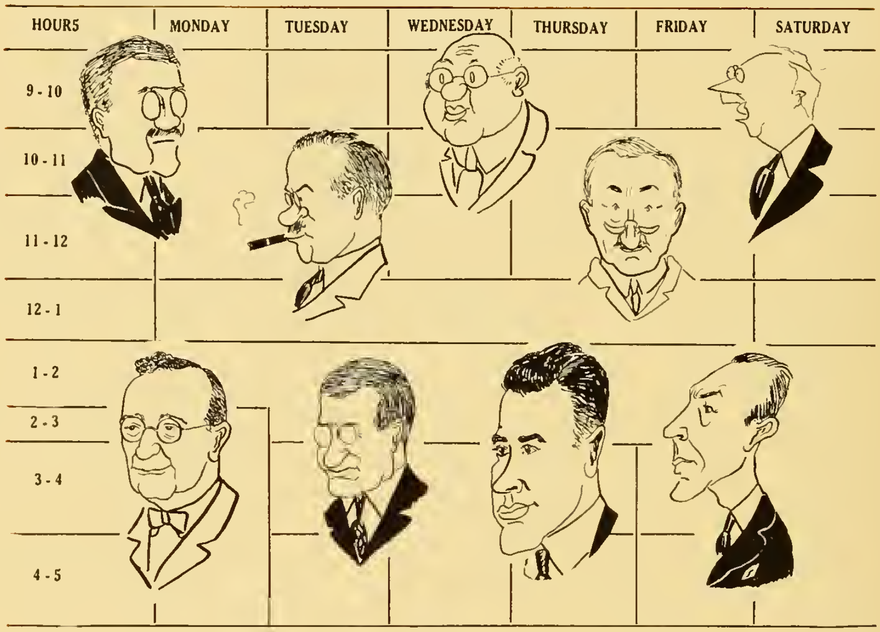
With Sloan as Class President we launched into the work which would soon bring us face to face with medicine itself (and probably scare medicine out of a year's advancement). Four times a week we spent the morning in the Anatomy lab trying to find out what makes the wheels go round. Dr. Hartley showed us that it is possible to memorize a whole book after all (and Dr. Ferguson backed him up). Then there was Dr. Krick, the miracle man, dashing the whole length of Broad Street to shoot X-rays on some reluctant thymus. Dr. Phillips told us more about where the blood goes next after it gets thru here, and there was that queer course in profanity by the Pride of City Hall. We learned not only new words and combinations of words, but new inflections, undoubtedly useful in times of stress.

Our afternoons that year consisted of here a lab, there a lab, everywhere a lab lab; and tho' it wouldn't be nice to say we didn't like it, it is truthful to say we'd hate to go through THAT again. Dr. Widman's characteristic "At our last lecture, gentlemen . . . " would launch him into a laudible, but vain attempt to explain the All or None Law, and the rest of the afternoon we'd prove that it was mostly None. But on Wednesday, we met the Great Mogul of Hahnemann, Dr. Sappington. There is nothing silent about that particular Sam. Never before had our noses been held in such firm and accurate contact with the whirling grindstone as when he started to bombard us with the names and addresses of all the offending bacteria known to man.

It was not until after Christmas, however, that we became doctors; real doctors, that carry stethescopes. True, we may have borrowed them for the Institute dance to back up the post-festival palpation, but joy supreme came only with Dr. Snader's final orders to buy stethescopes. Once again Dr. Pearson undertook our edification—with stern admonitions concerning the lethality of various drugs, but failed to drive home the dose of morphine. Dr. Hollis, with his eager piece of chalk, put across the nose and throat course in such style that some of us are still worried about the ultimate outcome of our "great big radiators." On Thursday morning the unbleached muslin began to fly as with preprofessional attitude we learned to slap on a Barton here and a Velpeau there, and managed to make away with enough bandage to pack up with in June. When Dr. Schollenberger gave up, Dr. Bristol finished out the year with his snarl course on being gentle. He still calls our permanent Secretary Sheewikki.

When we made our first contact with Materia Medica, it was traveling under the assumed name of Pharmacodynamics, but that didn't fool us, because we couldn't find Pulsatilla in Useful Drugs. Dr. Closson gave the course, and there was marked sweating. Once again we got all bound down with adhesions as Dr. Sappington fired us with the fear of a night with Venus and a blood clot in every sac.

Not to be forgotten are Dr. Nelson's unopposable great toe siezure, hearing Niagara Falls over the stethephone, Furman's boxing career, and the drug proving squad's experiences with Ipecac.



JUNIOR YEAR

132+ the old accordion man = 114. Oh well, American Tel. & Tel. dropped more than that in one day. This year might as well be called exam year. It was just one exam thing after another. Dr. Boericke hopped nimbly from polycrest to polycrest with frequent instructions about how to handle the old urge on the White Horse Pike. Let's hope he never has to cross the Sahara where the trees only grow two feet high. We may forget that it's the Lycopodium patient who has red sand in it, but such pictuesque figures of speech as "The inside of a motorman's glove . . . . who has gone from pillar to post . . . . with sphincters wide open . . . . and fidgety feet" will never fade from memory. Then came Dr. Frosch and Dr. Craig, who told us just what happens when a fun-loving Son of Neisser rides the tidal wave into a new domain.

Four mornings a week the first semester we labored over the intricasies of special lab procedures. If we counted more reds than whites, we thought that was pretty good, but if we really saw an eosinophile, then an afternoon at the Mastbaum was considered well earned. Replacing this course the second semester was Operative Surgery, which wasn't nearly as bloody as it sounds. In fact, all the blood had been drained out of those patients. Dr. Martin told us how to make a body into a torso in ten easy lessons, while Dr. Steinmetz, hiding behind the lecture stand, talked about Witzel, Senn, Marweedle, and myxed edema. Then came Hahnemann's famous course in golf instruction. After thorough training in the use of the irons by Profs. Mercer, Tomlinson and Paxon, we jumped eagerly into the thick of the game, and with Caddy Bert's eye on the brawl we played one or two ten hole rounds every morning. Oh, we had a hand in it, alright. But those score cards! Frank advertising for Scott Tissue. And you should have seen the May Handicap Tournament. We were all handicapped. Especially when the caddy started to ask a lot of questions.

The big object lesson in Dr. Mercer's course in Obstetrics was that when a para i with only three fingers lays down on the job and keeps you out all night, the only thing to do is to pull up to the side of the road, turn off the switch, and take a little nap. But we never knew what rapid delivery was until Dr. James bore down. Stationery houses pay big dividends during his lectures. Writer's cramp is just a symptom of his course, and I imagine that you get Dupytren's Contraction from repeating the Junior year.

Dr. Ashcraft's course in Urology, dedicated to Dr. Maisonneuve (pronounced —you can't pronounce it) taught us a good bit about the histrionics of medicine so seldom seen these days. Then came Dr. Brooke, always trying to straighten people out, and Dr. Hunsicker, trying to keep one lesion ahead of Dr. Frosch in the natural order of things. Dr. Leopold, assisted by the Blue Comet, went into detail about the sequellae of straining at the three-legged one, and I don't mean piles. They came on Fridays at one. Dr. Killian put us through the four stages of ether, and left Haines in No. 5. "Please, gentlemen, don't talk. I don't want to be a crab, but . . . It's *so* disconcerting," when tearfully said by Dr. Killian was the only plea that ever held the Class of '32 for more than three minutes. We were all steamed up over autopsy until we smelled it, but, like Arbit's jury duty, it served as a constant excuse for absence from Dr. Geary's Surgery quizz.

On Saturday mornings the one who survived Materia Medica quizz unscathed stayed for Dr. Steele. Once he forgot his notes, and not being able to remember them any better than we could, he gave the best lecture on nephritis we've heard yet. However, Bridgman may be persuaded to speak before the entire class sometime. And I nearly forgot Dr. Geckeler. I always forgot Dr. Geckeler, but I voted against eight o'clock in the first place. Anyhow, no bones broken.

Best of all were those hours when first we stepped officially within the walls of the Hospital itself. Even if it was only to don a finger cot (and pray it held together), where we learned to be careful what we drank out of, or to remove a cast (Oh Edna) from a traumatic flat foot, or to gaze intently up nose or down throat of roommate or friend; it was great, at first, anyhow. The Clinics in Medicine by Dr. Harlan (Pneumonia) Wells, Dr. William (Diabetes) Williams, Dr. Grath (6X) Boericke, Dr. Roland (Hyperthyroidism) Snader, Dr. Donald (Heart Disease) Ferguson, and Dr. Dudley (Ragweed) Saul were very valuable. They were worth about $20 to a couple of fellows.

Two afternoons a week we met Dr. Baker, great advocate of hydrotherapy and big reaction of degeneration man (DAM FIG). We never found out whether his chaw was really Black Jack or just old gum. Following him came Dr. Benson with voice range eighteen inches longer than Dr. Borneman's by actual measurement with the scialyscope. Next we were bombarded by a series of specialists on Kali By, inspiritory stridor, and the Rinne test.

Another hour was divided between X-ray demonstrations and Physical Diagnosis. The latter, we fear, was little more than a phantom hour of unidentified noises, but in X-ray they tried to scare us to death with their thousands of volts, big machines, powerful tubes, and buggy diagrams. They even sent us into a dark room with a woman! Tryin' us out, I guess. Then there was Dr. Brooke's Orthopedic Clinic, where people came to turn their old joints in on new ones, and lastly, Dr. Ashcraft's Clinic, where a shiney new scalpel would poise a moment in mid-air, then plunge deep into a prostatic abscess to bring forth, besides pus, the proud words "Diagnosis sustained."

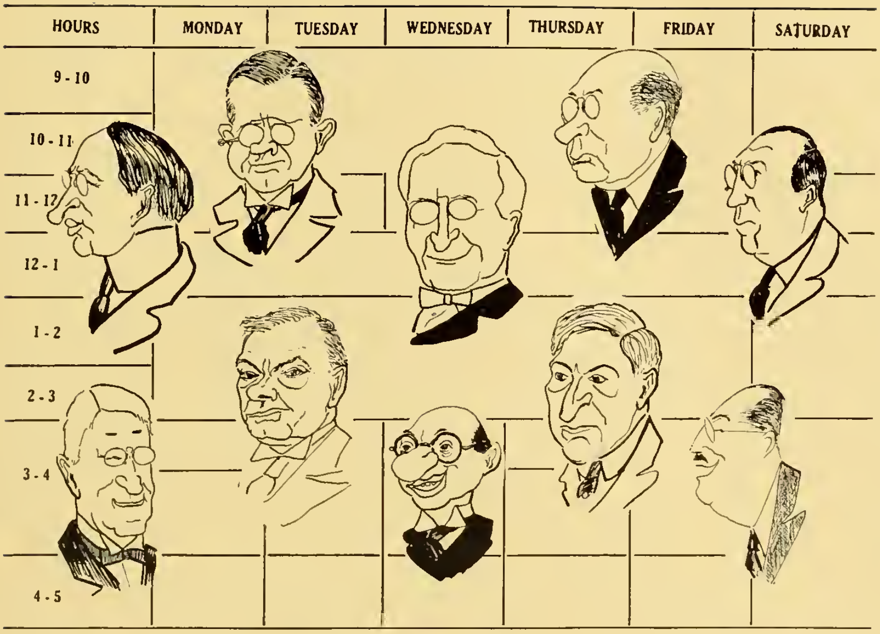
In Surgical Pathology, given by Dr. Dean (radical debridement) Elliott, Dr. William (by reason of the fact) Sylvis, Dr. Everett (now just *look* at it) Dickinson, and Dr. Russell (Gentlemen!) Fisher, we brushed up for the last time on how to go to sleep over a microscope without doing an enucleation. We usually had elevation of Bandl's ring of the bladder waiting for that lab period to end, and there's no use throwing your hat out in a case like that.

The sight of our class gave Dr. Steinhilber such a setback that he missed the first lecture in his teaching history, but rest assured he appointed a substitute. His split-second military exams were enough to give rise to marked bladder and bowel symptoms in anyone. Dr. Redman's Pediatrics lectures were a sure cure for insomnia at the end of a hard day, with comic relief by Calcarea Carb.

By the time we got to the Junior year we had filched enough hours from Histology and Pathology so that the novelty of Dr. Northrop's Clinic had somewhat worn off, but never the thrill. Some fellows could scarcely decide whether to watch the flesh and blood in the pit or just the flesh in the gallery. (High school girls don't count, shouldn't be admitted.) To help out in either case there were always enough opera glasses in sight to start a pawn shop. One fellow struggled in with a telescope obviously powerful enough to see what Dr. Northrop was doing before he did it.

Then there was X-ray by Mr. Butts and Dr. Frank, and those dread medicine quizzes with Dr. J. A. (they love it) Crellin, Dr. Richard (fresh air) Coyne, and Dr. Dunne (cookbook) Kirby. Dr. Clemmer, the obstetrical Floyd Gibbons, met us every Friday afternoon with startling statistics about doodlebugs, and with good advice on what to do after the lucky doodlebug has had his fun. Then in strode Dr. Ferguson and with forceful gesticulations laid down medical law, so far as Stevens was concerned. He nearly got kyphosis trying to explain something to Cohen one afternoon.

After many weeks of all this, the Junior year finally drew to a close, finishing off in a barrage of twenty-four final exams, which left the entire class in a diadactic coma, from which Arbit, Reilly, and Stegura, I. B., never recovered.



SENIOR YEAR

How many of us, when we first heard Dr. Chandler rant and rave about dimethylaminoazobenzene, Dr. Hepburn shout out the synthesis of nucleoproteins, Dr. Snyder trip over the crypts of Lieberkuhn, and Dr. Sylvis roar the function of the rami communicantes, how many of us, except Kohlhas, thought that the time would ever come, when we could plant pollex firmly to shnozzle and say, "We're Seniors!" We started out the largest class on record, suffered the greatest numerical losses, and still remain the largest. But don't worry about that! There is a group of State appointees who may have a few words to say.

For our morning work we were divided into three sections, with big reunions on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Some of us went to Surgery first, and spent the morning on our toes, necks craned, trying to see Dr. Leopold lace up the shelving portion, Dr. Webster unbump a bumper fracture, Dr. Ashcraft peel the orange, Dr. Elliott stay within the capsule, Dr. Steinmetz tan the appendix, and, on Saturday afternoon at St. Luke's, Dr. Roman's famous "Appendectomy and Explore." We had three weeks in Surgical Dispensary where we got so that we could apply a hot "B. A." with one hand and a posterior figure of eight with the other—unless one hand was busy fighting off Miss Whelan.

Next came Obstetrics and Gynecology, where we saw many a baby go into the blanket and many an ovary into the bucket. With something akin to pride we would answer the phone at three A. M., then dash to the Hospital to watch one of the required dozen; or say "Yes, Dr. Mercer," grab Obs. bag and hurry through a back ally to the squalid quarters of some poverty-stricken, but pregnant woman, where we would help out in the perpetuation of the poor. There were clinics by Dr. J. E. (class-ic Cæsarian sec-tion) James and other holdings forth where we made contact with every member of the staff. In Gynecology there seemed to be a spirit of good-natured rivalry between Dr. Craig and Dr. Frosch for numerical supremacy in the bilateral salpingo-oophorectomy field. Monday was usually All Ovary Day, while Thursday was set aside for those handy with the dilator and curette.

The Medicine section was always coming around with tall stories of cures to their credit, failing to appreciate the unseen hand of staff men in actual charge. In lecture on the sixth floor, Dr. Wells and Dr. Williams would alternate (and contradict) all week, then Dr. Ferguson would come in on Saturday (and make it worse). And it's always amusing to be the revered and honored "Doctor" to the diabetic bootblack who three days before accosted you "Shine, buddy?"

Early in the year, the Hospital was seized with a severe attack of Padlock Disease. They even figured out a way to lock doors open, but when the turnkey got through making his rounds at five o'clock (and he nearly broke his neck to get done by five after), anything would be safe in that Hospital, even Democracy. Then there were other things bothering us, too. Will Mauriello really irrigate bladders with Listerine, or will Amos and Andy win him over to Pepsodent Antiseptic? Will Finney ever be able to get the cork out of the Aconite bottle before the second sneeze and break up that daily spasm? Why doesn't somebody help him? Do you think Stegura will try to sell notes to his patients? Where did Dibich get that hat? Oh, well, what's the use? Somebody will probably try Wharton's jelly on bread no matter what we do about it.

Thruout the year we worked for two hours each day in one of the many dispensaries, except when the noon-hour game of blackjack got a firmer grip than the desire for knowledge could break up. In Medicine the object was to see as many patients and as few Miss Whelan as possible. In Therapeutics we got the low down on the Rehfuss tube, cross-fire X-rays, and the oft-prescribed ultraviolet and diathermy. In Pediatrics we took the hand-me-downs from Obstetrics, put them through the Fairbanks test, and adjusted the formula to fit the stool. Neurology wasn't burdensome, thanks to the efficiency of the Allentown State Hospital. Skin. Here's where we learned to take it on the button from a master of porno-repartee. Responses not up to specifications usually got the rope, while childish inattentions were rewarded with a bottle opener of the most procreative type. We will remember our three weeks with Dr. Boinstein for a lonk, lonk time. In Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, well, you know what they look like, and in O. B. S. we put the social digits to professional duty and helped solve the labor problem, much to the distress of the census taker. G. Y. N. was just one continuous squabble with the Cupid about that catarrh of his, and the fact that Allar got his orifices twisted never made much difference one way or the other.

About the middle of the Senior year we found out, after careful investigation, that there was a fellow named Grossman in the class, whereupon we all left for Allentown. Allentown has two big events each year; the County Fair in September, and the onslaught by the Eldest Sons of Hahnemann in December. The walls of one hotel can no longer withstand the stress and strain of housing Hahnemann Seniors. They have to take us 2X. Baby Trexler showed us to the nearest joint (where beer joins water), and felt the obligation of being the first one drunk. He couldn't make it on what they had to offer, but gave a good imitation. Minor conquests were made here and there all over the city, but notably at the burlesque show, where Di Ielsi and Lapin got thrown out for trying to help. The Hospital was plunged into unhappiness when someone pilfered several of the "No Smoking" signs—which act was claimed as evidence of the existence of psychopathic personalities among our numbers; which supposition we had known for four years to be fact. The climax of the trip was the exam on Friday, which in matter of conduct must have exceeded even Dr. Chandler's fondest dreams. We were spread over about an acre of floor space, with at least eight feet between each man. Why, we couldn't even yell for help!

Once back in the old routine, the schizoids and syntonics were soon forgotten. Dr. Eberhard met us every Tuesday morning and covered the territory between the sphincters in high style. For once we were given the king pins of treatment, not the ten most common possibilities to draw from. Dr. Wells' lectures in general medicine were great beams and joists in the construction of our medical education. Here at last were lectures which even Jones took seriously, with the realization that upon them we must hang our shingles. Dr. Northrop, from his great wealth of clinical experience, aided and abetted by his remarkable memory for interesting details, unfolded before us the panorama of general surgery, so landscaped and prospected as to be of life-long value to us all.

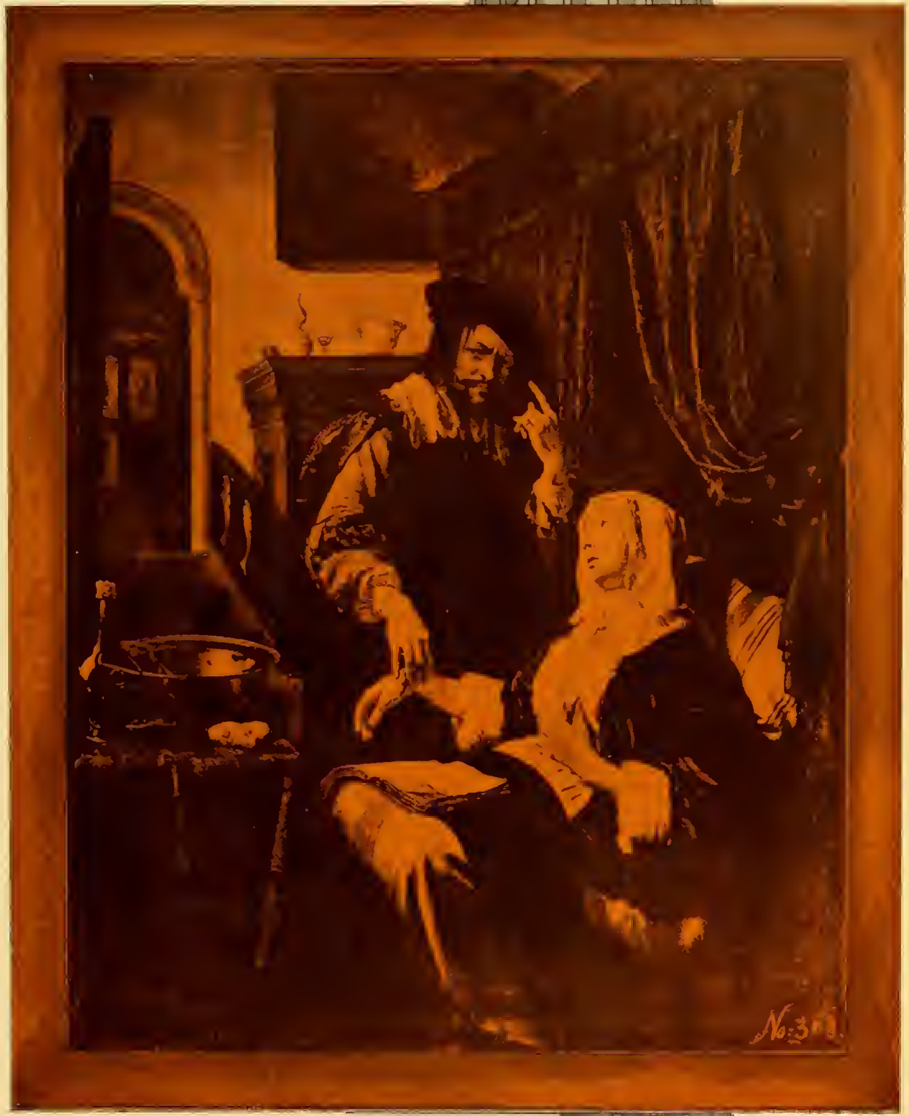
Again we met Dr. Borneman, who, with his 200X voice, gave us the prescriptions for some "very nice preparations." They say he once won a hog-calling contest. Guinea hogs. Dr. Boericke lectured to us four times a week for most of the year, and never once had to leave the room. On Tuesdays and Fridays he advanced the cause of our venerable namesake with the presentation of about a hundred Homeopathic remedies—preambles, generals, special analyses and all. On Mondays and Thursdays he conducted a course in Therapeutics; which means, "laying all joking aside, *this* is the way to treat it."

There always has to be some course injected into our curriculum which hits us like a typhoon and knocks us flat. This year that course was Immunology, but it went so far over our heads we never even felt it. Friday afternoons we were shown cases from the Pediatric and Neurological wards, which were enough to scare us out of those two specialties. We had Dr. Northrop's clinic again on Wednesdays, but this time our attention did not wander from front and center. It had taken most of us twenty-five years to get into that pit, and we were determined to make the most of it.

From four to five on Tuesdays there was an hour that brought us first Dr. Bickley on Dietetics, then Dr. Larer, the man who hated to be mean, but just couldn't help it; Dr. Korndoerfer whose heart is in the monkey-glands, and Dr. Levis, hot from the tropics. And, try though we may, we shouldn't forget Hygiene. We aren't sure whether our Professors' nickname was Fog, Tin, or Shoe. We called him Trader. His big worry was not what to do *for* diarrhea, but what to do *with* it.

So went the Senior year, and now that it's over, we can't say we're sorry, because we have no intention of discontinuing the many pleasant associations we have made during our four years, even if we do go to Nova Scotia and operate with a paring knife. We're tired of the grind. We've been eating in the Automat so long that every time we put a token in the turnstile we get Glenard's Disease. And so, while we wouldn't wish another class like ours on the all-enduring Faculty, we could not do better for our posterity than to hope that they will always be as patiently indulged, as thoroughly understood, and as carefully instructed in the Practice of Medicine as have we.

DONALD W. RICHIE.



"SICK WOMAN AND A DOCTOR"

*Frantz Van Mieris, the elder—
a great Dutch artist and teacher.
Gerard Don was one of his
more famous pupils*

SENIORS

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President, 1929-30

ELLIS HERMAN ALLAR

New York City

New York University, B.S.
Columbia Graduate School

OUT of little—much. Not a very large man, but aspiration of sufficient proportions to satisfy a Goliath. Mother nature is a paradoxical old dame. Like another and perhaps more famous "Al," Manhattan has put its stamp upon his lingo for all time. Soon he'll be back where oil is erl and Earl is oyl and other pronunciation marks the barbarian. The ileo-pyloric reflex, as promulgated by a noted gastro-enterologist, captured his imagination and served as a port of last resort when the diagnosis hung in the balance. That members of the medical staff failed to appreciate the far-reaching scope of that term can but give rise to a natural feeling of pity within our bosoms. We personally wrote to Evangeline Adams, high priestess of astrology, to obtain Al's horoscope. As we suspected and expected, prominent in that portentious document ran the warning—"beware of fissures, aperatures and false passages." One can't be too careful about his evil stars these days.

Metropolitan Hospital, New York City

EPHRAIM RAYMOND AMBLER, JR.

Abington, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science

Phi Alpha Gamma

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Orchestra (4)

WHILE the rest of us ambled around the floor at the "Freshman Prom," Tubby sat behind the blue-lit drum in Dave Northrop's Orchestra and tooted diligently away. Other dances saw him quite as inconspicuously doing the same thing. Not until the "Blackbirds and the Bluebirds Got Together" did he fly out of the cage into the public eye. While Dick went through a series of inhuman contortions, Tubby could be depended upon for the umpa-umping which kept him keyed up to pitch. Aside from his musical excursions into prominence, he was the quietest, most retiring of men—at least so far as we saw him. He never cut; he was always on time; we never heard him speak out of turn—just about the last word in conscientious students.

Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pa.

LOUIS ABRAHAM AMDUR

Jersey City, N. J. — New York University, B.S.
Ptolemy — Alpha Mu Sigma
Phi Lambda Kappa

Orchestra (2, 3); Librarian (4)

WITH his hands in his pockets and his head in the air, he'd stroll down any corridor, anytime. Worry knew him not. "Never studied for that"; "never cracked a book." Perhaps Kimmel studies for both of them. We pause to wonder how anyone gets the idea that medicine is difficult. In the social realm he has conquered. Dances and functions, generally, never found him repeating in the matter of partners. He and Si just about established a record in that sphere. The orchestra found him prominently among those present slinging a mean bow. He claimed that "he used to be good." That assertion being indisputable, he rested upon his laurels. The long vacation of medical school being over, he returns to cure the natives of Jersey City.

Christ Hospital, Jersey City

NATHAN ARTSIS

New York City — College of the City of New York, B.S.
Phi Delta Epsilon

Phi Delta Epsilon, Historian (3) and (4)

"LISTEN," and Nate was off on an enthusiastic tangent. For two years he could have been taken as a model by an aspiring student. After that we feel less certain of our recommendation. Nobody seemed to be able to tell us whether Nick or Nate led the other from the rugged to the primrose path. When the cares or pleasures or the world weighed too heavily upon him, he became temporarily a hermit. At such times strains from his fiddle would agonize the neighbors' dogs for hours at a time. He stoutly maintained that the classics were food for the soul. After going the rounds of various meetings, he became strongly convinced that Hahnemann needed an undergraduate scientific society—just what luck he met with we couldn't determine. Second only to Mauriello as a book collector, it is highly probable that they will go in partnership—one acting as librarian to take care of the emergency calls of the other.

Montefiore Hospital, New York City

RUSSELL SAMUEL ASH

Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Penn State
Muhlenberg College

Associate Editor, 1932 MEDIC

HOW about a facial today, lady?" "Let Ash knead your wrinkles as only Ash can." In the future, in place of such advertisements in his beauty shops, we may expect to see, "Faces Lifted While You Wait"; "Painless Grecian Noses." A checkered career lies behind him. Penn State pulled him out for baseball. Having deserted State in favor of Muhlenberg, he found that the gridiron was more to his liking than the diamond. Perhaps too many two-hundred pounders sat on his head, or perhaps he just wanted a change; be that as it may, his memory went to sleep. After waking up, he decided that pies were far more interesting than football, and forthwith he became a partner in the production of "Mrs. Smith's Pies—the Creamy Kind." Everything went along swimmingly until his partner did a Paul Revere with the cash till. Once again, he decided that a change was in order, so having married, he became eventually the proprietor of a chain of beauty shops. Just what cosmic urge made him decide to study medicine we can't fathom. We found his past far more interesting than his present; consequently we present no apologies.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HARRY LEON AUSSPRUNG

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science
Phi Lambda Kappa

Orchestra, three years; Secretary, Class (2); Associate Editor, MEDIC; Phi Lambda Kappa, Treasurer (3)

PERHAPS there were times when Lee didn't talk. Almost everyone has to sleep. Something between a chuckle and a laugh punctuated his remarks. His friends accused him of being unhappy unless he was arguing. He was always happy. Much knowledge gravitated in his direction, probably without unusual effort. Perhaps, that accounted for his need of an outlet for some of it. Noontimes found him slathering mustard with a lavish hand upon forbidden articles of diet, in Gene's crystal dining room. Only a merciful providence preserved his sanity after an hour per day exposure to the worst radio in the world. Even with that competition, he and Frankel have been known to blaze forth in one of their round-robin, apparently endless verbal combats. Victory depended chiefly upon comparative lung powers. In fact, that seemed to be the chief criterion wherever their encounters took place. A piano did not fare at all badly in his hands, but it was only upon rare occasions that he consented to tickle the keys for the class' benefit. Rumors that matrimony lurks just around the corner lead us to believe that his forensic ability must have its weak moments.

Women's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES PHILAMORE BAILEY

Bradley Beach, New Jersey Rutgers University

Medic Staff (4)

ORIGINALITY, enthusiasm, individuality. Perhaps, other words could characterize Charley more justly, but we failed to find them. Hardly had he shaken hands with the circulatory system before an artificial heart and aorta had scrambled forth from his nimble brain. So far no surgeon has been found with sufficient intrepidity to do the transplantation, so Charlie will probably have to do it himself. In the future, one may have to inject lubricating oil instead of digitalen to his heart patients. Sheer, diffident youth has clung to him as tightly as his skin. If it were possible to place the Charley of four years ago alongside Dr. Bailey today, marked changes would in all probabilities be noted. Without any means of comparison than our memories, we find few such differences. If comparative biopsies of his cerebral convolutions, then and now, were available, the story would be a very different one. Gold pieces in physical diagnosis and medicine gravitated in his direction. Unless we mistake, that book is not yet finished. Sophistication is not his, nor will it ever be. Artificial fruit will never grow upon an oak.

Fitkin Memorial Hospital, Asbury Park, N. J.

HERBERT WILLIAM BARRON

Conshohocken, Pennsylvania — Ursinus College, B.S.
Ptolemy

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4)

A BIG little man is Herby. Iron and steel casualties in Conshohocken furnished him with surgical experience while the rest of us were still worrying about embryonic coeloms and such. Those of us who have twittered in the glee club or blurped or umpahed in the orchestra remember him as master of ceremonies when the Conshohocken Rotary Club, or American Legion, or some such organization fed us ancient sandwiches and venerable coffee—all this in the dim past of our freshman year. Rosy cheeks and bland innocence of facial contour all contributed to his title of "cherub" which certain intimates dared to use. One of the literary intelligentsia in his college days at Ursinus, rumor says that the Zwinglian Literary Society claimed him as one of its own. That literary bent has been manifested at Hahnemann in divers' ways—thorough and careful perusal of Ballyhoo and Hooey not being among the least. Wherever he was expected to be, there he was found—on time. The dean could give no greater praise.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN THALER BEDDALL

Collingswood, New Jersey — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

A PHOSPHORUS patient with a habitus enterapticus was Johnny. He fell definitely in that group in which words were not used in excess. Jokes found in him an appreciative audience, but not one was to be found in the archives which had emanated from him. Occasionally, startling antics broke through his dignity, but the curtain soon fell again. Homeopathy interested him strongly. Someone credited him with the successful prescription that cured Roles' gyrating headpiece. The Benedicts have taken heavy toll in the past few years, but John was almost a charter member. In February, 1929, he informed us that congratulations were in order, whereupon we shook our heads and muttered that "you can never tell about these quiet fellows." Just how he managed to break away from Geraldine last summer and patch up sore fingers in a scout camp, we failed to find out, but break away he did. Rumor credited him with a weakness for the Navy, developed in bi-daily ferry boat rides over the Delaware.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

IRVIN BENJAMIN BERD

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — University of Pennsylvania
Phi Delta Epsilon

Orchestra, four years; Associate Humor Editor, the MEDIC; Scribe, Phi Delta Epsilon.

DICK'S whiskey tenor and Moyer's grave-yard bass gave a good prognosis for a well-balanced class, dating from the first roll call. Speaking of roll calls, we doubt if anyone has ever ventured to "call Dick in,"—probably a record. The first orchestra rehearsal in the fall of 1928 found him blowing mighty blasts upon his cornet. Soon some of his colleagues in that section accused him of owning a solo cornet—probably professional jealousy. Solo or not, he has been one of the mainstays in the brass section during all four years. Characteristically, razzing there or elsewhere bothered him not at all. Being of an inquisitive term of mind, a line-up at the Hotel Allen offered ground for investigation. On arrival Dick found he was number eight. After two hours, noting that he hadn't advanced, he retired intact and in good order. Being one of these strange, unexplainable individuals who delve into things secular as well as medical, he managed to escape the curse of lop-sidedness which afflicts so many of those who pass through four medical years.

WILLIAM ROBERT BOBEN

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania	Bucknell University Penn State College
Alpha Sigma	Lambda Gamma Sigma Pi

Dance Committeeman, Magna Cum Laude; Student Representative, (2); Blue and Gold Ball, (2, 3); Advertising Manager, the MEDIC.

BILL easily took the honors as class politician. When elections were in the offing, one found him here, there, and back again all at the same time, indulging in furtive conferences; telling of the end of depression and the beginning of prosperity for those who voted the "Smegma" ticket. Politician, hot air merchant, he may have been, but unlike most of those similarly equipped, he "had de goods." If he sought the spotlight, he usually proved deserving of it. The tiniest bit of femininity that we've seen up to date accompanied him to early dances. Dances proving too short, she later accompanied him to the altar. The combination of a wife, a Lizzie, and week-end trips to Wilkes-Barre almost disrupted his scholastic scheme of things for a while, but eventually his feet came back to mother earth.

Wyoming Valley Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

J. GARWOOD BRIDGMAN

San Francisco, California

Washburn College
College of the Pacific
Stanford University, A.B.

"DOCTOR, wh—hy—?" Undoubtedly J. Garwood had the floor. Like other equally illustrious brethren, that itching of his bump of curiosity occurred only when the lecturer had already exceeded the time limits which a kindly Providence placed on his oratory. An ancient Ford brought him from California. To keep that venerable machine in oats and hay, "Bridge" spent his evenings of his first year dissecting other less venerable cars in a nearby garage. Sleeping was with him almost a lost art. Politics—familial, national, international—interested him strongly. He would probably be able to speak as an authority on at least one of the three. When a lecture became boring, he and Donaldson would provide entertainment of their own to wile away the hour, or at least "Fishberg" provided the amusement and "Don" suffered in silence. About his plans for the future, we could find no information. Whether cyclonic Kansas, Sunny California, or catarrhal Pennsylvania will secure his services seemed to be a mystery.

San Francisco General Hospital, San Francisco, California

DAVID DANIEL BROSELOW

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

Phi Delta Epsilon

Captain, Boxing Team (2); Basketball Team (1, 2, 3); Track Team (1); Associate Editor of 1932 MEDIC; Phi Delta Epsilon; Scribe (4); Vice Consul

A SOUND mind in a sound body said some ancient wiseacre. Failing to find him, we'll use Bernarr McFadden as our authority. Dave doesn't fit so badly in that classification. Coming from Pennsylvania as the intercollegiate heavyweight champion, he embarked enthusiastically on the task of developing athletics at Hahnemann. In common with other Hahnemannian activities, the bankruptcy of the Parkway Trust rather cramped his style this year, as evidenced by the lack of a sports section in this volume. Our chief recollection of him is at Chester in the freshman year. While Dave was doing fancy steps in the ring, Tommy Phillips was doing scarcely less fancy ones on the outside, out of uncontrollable enthusiasm. "Ask me something." That phrase as a rule was an introduction to a little auto-backslapping. As a junior interne at Northern Liberties he has been a man of theories rather than of action.

Northern Liberties Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

CARMINE PAUL BRUNO

Bristol, Rhode Island
Kappa Iota

Providence College, Ph.B.

Newman Club

ONE of those who would rather argue than eat, Carmine might be found at any hour of the day or night in hot verbal combat with Buck. That worthy seemed to delight in coining picturesque names for him. "Heel," "Stinkey," were the least of them. Carmine he had with him always and to offset that color he ran to shirts of a violent purple. Yellow socks would have completed the rainbow effect. The Down East neck of the woods had done strange things to his pronunciation and had endowed him with a typical twang. He brought into being a new musical instrument known as the "hobo." This was later found to be closely related to the oboe. If his diction or his reasoning were put on the mat, "Well, what do you mean" would issue from him in a fierce tone of voice, calculated to discourage further questioning. Allentown developed in him, among other things, ideas of persecution, perhaps as a result of being put to bed at unreasonable hours.

Rhode Island Homeopathic Hospital, Providence, R. I.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS BUCK

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania
Hahnemann College of Science
Alpha Sigma
Sigma Delta Kappa
Manager, Boxing Team (3); MEDIC Staff, 1932

FUZZY coats, gleaming spats, natty habiliment in general, have marked Bill as one of the class fashion plates. Decidedly impressed that there couldn't be very much wrong with Bill when we first knew him, he has metamorphosed into a wholly likable chap. If a medical curriculum has any good point, that lies in its ability to impress almost anyone with a sense of his own shortcomings. During his second vacation, he served as a beach surgeon and in that enviable capacity did a low tracheotomy—removing therefrom, according to rumor, everything from a rattle to a boa constrictor. He holds the record for swapping first greetings with Wally every morning during the year, getting up half an hour earlier for just that purpose. Hymen finally claimed him for her own. Since then he's been a wiser, but by no means a sadder man.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

VINCENT RALPH CAMPANA

Jersey City, New Jersey
Kappa Iota

Fordham University, A.B.

President of Kappa Iota

VINNIE, like so many of his brethren, early fell for the attraction of Spring Garden Boulevard, and there he remained with Picollo Pete, Quatro and Big Joe. Their hideout soon became a rendezvous for all who were argumentatively inclined. Many and varied were the subjects under dispute—anything from "Ambulant Undulant Fever" to "Philosophy of Religion," the last-named serving as a port of last resort when no other subject appeared on the horizon. In between discussions he, like the other "four horsemen" studied hard and well—or played pinochle. If Hahnemann had attempted to turn out a pinochle team instead of a basketball team, the results would probably have been much more encouraging. Frequent trips back to Jersey marked him as potentially "hitched," so despite the breaking of the "four horsemen" ties, Jersey City will undoubtedly offer him solace.

St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.

LOUIS ROBERT COHEN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science

Class Optimist

"LOUIS" went down on the birth certificate, but "Bobbie" has suited him infinitely better. Shoulders back, chin in the air, spruce as a drum major, he'd walk down the corridor, with a firm, emphatic tread that left no doubt of a definite destination. Small in stature, he put stature in its proper place which is nowhere at all. He refused to be impressed unless one definitely had the goods. We remember making a rather expansive statement about a possible endocrine syndrome, based upon infra-sketchy knowledge. Quite as distinctly we remember having the wind abruptly taken from our sails by Bobby. It seemed that endocrinology was one of his hobbies. In that as in all else he wished facts rather than high-sounding and low-meaning words. Allentown brought out hitherto deeply hidden and highly interesting phases in his make-up—upon which we shall not dwell here. May we but doff our hats to Schauppenhauer. Among his ambitions, possibly the greatest. is to dole out Cocculus to pretty seasick ladies, in the capacity of ships' surgeon.

HOWARD ARTHUR COYER

Grove City, Pennsylvania	Grove City College, B.S.
Alpha Sigma	Beta Sigma

"COYER here?" "Yes, sir, I'm always here." Ike was injured innocence itself, but he finally recovered. Had he added "eventually," the statement would have been a bit more correct. When Dr. Boericke had shut the lecture room door for the eighth time and was beginning to show signs of impatience, Ike would come rambling in, calmly chewing on an all-day sucker or something equally lasting. An odd habit of speaking in a confidential tone of voice made one listen carefully when he spoke. Perhaps that habit was developed in his capacity of Ford salesman. Ike had little time for local therapeutics. On being asked for the place which ice bags occupied in the treatment of pneumonia, he promptly responded "in the bucket." Oddly enough, the lecturer had the same idea. Standards of beauty vary with different localities. The Hottentot Apron is the last word in feminine pulchritude to a live Hottentotian. Lips by the foot are cultivated in various African tribes. Ike is said to have marked leanings to massive Glutei. Every man to his taste.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHARLES MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM

Mayfield, Pa. St. Thomas College
Newman Club

CHARLEY was occasionally known as the patent leather man—that term referring to the lining of his stomach. Any lesser material would have been corroded beyond repair or recognition. A man of oddities and strange enthusiasms, none knew just what his next development would be. Children's ward always served as one of his sure points of attraction. "Gee, do I like babies!" After satisfying ourselves that that exclamation really applied to babies in the correct, rather than the popular sense of the word, we wrinkled our brow, and scratched down another chalk mark against our ability in the judging of men. Many moons ago the tide began to roll backward toward his neck, but up to date he's managed to camouflage it quite as well as he has the Chair of Physiology.

Scranton Homeopathic Hospital, Scranton, Pa.

JOSEPH MARTIN D'AGOSTINO

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Villanova, A.B.
Kappa Iota	Lambda Kappa Delta

"AL CAPONE," "JOE DOGGY," sheik and scholar, leader of the "Capone Gang," a wise-cracker of repute. But for his sense of humor, Joe would have merely been among those present. Addicted not to morphine, but to Morpheus, evenings usually found him comfortably listening to the radio while he nodded over some weighty volume. Usually no great while elapsed until even the noddings ceased and Joe was off adventuring in lands of his own. During vacations he spent his time patching up beautiful ladies who had to come to grief while vacationing at League Island. As a consequence, lectures in minor surgery merited only his passing attention. Labor-saving devices interested him greatly. Most notable of these were neckties on rubber bands. By actual stopwatch calculation, these were found to allow twenty-two more seconds in bed each morning. After determining that he was definitely a Kali Phos patient, homeopathy ceased to bother him. Between home and homeopathy he preferred the former any day in the week. Joe had an entirely separate faculty from the rest of us—queer distortions of our worthy prof's names occupied many of his leisure hours.

St. Agnes Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

CARROLL BURNELL DANNER

Spring Grove, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Pi Upsilon Rho

Blue and Gold Ball Committee (4)

AS A CHILD we indulged in raucous singing of "Wuzzey-Wuzzey Was a Great Old Guy." Never did we expect to see the gentleman in the flesh. Our gratification was proportionately great when we learned that such eminence was in our midst. Had we been asked for a hypothetical description of the old fellow in the song, we aren't sure just what its nature would have been, but we are quite sure that the name fits our classmate to the proverbial T. York County shows its linguistic influence, although we haven't yet heard him remark that "My off is all." For his B.S. degree he selected a truly pithy subject—the dissection of a frog's nervous system. Deep delvings, delicate dissection, and indelicate language finally brought it forth in its entirety. The world and Woozey are undoubtedly much better as the result. Danner and Culbertson are both rather good at bridge. Just why Danner's system has escaped public acclaim we don't know—probably due to Woozey's retiring disposition and aversion to the spotlight.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. HARVEY DEMPSEY

Laurel Springs, New Jersey
Alpha Sigma

Hahnemann College of Science

WHEN commencement is over, we're seriously considering tossing a brick-bat or two at Harve, not because of any offense of his, but just to see if we can ruffle his feathers. An absolute evenness of disposition characterized him whenever we saw him. Only Doug Fairbank's smile could have out-classed his. New Jersey went down on the card as his native habitat, but of recent years Germantown seems to have had a far greater attraction. Sand dunes somehow lost their attraction for him. Perhaps, too, he decided that appreciation of one's abilities was to be found everywhere save in his own country—this dating from the summer of his sophomore year. At that time, he had subscribed to Dreibelbis' legend: "The public waits to be hosed," with very doubtful results. Buck, Bruno, and Dempsey constituttd a clan of clans.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

DIMITRY SIMON DIBICH

Jersey City, New Jersey New York University

THE class boasted of ex-pharmacists, ex-barbers, ex-guardsmen, ex-sailors, but "Deacon" was our sole ex-wearer-of-the-cloth. Undoubtedly he came among us expecting to find men, and instead found a mass of mischievous children. He could not change, nor could we, so the result was a rather extreme immiscibility. A few of us crawled underneath the tempered armor of dissapproval which surrounded him and found there a real human being, with experiences and knowledge that made us realize we were but children. Revolutionary Red Russia had branded scenes in his soul that are not easily forgotten. A horror and hatred of all that was communistic was his strongest passion. When subjects medical were taken care of, subjects politic drew him to forums and discussions of which many were to be found in Philadelphia. In his "spare time" he translated for various Russian Societies.

Christ Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.

ANTHONY JOSEPH DI IELSI

Camden, N. J.
Kappa Iota

Hahnemann College of Science

Class President, (1, 3)

TONY was the first of us to be singled out as a personality. No other man could have made himself heard, let alone have called a meeting during our stormy first weeks in the garage-college. "All right now," and strangely enough reasonable silence would follow. No novice as a politician, yet during his entire "political career," he carried many votes which were given out of sincere regard for his ability. In all circles he was known and welcomed. An open sesame was his which opened alike the gates of prince and serf. A defender of the just and unjust alike, he strayed on dubious grounds at times—but yardsticks have not been made with which one can justly measure men. Having annexed a Mrs. Tony, he decided to become a business man. That venture proving successful, what could be more logical than that little Tony should become numbered among those present. While absorbing a lecture, appraisal of the lecturer was also taking place. "He's an actor" was a frequent verdict.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

ANTHONY DOMENICK DIODATI

Philadelphia, Pa. Villanova College
Kappa Iota Lambda Kappa Delta
Newman Club
Photographic Editor of the MEDIC; Blue and Gold Ball Committee (4)

“DI” seemed to be one of those individuals who possessed a multitude of friends, and yet managed to have nothing known about him which offered good biographical material. Good natured, easy going, given to occasional wisecracks, he yet seemed to lack characteristic points. Perhaps he was one of those who was most peculiar, due to a lack of peculiarities. In our association with him on the staff, we managed successfully to throw plenty of work upon his shoulders with the assurance that it would be accomplished. But for him many of our procrastinating brethren would be minus their likenesses upon these pages. In the Maurieloized Circolos (i. e., Kappa Iota) he definitely rated. No slouch as a social lion, he sported a new and increasingly attractive feminine partner at each dance. Out of school he became an enthusiast of enthusiasts during football season.

St. Agnes Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

RALPH MacFARLAND DONALDSON

Richmond Hill, New York College of the City of New York, B.S., C.E.
Glee Club, (1, 2, 3)

"UNCLE WALT" was surely never at any time guilty of bringing himself before the public eye, yet he was probably better known than any one of us. We wouldn't even attempt to account for that strange fact. Back in anatomy days, Don would know an arm or leg or whatever part he happened to be working on, thoroughly —until Tommy Phillips hove in sight. A flight of ideas immediately took place with a resultant identification of the "foist noive" for the "thoid." That story was repeated in examinations throughout the four years. He was a living proof of the fallacy of the whole examination system. Better natured, more kindly men may go into the practice of medicine, but we never expect to see them. If he goes into partnership with a hardened Shylock, he may make some money. Otherwise, he'll probably never have sufficient nerve to send a bill. Previous experience in Civil Engineering should make him an expert in mensuration.

Fitkin Memorial Hospital, Asbury Park, N. J.

WILLIAM HENRY DREIBELBIS

Hickory Corners, Pennsylvania Susquehanna University, B.S.

PERHAPS he's an Irishman. If not, he should be. A shillalah in his hand, a pig at his heel, a little clay pipe in his mouth, and he could grace any St. Patrick's day postcard. Certainly tall enough to please any reasonable person, he owned a tic which perpetually gave one the idea of a neck-stretching exercise. Not until the end of the freshman year did he really come into the limelight. Then we began to hear wondrous tales of dollars which eagerly waited to run into our pockets, if we would but hose the public. So eloquent did he wax that we felt as though a sacred duty were left undone did we not encase the nation's feet in REAL SILK HOSIERY. The populace was crying for it, stretching forth its yearning hands, or more correctly, its holy feet, asking that we encase those members in gleaming habiliment. But for Bill, we'd have far fewer millionaires in the class. Nature equipped him with a highly infectious smile. Not content with that, he increased its brilliance with fourteen-karat teeth. We're still waiting for the day when a gold toothpick appears on his watch chain.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WALTER LEWIS ECKERT, JR.

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science
Alpha Sigma — Pi Rho Sigma
Student Representative (4)

WHEN the mountains run down into the sea, Walt may have a hair out of place, but in all probabilities neither will happen for many moons to come. His brain must have been as well ordered as its wavy covering. Lectures came and went, but rarely did we see him deign to scratch a note. Examinations went and came, and meticulously correct information arrived upon his paper. He disproved the dictum that lectures were things which traveled from the paper of the lecturer to that of the student without passing through the brain of either. Like Wally, he seemed to remember without effort the names and idiosyncrasies of the student body in general regardless of race, color, or creed. He moved within an inner circle and yet was quiet sociability personified. His name appeared on many tickets. Just why only one blossomed forth is hard to say. Dances and social functions generally found him prominently among those present, giving strong rebuttal to the idea that gentlemen prefer blondes. "Bag" had a strong syphilophobia. Even looking at a patient was sufficient excuse for a huried trip to the nearest antiseptic supply.

Fitkin Memorial Hospital, Asbury Park, N. J.

HYMAN EPSTEIN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Temple University

ORDINARILY, one expects Siamese twins to have at least a familial resemblance. Eppy and Halpy, the short and the long of it, presented little in the way of physiognomical similarity, but ties of bone and blood could not have made them more inseparable. Eppy was another of those who made us realize the shortcomings of large classes. Extremely reticent, he was little more than an ever-present "here" at roll call to many. If one were sufficiently lucky to get to know him, he learned the occasional truth in the axiom about "good goods in small packages." In his first three years, his work and recreation both consisted of constant study. Laterally, he became something of a socialite in a modest sense of the word. In common with almost every real student in the class (this being purely a personal opinion) internal medicine proved more stimulating to his imagination than most of the other ologies. Homeopathy, at least theoretically, was one of his pet diversions—until one talked of the high potencies.

St. Luke's and Children's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAROLD ALVIN ERLENBACH

Cleveland, Ohio
Pi Upsilon Rho

Western Reserve University, A.B.

"H. A." first began to shine at about the time Dr. Nelson was performing for our benefit. He ranked only second to that intrepid scientist himself in his lucid explanation of anomalies and organic variations. Not content with establishing a record as a wit, he adventured into the field of aviation. Chemistry absences were unexplained until Dr. Hepburn wandered to Gimbel's one morning and found Harold deftly boomeranging planes all over the store. The present of one of these delighted Heppy greatly, but he promptly took all the fun out of it by trying to discover why it worked. An operation in the sophomore vacation proved his doing or undoing. Whatever the interpretation, it resulted in his annexing one of the nurses as Mrs. H. A., and counting back three months, and adding—what we're trying to say that there's also a little H. A. Erlenbach has been one of Dr. Boericke's alert drug provers during the past two years. Undoubtedly a Hahnemannian Homeopath is in the making.

Huron Road Hospital, East Cleveland, Ohio

THOMAS SHELDON FANNIN, JR.

Bradford, Pennsylvania
Pi Upsilon Rho
Penn State College, B.S.
Phi Kappa Psi
President, Pi Upsilon Rho

ANOTHER disciple of the school which believes that words are precious and consequently not to be wasted. Some unkind wit once characterized Calvin Coolidge thus: "The big silent man in the White House; does he sit and think or does he just sit?" We'll give Tommy the benefit of the doubt. First impressions are very apt to be far afield from the truth, but our first recollection of Tom isn't. The scene lies in Room D. The time is the sophomore year. Curtain rises. Enter the villain—Dr. Sappington. "Fannin, describe the habitat of the Endamœba Histolytica." A dead silence ensues, punctuated only by the snapping of the hero's jaws as he chews ever more furiously. The villain fixes him with his glittering eye and words issue, "Doctor, are you masticating or articulating?" And then followed that answer which made the rafters ring and the halls of time resound with its soul-stirring simplicity—"Yes, sir." One of the last whom we would ever expect to find in politics, he has been an arch-plotter—perhaps involuntarily. We're inclined to believe that the navy has had much to do with that phase of his career. Only one thing we hold against him. He who has musical talents should not hide those talents under a stone, particularly when ability as a pianist is coupled with ability as a composer of blues—blue, blue, blues.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Erie, Pa.

NATHAN ALBERT FEGLEY

Emaus, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Glee Club (4 years)

WHEN we think of Al, the strains of "The Big Bass Viol" come to our mind. In the freshman year we noted him as the mainstay of the bass section of the glee club. Succeeding years have only established him more firmly in that position, of which fact he has been by no means unconscious. Not small to begin, his girth has increased by leaps and bounds. Perhaps it's tissue adiposis or it may be emphysema of the abdomen. The latter hypothesis would account for his excellent sound box. Constancy seems to be inherent in natives of the upcountry. Never a dance was favored with Al's presence unless a train from Emaus had roared in a while before, carrying with it a precious burden. Junior internships were so common in the summer following the junior year that we have neglected to mention them in most cases. But to warm Johnny James' heart, we can't help but comment here: "He does things in a carefree manner that even I would fear to do," remarked the head obstetrician at Al's hospital. Just how that remark was meant we don't know, but the accomplishments must have been remarkable in any event.

Reading Homeopathic Hospital, Reading, Pa.

LAURENCE EVERETT FINNEY

Lincoln, Nebraska

University of Nebraska, B.S.
Delta Tau Delta

President, Senior Class

MIKE, our western representative from the great open spaces where men are men and women—wear petticoats. His stoicism in time of storm and his meekness in great actions make us wonder what type of man this is. The prof of anatomy told of anomalies, but it took Mike to find them. The greatest anomaly was demonstrated on a clear, cold quiz morning in the lab when the stern end of the Adductor longus would not make connections with the aft end of the Corpus Spongiosum. He came to us leaving behind memories of the World War, salesmanship, well drilling, and big game hunting. He leaves us as a follower of Hahnemann, on his way to bigger fields in the healing art and in surgery. We would like to be around to hear his grandchildren say before going to bed, "Tell us a bear story," or "Grandpa, what makes your mustache so funny and why do you have such long legs?"

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

LEON ALLYN FRANKEL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Phi Lambda Kappa
Orchestra, Four Years; Concert Meister (4); Tennis Team (3, 4)

THAT one small loudspeaker could be the source of so much static is enough to gray the hairs of any radiotrician. We first remember him broadcasting the virtues of Frankel's orchestra and expounding upon the advisability of having that symphonic body provide the impetus for toe-twiddling at the freshman dance. From small beginnings come great things. Frankel is undisputed chief broadcaster of station H. M. C. If anyone disputed his reign or the advisability of his remarks, the retort would be, "Aw, go to hell. You're not so hot yourself." Waxed mustachios that would green the eye of a Spanish dandy have decorated his upper lip for many moons past. The strain has been too great for the hair, which formerly warmed his frontal eminence. Gynecology has been his chief interest, which strengthens our contention that gynecologists are born and not made. Together with Aussprung and Kimmel, he has been Gene's right-hand man and press agent. The surgical and dietary experience gained there should prove valuable. His high caloric liquid diets will probably be fantastic combinations of strawberry milkshakes and boop-a-doop sundaes.

St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

RICHARD MATHEW FREE

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania — University of Pittsburgh, B.S.

Pi Upsilon Rho — Delta Sigma Delta

President, Institute, (4); Art Committee, MEDIC, (4); Vice-President, Pi Upsilon Rho, (4). Blue and Gold Ball Committee, (4)

"POP EYE" came among us with the bare suspicion of a furrow in his brow. A washboard or a notmeg grater could only rival him now. That should be a fourth-class determinative symptom. When we knew him first the salt tang of the sea hung about him and exuded from his pores. Now a fog perpetually envelops him. A question asked today has a fair chance of being answered by Friday of next week. Only the tables in Boyd could give the exact time. Out of the fog came occasional semi-coherent sentences or phrases—"Gonna get married in June"—"Hell, now, why not do it in February"—"Some money; take her with me." We would be almost tempted to think that there's a woman in the case. He almost had the world's economic problems solved when he decided that a Ford divided into forty-three thousand chances would be a sure cure for financial blues. They didn't listen to Steinmetz either. A fine chap we voted him until we heard him sing. He'd twist his mandible hard alee and from that off-port hole issued sounds that never before were heard from man, beast, or fish. In such a way is it done in Hindustan.

Miami Valley Hospital, Dayton, Ohio

RAY CLIFTON GABLER

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania

Temple College of Pharmacy, Ph.G.
La Salle College, B.S.

CERTAINLY Dr. Saul must have been chagrined when he saw Ray for the first time, or perhaps the feeling was mutual. How either of them has escaped being called upon for a testimonial for Hart, Schaffner & Marx or Kuppenheimer's is still a mystery. Psychologically speaking, there should have been better work done in courses where the prof called the roll, if laughter be regarded as a stimulant to concentration. Mispronunciations ran rampant throughout its course and loud and long was the laughter. Always we could depend upon: "Gabbler?" and the response, "Gabler, doctor." Such perseverance in the face of constant defeat should surely be rewarded. Way back, the witches' drug cavern was the source of mysterious love philtres. No less is Ray's pharmacy the place of beginnings of many amours. Crossed knees have more significance than as potential subjects for patellar reflexes. Sleep, with him, has been neither luxury, pastime, nor necessity, but the big thing in life about which all else revolved. Anatomy stools, clinic benches, and classroom seats all served equally well and perfectly as substitutes for beds of down. As a student he has been thorough. The holding down of a man-sized job, together with the passing of a medical course, both being done well, is worthy of note and commendation.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

NATHAN NIEMAN GINSBURG

New Castle, Pennsylvania
Phi Lambda Kappa

Geneva College

Orchestra (4 years)

FOR four years Nate has been riding—or ridden. Perhaps it began when the Kappas seated him on their goat. Either he liked it or was unaware of it, for his equilibrium has remained entirely undisturbed, nor have we found any saddle burns. But three worries clung to him when he came with us. In common with all of us, medicine was one of them. Music in the form of a clarinet was another soul itch—to him and others. The last was a girl and her name was not Maude—but Lil'. That his countenance smiles benignly upon these words can but mean that the first is successfully past. By unanimous consent, the clarinet is abandoned. As to whether the last worry is past or really beginning is not a thing about which we even dare to hypothecate—but he married the girl.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANDREW WIRT GOODWIN, JR.

Oil City, Pennsylvania — Greenville College, B.S.
Alpha Sigma

JAUNTY, debonair, and carefree he came amongst us. Even so he leaves us and just so he will continue.

Why worry, why care?
  Premeditation will get one nowhere.
Court no ills by worry,
  Divorce despair from care.
Do merely what you need
  To get somewhere.

Whether it was protoplasm, chromosome or molecule, Andy knew and loved them all. A professional air, a bedside manner, a knowing look, an appreciative smile, all could be drawn from his pocket at just the proper psychological moment. The mere act of removing his spectacles from his nose was something to be watched with bated breath. That gesture in itself is enough to insure the success of whatever form of therapeutics he may use. Gentle breezes, soft music, and dim lights have played a big part in Andy's education. Perhaps the gentle breezes at times became gusty and blew away some of his hair. Be that as it may, a few intimates dare to make use of the appellation of "Baldy" to the big man—which bothers him just about as much as anything else in this world.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Erie, Pa.

WALTER GROSSMAN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Phi Delta Epsilon

Temple University, Ph.G.
Lehigh University
Sigma Alpha Mu

Tennis Team (1, 2, 3); Phi Delta Epsilon, Consul (1)

"WALT" came to Hahnemann from Lehigh early in the freshman year and has been dropping in once in a while ever since. Here is one fellow the college has made money on—at least, Walt doesn't take out his goods in the classroom. He takes them out riding.

A course had to be given oftener than once a week to rate more than a cursory nod from this dyed-in-the-wool free thinker. Once he lost his roster card, his attendance at a lecture was usually a matter of luck and always a cause for loud cheering. Exams took careful planning.

He achieved fame the first two years for his fast game of tennis, running well up in the annual tournaments at Cynwvd. By now he probably has a new racquet.

One of the wonders of this Machine Age is Walt's old Chevvy. It started in 1924 and has been running ever since, with remissions which are at last becoming protracted. We commend its rusting hulk to Commissioner Schofield as a public example of what happens when the "No Parking" regulations are not enforced.

From Walt we expect a career spangled with brilliance, but held close to the horizon by his carefree attitude, expressed if not by "Easy come, easy go," at least by "Late come, early go."

CHARLES FRAZER HADLEY, JR.

Merchantville, New Jersey — Swarthmore College, A.B.
Pi Upsilon Rho — Phi Sigma Kappa
Business Manager, THE MEDIC

A NICE wavy pennant, a pair of plus-fours, and "Chuck" would have been the the last word in college boys. Pins and what-nots romped over his vest. Collegiate diction burbled from his lips. Four years in medicine put on a graver veneer. While still in the perambulator stage, he is said to have had distinct leanings toward compound interest tables—or at any rate, business ability shone from him at a very tender age. He capitalized on that ability while in college by organizing a student foreign tour, thus getting "broadened" sans lucre. Hobbies came and went in whirlwind fashion—volunteer fireman, ice-boat builder, fish-pond designer. (Note: Volunteer firemen get top-notch feeds periodically.) Speculation as to just what community was deserving of his services occupied much of his leisure time: "They need a good man there." Such "they" will undoubtedly get.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

WILLIAM WEAVER HAINES

Allentown, Pennsylvania — Muhlenberg College, B.S.

Medic Staff

WILLY was never in any sense of the word merely among those present. Coming from the land where cows "gechumped over fences" and where the word "hurry" was deleted from all dictionaries by official proclamation, he lived right up to reputation. To use a pet word of one of his famous compatriots, "irregardless" of the simplicity or depth of the question put to him, Willy gazed at the questioner slowly, through heavy glasses, and gave vent to a preliminary "huh," presumably to give his brain cells time to become lubricated. If one attempted to become witty or facetious, Willy's slow grin and somnolent laugh some twenty minutes later were highly disconcerting. After his famous speech in behalf of the Hotel Americus, he appeared successively in two new suits. Lehigh University so merited his displeasure that he drove part of the Allentown delegation over there in an attempt to dissolve some of the foundation stones. Perhaps he'll have better luck next year if he can get his fellow internes to bring their caustic properties into play.

Allentown General Hospital, Allentown, Pa.

PHILIP HALPERN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Villanova College
Lambda Kappa Delta

TO ADMIT that one hails from Russia is to be suspicioned either as an ex-member of the Royal Family with a tragic but colorful past, or as a Bolshevist agent with a potentially pyrotechnic future. Halpy has not yet been catalogued, but is still under observation for suspicious tickings or trailing fuses. A linguist of extraordinary ability, an interesting conversationalist, an amateur writer of reputation, all of them hinging on extensive globe-trotting, he has managed to hide his light under a bushel most remarkably well. The fault probably lies with us and with the machine of which we are a part rather than with Halpy. It takes an aggressive personality and outstanding individuality to make a ripple in the stream of a medical school curriculum. Dependent entirely upon his own resources, he has still found time to absorb some of the art and music which Philadelphia so richly offers to those who have ears to hear and eyes to see. Theories tickle his curiosity but leave his judgment unmoved. Perhaps Russia also boasts a Missouri.

Women's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

BERNARD HARK

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Phi Delta Epsilon

Franklin and Marshall, B.S.

Glee Club, 3 years

UNLESS our memory fails us, it was in the freshman year that Bernie's pince-nez first appeared. Popular opinion proving too strong, it emerged but to disappear. Not until the dignity of a senior sat upon his shoulders did he bring it forth again—only an English accent is missing now. Together with Kurland and Rosman he is credited with carrying out profound and constant research for the past several years. Just what the nature of the work was remained shrouded in mystery, but publication of results is expected at any moment. Dis-to-shus, R. O. P.'s, Cæsarians were magnetic for Bernie. Nocturnal wanderings were counted as well spent if some snappy forcep-technic rewarded his weary vigil. Failing to make the tryouts for men in the glee club, he managed to sneak in as a tenor. But for him, Fegley would have drowned out the rest of the club. As it was, each drowned out the other, the result being absolute silence, leaving the rest of the club undisturbed. In spite of the pince-nez, we found him not a bad fellow at all.

Memorial Hospital, Roxborough, Pa.

ROBERT SAUL HELLER

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	La Salle College
Phi Lambda Kappa	Lehigh University
	University of Pennsylvania

IN WRITEUPS which came into our hands, when all other hooey failed, the aspiring biographer always made of his hero a man of few words and high and lofty ideals. Bob may justly lay claim to the reticent-few-worded category. Someone even credited him with practicing taciturnity when he went home at night. So golden-tongued did his biographer become, that we are constrained to quote: "It is such men as he who do great deeds, yet creep away as if their work had been done in air, with a potent wind to sweep their gifts into the desert places." In face of that, we can but add "Hallelujah." The same biographer ended his masterpiece with the following: "Oh sleep, thou ape of death." We include that blood-curdling quotation in the hope that it may have more significance to others than to us. His only departures from reticence were observed when auction or contract were being played or discussed. At such times, teeth clicking and arm waving punctuated his remarks .

St. Joseph Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HARRY SAMUEL HOFFMAN

Atlantic City, New Jersey　　University of Pittsburgh, B.S.
Phi Lambda Kappa　　Glee Club, 2 years

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was just a little fellow. While we're in the humor, why not mention Cæsar, Napoleon, Steinmetz, and Powerhouse Hoffman. His walk, his talk, the very way he wore his necktie suggested energy straining at the tether. Micky Duffy, Atlantic City's boss, may well look to his laurels when Harry returns to the Playground of the World. Perhaps, a descendant of Elijah's, he inherited his ability as a prophet in no mean measure. Quizzes and examinations; absences of professors; marks; were all part of his knowledge long before they existed. If he predicted less than nine out of ten questions in an examination, he felt himself disgraced. An active member of the bridge and pinochle group, he defied the law of averages. His opponents had the cuffs of his trousers sewed, and made him dispense with his coat, and wear sleeveless shirts, but aces and kings still appeared in his hand with startling regularity. Like Lapin, he has been an active patron of the Pennsy, spinning along the rails between here and Atlantic City twice daily during the past year. We strongly suspect that feminine attraction at the other end of the line accounts for this willingness to spend many hours in commuting. When that travail is finished, rumor has it that round-trip tickets for two to Bermuda or Vienna are in order. This commuting habit grows on one.

Atlantic City Hospital, Atlantic City, N. J.

VIRGIL ALFRED HUDSON

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science

Glee Club, 3 years

PAGE Sir James Barrie, for here sits his brain child in the flesh. Peter Pan, childhood everlasting, juvenility carnate and yet incarnate. If care or worry has touched him, it has left no mark, sliding off like soup from the spoons of the nouveau riche. Not content with annexing Sappington in his sophomore year, he took unto himself a wife. Following that momentous occasion, Virgil made an heroic attempt to grow up. The first intimation we had of the conflict which raged within him was the appearance of a delicate growth of down on his upper lip. We suspect that every tonic which the brain of man or the body of animal had concocted was used on that frail flower, but, like his determination to grow up, it withered and drooped and wasted away before our eyes. Finally, mustache and determination were both abandoned, and the old Virgil came back to us. How he explained to his wife shirts which had massaged classroom floors, vests minus ninety per cent of their buttons, and ties which had been used as a means of auto-strangulation is a matter which makes our bump of curiosity itch. The old world, and particularly that part of it which lies on beds of sickness and pain, needs a laugh more than all the medicine in the world, so Virgil, like Abou Ben Adam, may lead all the rest before our ledger finally closes.

Wilmington Homeopathic Hospital, Wilmington, Del.

JOSEPH JAMES HYNES

Albany, New York
Newman Club

Union College, A.B.

IF ONE discovered a long string of forceps on his coat-tail after leaving pathology lab, or found the dismembered parts of his microscope in various corners of the room, it was reasonably safe to suppose that Joe had been having his fun. Only after discovering Dr. Hoffman's quizzical eye upon him did he desist from such antics temporarily at Allentown. Perhaps his surplus energy had to be taken out in actions. Rarely was he known to unloose words. Recitations were painful, agonizing affairs which brought perspiration to the brow of all concerned. If the answer happened to be correct, Joe was the most surprised of any of those present. Unfortunately our remarks had to be based almost entirely on objective rather than subjective findings, which accounts for their brevity as well as any unduly caustic qualities they may possess.

St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HUBERT NATHANIEL JONES

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Penn State College, B.S.
Delta Kappa Upsilon

"THERE was a traveling salesman----." The scene was a banquet given by the local Lutheran clergy to those of their flock in Hahnemann. B. P. Jones as usual started an innovation by telling suspicious-sounding stories to the gentleman on his right with his collar on backwards. All the other back-collared gentlemen bent forward eagerly and the ice was broken. Politicians evidently come along in apostolic succession. Any disturbance in the class could usually be traced in B. P.'s direction. Those in his own group credited him with a keen wit and a flare toward repartee, which left him perpetually one wise-crack ahead. His favorite season of the year was emphatically winter, but winter or summer he is said to be never without a Blizzart on call. Profanity would occasionally emanate from him apparently for the same reason that a small boy likes to fire off firecrackers.

Wyoming Valley Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

SEYMOUR SAMUEL KIMMEL

Jersey City, New Jersey
Phi Lambda Kappa

Fordham University, B.S.

ATTEMPTS to classify Si's gait have been fruitless, so we've been forced to believe that it is non-pathological. On arrival, his expression was rather one of bland innocence. Over night he become a sophisticate who had no need of being shown. First evidence of this came in the form of a feeble, sad mustache. Like another of Gene's holy trinity, the strain of the mustache was too much for that hair which had been the comfort and prop of his upper brow. Quite properly he investigated pupillary reflexes, but at times became a bit uncertain as to just what he was looking for. "Ah, you have pretty eyes," he observed to one anterior polio case. Perhaps that was just a type of psychotherapy. Somewhere along the line he became convinced that he had symptoms "suspicious of Koch infection." Only after the good nature of the X-ray department was exhausted did he believe otherwise. Whether he still has his adiposis dolorosa we are not sure.

St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.

LAURANCE WILKIE KINSELL

Merchantville, N. J. Blackburn College
Phi Alpha Gamma

Glee Club, four years, Conductor (4); Phi Alpha Gamma, Treasurer (4);
Editor of the MEDIC

“YON Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.” From the day when, as a green and gawky freshman, Larry went to the Lion's Den enquiring concerning hygiene, to the day he looks his last patient in the face, Larry will always be “dangerous.” Dangerous to disease, dangerous to bigotism, dangerous to hypocrisy. Given unduly, perhaps, to criticism, he yet bigotism, dangerous to hippocracy. Given unduly, perhaps, to criticism, he yet criticized himself more strongly than any other. For a year he ran around like the proverbial chicken sans head, hunting “typical phrases, idiosyncrasies, likes, dislikes.” We hope he found them. “This is your book, not mine.” If he had any good point, that lay in an insatiable curiosity.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ANDREW JAMES KLEMBARA

Shamokin, Pennsylvania — Bucknell University, A.B.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Manager (4)

ANDY hit Philadelphia and straightway started to show the old town a thing or two. Our first intimation of this occurred when Heppy spilled his first joke. After hearing Andy laugh we all shivered and Heppy looked as though the ghost of the Ancient Mariner had risen up before him. Phil Cook with his one-man show is a piker compared to "deese feller from Zhamogen." At one time or another, Andy played everything in the orchestra from the bass viol to the picollos. His musical abilities like his other accomplishments, were absolutely lacking in inhibitions. When any question arose about our various dances, he served as a port of last resort. "I've danced for ten years," said he. After seeing him on the floor, we came to the conclusion that the Blue Danube and Black Bottom were mere conterfeits compared with the Scarlet Klem. Also, we gradually began to realize why gentlemen prefer blondes.

Pottsville Hospital, Pottsville, Pa.

OLIVER ARTHUR KOBISK

Lombard, Illinois	Dartmouth College, A.B. Hahnemann College of Science
Phi Alpha Gamma	Sigma Chi

FATE must have grinned broadly when she tumbled our class from her dice box. Certainly never was a more queerly assorted group roped into one coral. Just why Olie started us on that line of thought would be hard to say, unless it be, that, of his type, he stands almost alone. A bit of background and polish are undoubtedly his; carefree and a reveler; perhaps somewhat blasé, but not irritatingly so; not a scholar but far from an idler; really interested in medicine. The social niceties were to him rather important matters, particularly if they in any way touched on bridge. A good partner, two worthy opponents, a deck of cards, and the world could go on its way. But for Olie the class would have no poet laureate. He found for all time that the juice of a grape can make a modest daisy become a glowing sunflower. Another year with Olie and Lee wouldn't have had an inhibition left. Coming from the cold, raw shore of Lake Michigan he's probably the only non-resident who hasn't made insulting remarks about Philly's wondrous climate. Stranger still, he's going back from whence he came.

Genesee Hospital, Rochester, New York

JACOB JOHN KOHLHAS

Ardmore, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Phi Alpha Gamma

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); President, Phi Alpha Gamma (4); Secretary, Phi Alpha Gamma (3); Blue and Gold Ball Committee (3)

WHEN pandemonium reigned in the closing minutes of freshman physiology lectures, above all the varied sounds could be heard Jake's raucous laugh. Like Booker T. Washington's ebony face at the presidential banquet, it had outstanding qualities. Second only to his laugh were his questions. Poor Heppy hardly knew whether to laugh or cry or get mad over some of them. The rest of us were only undecided as to whether or not they were deserving of capital punishment. "How do you diagnose a jaundiced Chinaman?" That he still lives can be attributable only to an inherent love for dumb animals within us. He has been second only to Gabler in his ability to sleep anywhere. Box or box mattress were alike potential places for repose. A summer at Ann Arbor didn't exactly detract from Jake's opinion that Jake was pretty hot milk. Stories of three hundred anæsthesias in two months made our mouths gape and our eyes bulge. Anaphylactic collitis necessitated an anæsthetist's stool with a hollow seat—just in case of emergency. As official consultant to the Ardmore bank he has been our chief authority on stocks and bonds and market trends.

Bryn Mawr Hospital, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

JOHN ANTHONY KOREYWO

Worcester, Massachusetts — Providence College
Newman Club

Basketball Manager (3)

AS A RULE, the far-flung and assorted sections of our country place a definite stamp upon their native sons. For many of us a shock was in store when we found that Tiny was a Yankee, born and reared. Somehow it seemed that the census taker must have missed his cue. Somewhere we'd picked up the idea that only long, tall, angular men were produced up in the Pilgrim Fathers' neck of the woods. Perhaps Tiny started out to be long and tall and angular and then decided that curves were more comfortable. Jokes he retailed by the dozens in his blissful youth of the first two years. Then the metamorphosis which our good dean loves to tell about took place, and Tiny has become grave and professional. Tympanitic sounds issue from his abdomen while he taps it and frowningly considers the various angles of the case in hand. Perhaps the percussion wave stirs up his gray matter. The habitual wearing of spats has in no wise detracted from his professional aspect. We'll bet he's knocked the folks back home for at least three goals. Vaudeville missed a headliner when he took up Medicine. Were the entire staff of "Children's" to demise tomorrow, they would live on in Tiny: "My right hand is clean; my left hand is dir-ty——."

Hahnemann Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

DAVID HOWARD KROCHMAL

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Phi Lambda Kappa

University of Pittsburgh, B.S.

"NECESSITY makes queer bedfellows" is an ancient and honorable adage. Revised to meet twentieth century needs: "Medical school makes strange roommates." Certainly never was a more strangely assorted pair than Krochmal and Klembara. Verily might St. Peter turn over in his grave, or do the Highland Fling at the gates of heaven if he could or can see a Knight of Abraham and a Knight of Columbus possessing identical latch keys. Fast and furious came the words when Dave started. They tumbled and jostled each other about in their mad scramble to escape, as though impatient to begin their careers in the wide world, and fearful that their pursuers would trample them underfoot. As eloquent as his lips were his wildly waving hands. Each finger knew its part. Every phalanx had its own particular orbit. B. S. in his case might mean bridge shark. Just how seriously he took his medicine we do not know, but to bridge and pinochle go the credit for many a convolution in his brain and furrow in his brow. One chin satisfied most of us, but not Dave. Trenton tidbits or constant oratory may have accounted for that phenomenon.

Passavant Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ABRAHAM BERNARD KURLAND

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Penn State, B.S.
Phi Delta Epsilon	Beta Sigma Rho

"BUFF" owned a serio-comic disposition—serious consciously and comic in spite of himself. Rather given to many words in his early years, he became progressively more silent, due, perhaps, to a penchant for "putting his foot in it," or so the information came to us. In his junior year, if other facts escaped him, one was indelibly impressed upon his mind—namely, that there are times when one smokes, and times when he definitely does not. Just why Dr. Ashcraft happened to look up as "Buff" strolled leisurely through the amphitheatre, after having "reached for a Lucky instead of a sweet," can only be put down to an unkind fate. Following that experience he almost became a mainstay of the anti-tobacco league. Pinochle was one of his major diversions. Odd hours found him with Hark, Krochmal, and Rosman, comfortably ensconced in the luxurious lounge room, passing out the royal family. Summers as well as winters found him puttering around the hospital.

St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HARRY PAUL LANDIS

Palmyra, New Jersey
Pi Upsilon Rho

Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Associate Editor, 1932 MEDIC

DELIBERATION marked his every action. Deeds done hurriedly and repented at leisure were not Harry's. Yet, if speed were not a part of him, certainty was. Only death or smallpox could have prevented his carrying out that which he had contracted to do. Like Elisha's cape, Homeopathy was handed down to him as a sacred trust. When we doubted and ranted, "Sam" merely pitied our blindness. A c. m. potency was something which he regarded with far more fear and used with far more caution than most of us would have used or handled an equal quantity of hydrocyanic acid or T. N. T. Aggravations were things to be avoided more fearfully than the plague. "Out of school" he was no mean athlete. If high potencies predispose to trick diving, we shall search earnestly for the similimum.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

RICHARD PAUL LANEY

Skowhegan, Maine

Bowdoin College, B.S.
Kappa Sigma

Associate Editor, the MEDIC

INTO his veins was injected a subtle poison which did so distort his vision that beauty lurked not for his eyes, save in his native Maine. If we are to believe Horatio Alger, the whirl and bustle of the great city should awe and fascinate the little country boy. If that has been Dick's reaction, he has hidden it wonderfully well. To him it has been a nightmarish place of slush and rain and fog in winter, and dirt and suffocating heat and mosquitoes in summer; a place which has no solitude, no place for contemplation and luxurious dreaming; a place of jostling people and ever hurrying feet. The mosquitoes he eventually conquered with Flit, but the rest has been beyond his control. A true introvert, interested professionally but dispassionately in the affairs of others, his calmness has been at times almost irritating. Only when the world tread upon his toes or put obstacles in his well-mapped highway did that calmness leave, and then but for a second, at least on the surface. To bring a smile of absolute contentment to his face, one had but to put a tennis racquet in his hand and his feet upon a court. That racquet shortly began to do things which were worth watching. He belonged to that club, which, when other forms of conversation failed, brought refreshment and rest to its soul by damning methods of medical education in general and offering plans for the reformation of Hahnemann in particular. May many more follow in his footsteps!

Worcester Memorial Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

LOUIS P. LAPIN

Trenton, New Jersey
Phi Delta Epsilon

Temple University School of Pharmacy, Ph.G.
Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Phi Delta Epsilon, Consul (3)

W. W. ATTERBURY should be present at commencement out of gratitude to Louis. Since 1924, he has been a patron saint to Pennsylvania Railroad stockholders, cavorting over the rails between Philadelphia and Trenton, b. i. d. Hippocrates had placed her hand upon him even before he entered Hahnemann. Two years at Temple College of Pharmacy, during which time he withdrew several gold medals from circulation, only served to whet his appetite for medical subjects. Perhaps he wished to know what to do with all the drugs he had prepared. (Editor's note: we hope he found out.) Hahnemann College of Science grounded him thoroughly in the unopposable great toe, and four years' front row duty in the stately halls of medicine have given him the few other essentials which go to make a "Doctorem in Artem Medici." In a lecture on anything less profound than "Asteopsathyrosis in Chinese Children" he spent his time prompting the professor rather than in taking notes. Dr. Foman will probably have a competitor shortly after his graduation. Whether the subject was anatomy, or Dr. Baker's course in "Believe It or Not," the "wolf" had every question that could possibly be asked, and its answer, down in black and white, and a large percentage of it in gray. An almost unbeatable system, if you ask us, and one which will probably remove some more gold from circulation. His ultimate success will probably depend on the number of people who still believe in the old adage, "Trust no man, not even your brother, with his hair one color, and his mustache another."

McKinley Memorial Hospital, Trenton, N. J.

ANTHONY LA RUSSO

Brooklyn, N. Y. Syracuse University, A.B.
Kappa Iota

TONY was inclined to believe that "life was real, and life was earnest." Medicine was no sinecure to him, nor did he attempt to make anyone believe that it was. Fears for the morrow constantly filled his early medical days. The thought that he would eventually be able to put M.D. after his name hardly dared to enter his mind. Time smoothed out many things, as time has a habit of doing, and eventually optimism followed in the wake of hard work. When Steiny called for volunteers, La Rus-so came out of his shell and demonstrated Babinskies and knee jerks with abandon, probably surprising himself as much as anyone. He definitely and justly belonged in that small class of the "quiet and studious."

Metropolitan Hospital, New York City

ALPHONSE ALBERT LEPIS

Jersey City, New Jersey
Kappa Iota

Fordham University, B.S.

Medic Staff

AGAIN, first impressions; when we saw this big fellow wandering around the chemistry lab, Il Pensoroso seemed to come up and slap us in the face—"Then hail divinest melancholy." The shades of Cerebrus seemed to be constantly drawn over his face; the burden of Atlas weighed ever upon his shoulders. Only music could cause a rift in the clouds. May we recommend to him much Pagliacci. Probably a pro in some things, we only found him an anti———. Birth control likely rated highest in his anti-portfolio. He could bring evidence to bear from the Deity, down through the archangels, popes, cardinals, robins, sparrows, even to, but not including, Lucifer himself, to prove that it was wrong on every count. We suspect that our knowledge of him, is very superficial, but diligent searching has failed to bring out anything more which was apt to be true. Crustacea can only be known through minute dissection, and one hundred and twelve specimens preclude that.

St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.

EARL CARL LEYRER

Hamilton, Ohio — Miami University
Pi Upsilon Rho

Glee Club (2 and 3): Manager, Glee Club (4)

SOME of us may remember the team of Mitchell, Fromm, and Leyrer, which knocked around together during the freshman year. Big Doc, Medium Bobby, and Little Earl surely constituted Barnum's happy family. Unkind stature will not be changed despite all efforts, but a professional air can be cultivated which may more than compensate. Even so has Earl drawn unto himself the last work in bedside manners. When we heard that he came from Miami University our brow wrinkled in puzzlement. Not once did he say, "I'm glad to meet yuh, suh," or words to that effect. Not until we found that Ohio as well as Florida boasted a Miami did our minds again become soothed. Not only has he annexed a bedside manner in the past few years, but he has metamorphosed from a rather retiring chap into a mighty leo of the sacred order of social lions. Dances and functions generally found him among those present. As chief reminder to glee club members, he has functioned actively for the last year.

Miami Valley Hospital, Dayton, Ohio

FREDERICK CHARLES LICKS

South Orange, New Jersey — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Ptolemy

Vice-President, Ptolemy (3)

IN OUR effort to avoid the too-usual, usual in these writeups, we tried to talk to, listen to, and overhear conversations indulged in by all our brethren, in the hopes of hearing some one thing which might characterize them. Too often we were unsuccessful. Fred was discoursing on Homeopathy one day. Said he, "I've never really seen it work beyond the shadow of a doubt, but it's such a damn nice theory." So pleasing did he find the theory that the honor of doing an original proving goes to him alone of all the class. A vile commercial preparation of Chlorine was his selection, much to the delight not unmixed with apprehension, of the department of materia medica. He is still with us, so apparently he didn't carry the proving to the end-point of coma collapse, and death. The mania of the collector or bargain hunter was his. Regardless of the nature of an object, if it could be procured below its proper intrinsic value, Fred became a poorer man, but a happier one. Odds and ends or just plain junk the unseeing and uninitiated might call his collection, proving that value lies not in things, but in the mind. We suspect that he may be a scholar. We know he has a healthy curiosity.

Hospital of St. Barnabas, Newark, N. J.

ANDREW JOHN LOTZ

Paoli, Pennsylvania University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

Orchestra (1); Humor Editor of MEDIC; Glee Club Accompanist (4)

AGAIN we must deplore the stereotyped curriculum of medicine which so thoroughly submerges personalities. The subject might be anything from crossed pyramidal tract lesions to psytacosis, with a perspiring and earnest lecturer doing his stuff, but if it happened to be one of Andy's non-medical days, he might be found in any corner of the room, inconspicuously comfortable, undisturbed by the eloquence from the platform, reading Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Edna St. Vincent Millay, James, or The Love Story of a Poor Little Shop Girl. Medical and other hobbies, off the beaten path, would engross him for a time—hobbies about which one might philosophize; things not burdened with stodgy and cumbersome minutæ. Originality and a prize streak of humor were his, but bound up, or down, so tightly that only a group of intimates knew of their existence. As a pianist he would probably have taken first honors in the class had not Mankus been among those present.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HERMAN J. LUBOWITZ

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Phi Delta Epsilon

University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"MEN, the clavicle," said Tommy. "The clavicle" echoed Bobo and straightway smoothed out its tortuous windings in a voice which could have oiled the troubled waters. Post-lecture conferences marked him from the beginning to the end. Always a desire to know just one thing more prodded him from the rear. When he wasn't studying, he was down at the Y swimming. Those two amusements failing, he could be found earnestly explaining the virtues of stars or stripes in some flamboyant tie at one of Eugene Jacobs' fire sales. Not at all subject to flattery, yet words of praise upon his ears produced purring modulations in his resonant bass. Paraphasing case histories: "Does not use tobacco, alcohol, tea, or coffee. Does not—— or that is, he denies Venusian infection." Either he was born perfect or has powerful inhibitions, for despite our best efforts we found no bad habits in the man.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

EDWIN DUNCAN MacKINNON

Saginaw, Michigan
Alpha Sigma

Alma College, B.S.
Zeta Sigma

A CANNY Scot with a transplanted affection for the heaths of Michigan. Preceptorial instruction in Homeopathy had rooted and grounded Mac on solid rock. While the rest of us blew alternately hot or cold, he never wavered. He had seen! Pre-examination times saw him and Eckert washing down knowledge with foaming malto-hoppo. As easy-going as the proverbial old shoe, yet reliance placed in him was assurance of work well done. Saturday afternoons found him parked in front of Dennison's. Perhaps he took up interior decorating as a matter of recreation and obtained inspiration from their windows. Certainly Dennison's couldn't have appreciated his interest, for at the same hour each time a young lady came out and chased him away. Proboscitis may have accounted for a very characteristic tic, or again it may have resulted from a marked interest in the anatomy of the turbinates. Perhaps we'll find him some day on the lecture platform at Ann Arbor starting a lecture with, "Homeopathy is great stuff—eh?"

Fitkin Memorial Hospital, Asbury Park, N. J.

GEORGE ROBERT MANKUS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania St. Joseph's College, B.S.

Newman Club; Glee Club, (2, 3)

"MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast" observed some ancient bard—or perhaps it was an explorer who had happened among a tribe of Amazons. George may have had soothing ideas in mind when he sat down in front of the venerable piano in Room B, but before he finished his execution of some popular ballad or laurel-crowned classic, most of the class had reverted to type and were busy smearing on the war paint. His tom-tommery brought out what the reverend gentlemen would probably call our worst natures. Second only in fame to his chords and discords were his hats. Degenerating from sun protectors to beauty-enhancers, hats have progressively become less brimful and more useless. George's Stetsons sat at an exact parallel plane with the ground underfoot, and rarely boasted of more than two centimeters of brim. Attempts at imitation were fruitless. They had a certain something. On top of these outstanding qualities, good nature and a tendency toward genial back-slapping kept in well in the public eye.

NATHAN MANUS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Ph.G.
La Salle College
St. Josephs College

Phi Lambda Kappa

Gamma Phi Sigma

WORRY has never hung very heavily about Nat's neck. Profoundly convinced that everything would come out just exactly as it should, he has walked leisurely and unconcernedly on his way. Grooming has been of more than passing interest to him. A suit of clothes was something which one put on for the day, after due fore-thought and spiritual preparation. He was even credited with having definite clothes that he wore while treating definite maladies. The opinion of the world or of a little part of it about therapeutics, was not Nat's. Whether his previous service as a pharmacist influenced his judgment we do not know, but he is said to possess ideas which are more than novel and waits but to break the traces to try them on the public.

St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ANTHONY MARSICO

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kappa Iota

Haverford College
Temple University, A.B.
Pi Kappa Phi

Kappa Iota, Treasurer (4)

TONY studied all winter and basked in League Island sunshine all summer. He absorbed so much ultra-violet in four months that he was able to pass it by for the other eight. Perhaps that accounts for his probable record of never having missed a class. "Weasel's" accomplishments may be great, but one would never guess it from his chatter. The attributes of a Dante or a Shakespeare may be his, but never those of a Patrick Henry. Fondness for things was inherent within him. Some wag credited him with sticking to one tie for four whole years. Mere texts were insufficient to satisfy his thirst for knowledge, or else his sales resistance was low when the Tice salesman detailed the impressiveness of a medical student encyclopedia on one's shelves. Be that as it may, that one office fixture is assured. After finishing the first three volumes, he is said to have celebrated by going to see "The Mad Genius."

Women's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

NICHOLAS DOMINIC MAURIELLO

Pittston, Pennsylvania		University of Notre Dame
Kappa Iota		Bucknell University
Newman Club	Secretary Kappa Iota (4)	

JUST what Nick will do if a case requires treatment before he can get back to his library, is something which worries us. Perhaps, some ingenious bibliophyle will have brought out a portable automobile library or a library trailer by that time. For his sake, and the sake of our peace of mind, we earnestly hope so. Books to the right of him, books to the left of him, and from them he absorbed weird and awsome theories. "Doctor, in a case like that, couldn't you—?" Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but we hope Nick's rising apparatus is very strongly and durably made. Ringworm, eczema, pediculosis, or something like that troubled him in his junior year, so in he went to Berny. The latter's caustic wit ran up and down poor Nick's spine. "You can't ride me next year," said our hero. "I'll be a Senior." Of such material are those hardy spirits made who ride on cannon balls and do nose and throat examinations on lions. Amos and Andy are reported to receive fabulous salaries from Pepsodent. Nick's rake-off in the capacity of Mr. Listerine is still a secret.

Mercy Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

PATRICK JOHN McGLYNN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Villanova College
Lambda Kappa Delta

NOT until Dr. Bernstein became a trifle mixed in identities did we see "Blondy" live up to the proverbial psycho-motor activity which auburn hair is supposed to carry with it. "Silly" evidently had definite persons whom it suited and quite as definitely had those it didn't. A graphic vocabulary was his. One man seemed to bring it into very active play. "Yeah! he's a nicefella, the x . . . ***" Ear muffs were in order until one sort of eased those members into the storm. Dances were hilarious affairs for Mac until the possibility of Spiritus Frumenti as an etiologic factor in diabetes mellitus occurred to him. Epicurean delights formed his chief avenue of satisfaction, but a diabetaphobia even overhung that pasttime. In his own group he had the reputation of being a champion "goat-getter."

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY GEORGE McKEOWN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Pi Upsilon Rho

DEPRESSION may be here, but it must have passed Mac by. As the years have rolled away, prosperity has seemed to be stamped upon him ever more prominently. There was a time when worry furrowed his brow occasionally. Before examinations whimperings of "I know I'm gonna flunk" could be depended upon from his direction. But, even that has passed so that contentment beams from his round, sun-like face at any hour of the day or night. If there be justice in this world, someone will give him a ponderous gold watch chain for graduation. So mighty a corporation deserves mighty decoration. As an explainer of anything and everything, he definitely ranked—no one could get in a word edgeways. Once he had his unfortunate victim in a corner—a literal one—resignation was the order of the day. Escape was impossible short of homicide. West Philadelphia Hospital opened her arms to him and then like a false siren closed them again before he could seek their refuge. Not disheartened, Mac scratched his nose and stepped out with Wilmington and has been getting along finely with her. In his other amorous adventures, he has been uniformly and universally successful—or at least that's the story that comes to us—from Mac.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

WADSWORTH LEE MILLER

North East, Pennsylvania
Alpha Sigma

Oberlin College, A.B
Phi Beta Kappa

President, Alpha Sigma

NO SADDER fate could we wish on any man than to give him a reputation to live up to. Lee, as our only "Phi Bet" couldn't lie down by the wayside if he wished. So straight he stood that it seemed he bent backwards. A paragon of all the virtues we thought him—"safe upon the solid rock." We knew that fact on fact unnumbered lay stored within his spacious brain pan, but far beyond us was the ability to guess that Edna St. Vincent Millay slept there in the arms of Galen. No seer, but poet laureate he's crowned. The Junior Year was almost his undoing. From his lowest to his uppermost souls he burned. Bashful stools alternated with coffee-ground vomitus. Opisthotonus and winged scapulae would battle far into the night. Suffice it to say that the similimum was found and he stands a living monument to the art of Hahnemann. West Chester added to his girth and professional acumen, even as it detracted from his sleep. Like Dr. Northrop, he would exclaim: "our wards are full."

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROBERT ELMER MITCHELL

Coaldale, Pennsylvania
Pi Upsilon Rho

Bucknell University, B.S.
Beta Kappa
Phi Theta Sigma

BOBBY was one of those mortals who believed that in all good time the world would come to one's feet, so why worry about it in the meantime. Probably as thorough a student as the class owned, he played just as thoroughly. A well-knit body made of him a big man in the wrestling world while an undergraduate. When the urge became strong within him he'd slip a half nelson on Laney and the battle would rage. More characteristic than his fistic combats were his verbal ones. Serious or comic, his logic was usually good. When the morning mail was kind, selections from the "hit of the week" would be rendered in the upper register. In company with Sloan, he brought tears to our eyes with the strains of "Goodnight sweetheart." Strong likes and dislikes were a part of him. His friendships were not legion, but enduring.

Allentown General Hospital, Allentown, Pa.

RAYMOND CHRISTIAN MOYER

Philadelphia, Pa.	Gettysburg College
Alpha Sigma	Alpha Tau Omega

Class Vice-President (1, 2)

HALLELUJAH, how the rafters rang! When Ray spoke, they both rang and rattled. His bass seemed to come from endless, unfathomable caverns. As impressive as his voice were his pedal extremities, those members usually being conspicuously in evidence as they hung longitudinally over the back of a chair in the extreme rear of the room. Camera-phobia was his ever present disease. The mere mention of a photographer in the vicinity would cause him to hasten away. Scotch jokes were his specialty—"C'mon, I have something for you." The taking of notes was a thing to be spurned. We don't know his system, but it must have been good. Off-days found him in company with Andy Goodwin, peppering every available part of the landscape with a "22"—this sport by courtesy being called hunting. Like Andy, nature endowed him with a first rate therapeutic armamentarium.

Reading Homeopathic Hospital, Reading, Pa.

GEORGE THURMAN NODEN

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania — University of Pittsburgh, B.S.
Pi Upsilon Rho
Glee Club (3 years)

WHILE sojourning here, Georgie has been a loyal and efficient press agent for the Smoky City in general and the Pittsburgh Hospital in particular. The credit for a goodly number of '32 internes signed up at that institution goes largely to his picturesque propaganda. After wiping the soot from his anatomy, he settled to four years of rather conscientious work, distinguished chiefly by an ability to outline any course as it emerged from the lips of the lecturer, even junior medicine. Whatever the subject in head, he managed to interject an "if" at the most embarrassing moments. Rather fond of jokes of a practical nature, he had little appreciation for those that back-fired.

His professional attitude was rather badly shattered at Allentown when one of the female inmates decided that he was her dream man in the flesh. George was apparently unused to cavewomanish methods, and fared rather badly until milady's femme de chambre arrived and convinced her that urgent matters elsewhere demanded her attention. His finer sensibilities have not yet entirely recovered from that Amazonian episode.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EMMETT FRANCIS O'GARA

Providence, R. I.
Newman Club

Providence College, Ph.B.

EVEN as the jumping rock of the Indians tried the mettle of their young braves, so might reaction to examinations be regarded as the criterion to classification of medical students. Others might worry, but never "Slippery." Examinations were merely minor incidents which one took with the rest of the wheat and chaff of life, and having taken them, forgot them. Unawares, he became elevated to the status of an authority upon cerebro-spinal meningitis. That subject came under discussion at a staff meeting which he attended, with a resultant call upon "Dr. O'Gara." The floor refusing to open up and swallow him, there was nothing to do but speak, and speak he did, in a style that admitted not of dispute. If one failed to find him with the other two angles of the triangle—Bruno and Cunningham—it was usually a rather safe bet that he'd be found blissfully at ease, perusing the latest news, and listening to the radio. His imagination failed to admit of greater possibilities for contentment. Early Sunday mornings would discover him as one of those few Hahnemanns who conscientiously paved his way to the pearly gates.

Rhode Island Homeopathic Hospital, Providence, R. I.

STEPHEN ARTHUR OLIVA

Brooklyn, New York

Roanoke College
Lafayette College, B.S.

PERHAPS, he does some things in ways which do not correspond to Hoyle, but they're anything but evident. Mustachios which would excite the envy of a Beau Brummel, like Daly's "Giusseppe":

"Giuseppe da barbar, he greta for mash
He hava da bigada blacka moustache"

His freshman year was surrounded by a galaxy of senior roommates as advisors. The following summer saw him working in the laboratory of King's County Hospital. As a result he woke up a little sooner than the rest of us to the fact that he was really studying medicine. A hard worker, he'd dig out from a mass of papers with the remark, "I like to correlate this stuff." The grind could hold him for just so long, and then he'd begin to champ at the bit. Too didactic discussions bored him. Medical philosophy was more to his liking. "You have no music in your soul," and the rebuked plugger would crawl into his hole. Socially he shone. Dances found him smoothly present:

"So smootha da handa,
So smalla da feet—"

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSEPH FRANCIS PACELLI

Brooklyn, New York
Kappa Iota

Fordham University, B.S.

BIG JOE, like Ben Jonson, laughed and grew fat. In his early days, he could be found in almost any lectureless hour probing into a jumbled mass of muscles, nerves, and such, trying to prove Gray right or wrong. Not a microbe hunter, but an anomalie hunter, a strayed nerve or an oddly shaped viscus was an occasion for celebration. That day being passed, surface anatomy absorbed his interest. Stray hours found him in the "Stout Man's Club," explaining the advantages of medicine, of a corporation adorned by a watch chain. "Hurry" was a word outside his ken or language. Time was long. One could do so much and no more, and what did it matter anyway. Perhaps still in search of anomalies he has taken midwifery to his bosom. Perpetually on the alert for outside patients to be "accouched" he perhaps has the record. Joviality and extreme good nature are his leading symptoms.

Columbus Hospital, New York City

ANTHONY PICOLLO

Union City, New Jersey — University of Louisville
Kappa Iota

PICKY first came into the limelight as the featherweight member of the freshman boxing team which gained immortality through Shear's beefsteak alibi and Furman's dead canine act. Inside the ropes he had speed, but lethargy descended upon him outside that hallowed square. Midnight oil was a commodity of which he used much. Steady plugging brought him a thorough knowledge of all that which is medical, and of medicine in particular. "Now look at this," and he was off on some puzzler, and stopped not until light had replaced the dark spot in his mind. Jokes of all kinds appealed to him but the ceiling was no limit for his ire when mirth occurred at his expense. The four horsemen drew him in their fold. Noontime usually saw him drawing reign with them at pinochle or bridge, or even more characteristically galloping along, throwing the ox with them. Good-natured, cheerful, he was always a welcome addition to his group.

Christ Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.

FRANK ANTHONY QUATTROMANI

New York City
Kappa Iota

Fordham University, B.S.

Vice-President, Kappa Iota

FROM Throgg's Neck, God's country, to Spring Garden Street, Peacock Alley of Hahnemann freshmen; enough of a let-down to dampen the enthusiasm of many, but not Quatro. For him a halo so encircled all that was medical that no cloud could darken its brilliance. C. I. T. affiliations had equipped him with a knowledge of figures and finance sufficient to spin the head of his associates. Figures on black and white were not his only interest. Of figures in reds and blues he had quite as full an appreciation. An epicure, he seemed to possess unlimited capacity for a heathen combination of cheese pie and succulent clams, with consequent membership in the "stout men's club." In that august body he reigned as undisputed master of the cardboards. Little things have shaped the destiny of many. Proboscal polypi will probably make of Frank a peerer into sinuses and antrums.

Columbus Hospital, New York City

JORGE SANTIAGO RABADILLA

Bacolad, Occident Negros, Philippine Islands — University of Philippines
University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"RABBLE DABBLE" was our one break in the monotony of Caucasianism. Back in anatomy days we have recollections of him as our one lone dissector. While others of us struggled along to divulge the secrets of an arm or leg, Rabby was faced with a broad expanse of stiff-in-general. Master bluffer, he had every prof buffaloed. A rapid string of consonants would issue in response to any question asked, followed by a helpless look upon the questioner's face, as he hurriedly put down a ten plus. Whether he drove on from the Philippines, we do not know, but certain it is that he saw the sights of Allentown to advantage in a spiffy roadster. At that quaint country village, he came into the limelight and stayed there throughout the trip. When irritated he was wont to forget the classical oriental calm which tradition has fastened upon his race. Such instances merely acted to further prove that human nature is pretty much the same in all peoples and places.

Philippine General Hospital, Manila, Philippine Islands

DONALD WOOD RICHIE

Brewster, New York — Haverford College, B.S.

Glee Club, (1, 2); Class Historian

COMING down Summer Street one day, we saw a ball game in full swing, most of its participants being decidely juvenile, but active among them a child of an older growth, whose general contour seemed familiar. On drawing closer, the big boy turned out to be Don. Having seen other evidences of novelty and originality in his conduct, we were not at all surprised. Rube Goldberg was his patron saint. Any laboratory which furnished sufficient material was a playground for his inventive genius. Goepe's question and answer system is a childish affair compared to Don's. Every word that ever fell from the mouth of a lecturer during the four years, went down in his notes, and at least six possible questions covered every statement. Had he been mimeographically inclined, Barney might well have thrown his masterpieces in the Schuylkill. While the rest of us nicotinized our system, he absorbed the latest in international gossip from Time. A keen interest in all that went on about him, both proximal and distal, was his outstanding characteristic.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

FREDERICK A. RIEMANN, JR.

Fall River, Mass. Mount St. Mary's College
Newman Club Pi Lambda
President, Newman Club (2, 3); Art Editor of the MEDIC

FRED'S fourth class determinative symptom has been a habit engaging in things which one wouldn't expect to find anybody doing. Perhaps he got that way from knocking around with Wallace and Licks. Personally we think it worked the other way. Not until Dr. Young arrived to take away the title of "Miracle Man" from Dr. Krick, did Fred really find himself. Since then he's been chief homeopathic bibliophile and librarian, as well as a seér of rings in serum tubes. His broad shoulders became bent with the physical and mental weight of a huge volume of "Chronic Diseases." We speculate with interest as to whether he will emerge a Homeopathic Theist or Atheist. "This is probably rotten." In such a manner were we introduced to the initial sketch for the book and to many which followed it. We would have been grateful for the ability to sketch as "rottenly."

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

ISAAC HARRY RIGBERG

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Temple University, Ph.G.
Phi Lambda Kappa	La Salle College, B.S.

IKE, according to his intimates was one of the big strong silent men, thinking much, speaking little, and keeping the outside world guessing as to what transpired behind his frontal eminences. Sport interested him greatly, both abstractly and concretely. A tennis court with other conditions being fitting would make him purr. Rumor credits him with strong yens toward music, art, and literature also. Undoubtedly his history would be an interesting one. In far-away Russia, under the Czarist regime, he first saw the light of day. We can but conjecture those events which caused him to leave the land of his birth. He has been one of those who entered medicine through the back door of pharmacy and who consequently was one of the lucky mortals who had an occasional morning vacation during the freshman year.

St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

EARL WILLIAM ROLES

Camden, New Jersey — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1, 2); Manager (3, 4).

THE band having been delayed when Earl arrived amongst us, he showed himself to be fully equal to the occasion by drawing his own horn from his pocket and blowing upon it lustily. So sweet was the music that it far surpassed that of Wagner who had been able only to make a Lo hen grin, whereas Earl succeeded in producing that same reaction in numberless mortals. It is an almost paradoxical fact that men who are learning how to maintain and produce strong bodies in others tend to let their own bodies become sluggish. Not sporadically, but constantly, Earl kept in the best of condition. Two weeks of intensive training don't win Penn Relays unless there's a good foundation upon which to build. Neuro-anatomy was his dish, although that dish assumed rather the nature of Chile con carne or chow mein when Big Bill called for voluteers. The rhythmic jerking of the "B. student's" head could be noted in any classroom, keeping time with the rising and falling cadences of the lecturer. Whether the dean was his model in this respect we do not know. If so, that worthy had better look to his laurels. Adventuring in dubious places he considered one of the privileges of the profession. "Is that any way to talk to a doctor," he demanded, when that point of view was questioned.

Mountainside Hospital

DANIEL MERRIL ROSMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.	La Salle College, B.S.
Phi Delta Epsilon	Temple College of Pharmacy, Ph.G.

"HERNIA, gentlemen!" A highly decorative gentleman, with an impressive streaking of gray through his locks, then proceeded to tell us about the mysteries of directs and indirects, inguinals and femorals, completes and incompletes. If the class fails to produce some able hernioraphists, it won't be Dan's fault. Somewhere along the line he decided that the ability to philosophize marked the man of the day and hour. After due deliberation behind his violet-tinted glasses, philosophy began to issue upon our grateful ears. The mysteries of Socrates and Plato were made plain, yea, even like unsoiled parchment. Some day we hope to see advertised on the front pages of the *Hahnemannian*: "The philosophy of Herniotomy," by Daniel Rosman.

St. Agnes Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. KENNETH ROSNER

Philadelphia, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"TO tell you the truth, doctor——." "Diogenes" undoubtedly had an excellent line—when he had a chance to use it. Never yet have we heard him say, "I don't know." If doubt arose as to his whereabouts, one merely listened for his voice of Sahl's. Where one was, there was the other, also, usually in furious controversy over some medical or non-medical subject. Theories he had about many things. At times they were received with approbation. Then again, at other times, they weren't. Having decided that a man is as old as his glands, he decided that endocrinology was his dish. Eventually he will undoubtedly explain everything from undulant fever to psytarriasis upon the grounds of galloping pituitaries or lethargic adrenals. Realizing that theories must precede progress, the class humbly acknowledges the eminence in its midst.

Frankford Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

VANCE McCORMICK ROTHROCK

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Hahnemann College of Science
Elizabethtown College, B.S.

Class Treasurer, (2); Orchestra-Bass-Drum Carrier

WHEN a simple answer will do, why give a complex one? The platform wished to be informed about the types of pneumococci. "Type one, type two, type three, and type four" said Vance, and listened for appreciation of his answer. It came. He obtained extraordinary obstetrical training during his first three years, spending the nights tramping back and forth on the walls of the Eastern Penitentiary, waiting for something to happen. That nothing did happen speaks for "the patience of knowledge, rather than the patience of ignorance." In other matters, his patience was less marked. In physiology, if frog's muscles did not behave according to Hoyle, it was: "C'mon, let's go." Enthusiasms were no part of him. Today was today. Tomorrow would undoubtedly be the same. The ground is far more stable than the sky.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY GEORGE SAHL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

University of Pennsylvania
Phi Nu

"SAHL, S-A-H-L" and "Sall, S-A-L-L" was a constant popularity in any roll call. We have often wondered whether the two of them didn't fall into a state of uncertainty occasionally as to which was which. Lacking Manny's musical accomplishments, Henry was less of a prominent personage, until the senior year. That eminence gained, highly artistic buttoniers became standard equipment, marking him apart from the common herd. Fat, brilliantly banded cigars completed the picture of PROFESSIONAL PROSPERITY. Patients were credited with furnishing the posies but we never traced down the history of the stogies. Summers found him knocking down wharf pilings in the capacity of a Delaware River Ferry boat captain. The Reading Company was undoubtedly robbed of a likely president when Hen decided that medicine needed him. Increased psycho-motor activity with marked flight of ideas was strikingly illustrated in him during the memorable visits to the Country Club for Excited and Depressed Patrons. Fortunately, forty percent recover.

Northern Liberties Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

MANUEL SALL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Lehigh University, A.B.
Phi Delta Epsilon	Sigma Alpha Mu

Class Treasurer (4); Blue and Gold Ball Committee (4); President, Phi Delta Epsilon (4); Class Accompanist (1, 2, 3, 4).

WHEREVER Georgie's ringworm pops into our minds in years to come, along with it will come recollections of Manny. Our extraordinary class choral work would never have enriched the world of music, but for his willingness to provide a thundering accompaniment. The spotlight had magnetic qualities for him, except when bluebooks hove in sight. Medical problems were bickered back and forth between him and Lapin all during the senior year. When the bickering ended, a case history par excellence emerged. Four years at Lehigh furnished him with a prize telephone directory. The success of the Allentown trip may be laid at Manny's door in large measure—or at least so we have been informed by many enthusiasts. As chief dunner, he did a noble job of separating us from our eight bucks.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN WILLIAM SCHEUER

Scranton, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

FRONT row, seat number one, very stiff and straight and attentive, eyes glued on the lecturer—and there you had "Shure" any hour when the class was being exposed to lectural wisdom. On his paper would infallibly be placed: "Horatio Stebens, M.D.," or whatever name the lecturer might own. Following this would be occasional bits of the subject in hand and everything else from writing exercises to multiple "John Scheurer, M.D.'s" We often wondered if that was a form of Couéism. In his early years he and Roles gained high repute by asking ticklish questions of upper classmen, Mel Ames in particular, much to the embarrassment and mirth of that oracle. Having become an upper classman, he confined those inquiries to the faculty, with approximately the same result. Not until the subject of treament of abdominal infections arose did he really bring to himself enduring fame. "All the clysis, doctor," might well rate with: "Sic semper tyrannus!"

Hahnemann Hospital, Scranton, Pa.

NATHAN GEOFFREY SCHUMAN

Washington, D. C.	University of Maryland, B.A.
Phi Delta Epsilon	Phi Alpha

"HIT AND DOUBLE" was quite the man from the South. Sleep is occupation, pastime, and sport down there, and Nate came right up to expectations in that activity. Perhaps black jack is the national game down there also, or perhaps he became addicted in the R. O. T. C. At any rate, it was Nate's personal game. Whichever way the cards went, he took them with the same quiet grin. The law of averages is a great consolation. If the telephone hadn't been invented, Nate would probably never have come to Hahnemann. Promptly at 8.01 each night his phone jangled—and Washington was on the wire. We hope the lady had phone-commutation tickets. Wilmington isn't quite as far away from Washington as Philly is, though. While surgery was on, Nate usually managed to say a sad farewell to his bed on a reasonable number of mornings. At other times, Morpheus held him. Quiet, deliberate, few knew him well.

Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C.

DAVID SHARKIS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Phi Lambda Kappa — Phi Delta Kappa

Orchestra Leader, three years; Vice-President, (3, 4); Orchestra, four years; President, Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity, (4); Music Editor, the MEDIC; Blue and Gold Ball Committee (4)

MEDICINE has always seemed to be linked rather closely to music. Many a name, famous in one, has been by no means unheralded in the other. Dave adventured into medicine with an already established reputation as a violinist, having been affiliated with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Much as we like medicine, we can but marvel at the strength of an urge which would cause anyone to break such connections. Their loss was undoubtedly our gain. Dave's solos at Orchestra and Glee Club affairs have been high points in our extra-medical curriculum. Like Frankel, and other musicians, he had not a great deal to say. When he spoke on subjects which were not under dispute, his delivery was good and his diction excellent. When unkind fate allowed him to stray to subjects which were debatable, the old question arose as to whether the dog or cat chased the other around the tree. Fortunately, such occasions were rare. Henry Ford isn't so hot when he wanders away from automobiles.

Women's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

MANUEL HEINE SHEAR

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

University of Pennsylvania
La Salle College

Basketball (1, 2); Boxing (1).

MOST people have a normal tone of voice and then again a pugnacious tone of voice, with little similarity between the two. Having observed Shear in conversation on many occasions, we have always been fearful that a fight was just "around the corner." On drawing within earshot, we'd find that the subject in hand, or rather in mouth, involved nothing more vital than the weather. The only way we can account for this phenomenon is to believe that Heine, like Willy Willis, must spend many of his hours in front of the glass, practising his fierce look. Athlete aspirations were his, which he took no pains to hide. The boxing and basketball teams profited as a result, and oral gymnastics and ping pong took care of the rest of his surplus energy. Spontaneous wit is said to emanate from him on occasions. Some unkind fellow humorist even remarked that he took a course in wit, but completed only half of it. That, of course, we only note en passant. Homeopathic history and tradition has found in him an appreciative storehouse. Who can say but that one day a history of medicine written in weird awesome diction may repose on our desk with "M. HEINE SHEAR" artistically embossed upon its cover.

Wilmington Homeopathic Hospital, Wilmington, Del.

MUSE ALFRED SHEPPARD

Elmer, New Jersey — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Pi Upsilon Rho
Glee Club (3 years); College Book Store (3 and 4).

IN THE horde of Jersey mosquitoes which flew over to Hahnemann in 1928 came Shep. The whirl and bustle of the big city after the placid calm of dreamy days spent in fishing on Lake Elmer so bewildered the little fellow that he swallowed his tongue. Only on rare occasions since then has he managed to cough it up so that he might sprinkle refreshing words of wisdom on our expectant ears. On rare occasions the ministrations of the great specialist, Dr. Bachus, have caused a marked loosening of that imprisoned member, so that words burbled and gushed forth for a time, but always we found that mere palliation and no cure had been accomplished. If exposure to weighty and impressive volumes be any criterion of knowledge, then Shep should be a scholar primus, for all his spare moments for the past three years have been spent in the little rabbit burrow, called, by courtesy, a book store. Perhaps, among those volumes were some old English manuscripts. In no other way could his spelling be accounted for. You might be yew; soup—suep. Translation of Chaucer and Sheppard rank on the same plane. His activities and friendships have been bound up closely in an inner circle. Even with them his taciturnity is seldom broken. Perhaps that is why we have written much and said little.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALACHI WILSON SLOAN, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Phi Alpha Gamma

Class Secretary (1); Class President (2); Faculty Editor of MEDIC; Glee Club (1, 4)

"So mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her and live with thee
In unrestrained pleasure free—"

BUBBLING, effervescing, rollicking was Malachi. So much froth lay on the surface that the deep water beneath was apt to be hidden. Not months, but years were necessary before one became quite assured that it was present in abundance. When we hunted for characteristics in others, we found them in abundance in him—but all others faded into insignificance in the light of his greatest ability to take thirty-nine different drugs at different times for the same cold, and still come out strongly with the grand old chorus—"This homeopathy is great stuff." A goodly faith in mankind, and a lack of self-satisfaction were his strongest points.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

WALTER ANTHONY SPELYNG

Cumbola, Pa. Penn State College
Newman Club

Glee Club (1, 2)

"HURRY" was a word with which Walt was entirely unfamiliar. Only Willy Haines could saunter down a corridor in a more deliberate manner. Only when something was being given away did he temporarily emerge from his cocoon of somnolence. Or again, if we may, except also Dr. William's clinics. He and Urby practiced long hours together to master the "one-cigarette trick." Both were adept at that art. His interest in femininity settled down to the singular somewhere along the course of the sophomore year. His laboratory technic should be good. Some queer fate paired him with Wright in medical histories. The combination was most interesting. His laugh was a thing apart—a phenomenon which performed somewhere in the zone between a grin, a chuckle and a look of surprise.

Hahnemann Hospital, Scranton, Pa.

BARNEY ANTON STEGURA

Nanticoke, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

ANAESTHESIA should play little part in Barney's armamentarium. His soothing persuasive voice should narcotize any patient. Perhaps that was developed while persuading tonsorial patients that a little Eau de Bernstein would fill up the shiny spots. It didn't take him long to decide that what the world needed was good notes. Soon they began to pour in upon us. Upon being told of their excellence, if one ventured to timidly mention that he also had learned to write, Barney would look immeasurably hurt. After such an experience, the unfortunate offender promptly bought three sets. If one were in his good graces, he'd loosen up and tell of the last word in red and blue underlining systems, guaranteed to procure a passing mark in any examination. The mysteries of rat uterus he unfolded to us back in the dark ages. Then again he rose from obscurity to bring tears to our eyes with his tales of coal cracking. Third levels with black damps ready and waiting to grab one, made the chills run up and down our vertebrae. Unimportant indeed was the lecturer who remained unaware of Barney's presence in the class.

Allentown General Hospital, Allentown, Pa.

CHARLES WILLIAM STRAUB

Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania — Penn State, B.S.
Pi Upsilon Rho — Phi Pi Phi

Glee Club (1 year); Vice-president, Student Council (4); Associate Editor of MEDIC

STATIC modalities, ionizing doses of x-ray, volts by the millions, sparked and crackled from Chollie in his early days. Lack of proper appreciation made him put a rheostat in the circuit. Hardly had Tommy Snyder finished a masterly description of congenital colloboma before Straubie became a walking histology laboratory. Good-naturedly he satisfied our curiosity. Stories of amorous adventures raised the eyebrows of his fellows, but they were his stories and he stuck to them. He went the rounds of the low, medium and high potencies with a persistent sniffle, but the similimum is still to be found—optimism still lingers in his soul. Mexican athletics he indulged in, in unimportant matters, but they ended where medicine began. Ward patients in his hands could count themselves lucky. Only when authorities were exhausted was Straubie satisfied that no more was to be learned about that particular case.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARTIN ELIAS SWIECICKI

Camden, New Jersey
Pi Upsilon Rho

Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Class Secretary, (4)

MART had a definite smile which was rarely absent. It wasn't an ordinary smile, but possessed such odd qualities that way back in the dark ages it made Sholly stop in a lecture and ask whether the smile was with him or about him. For sometime thereafter Mart might have been observed gazing questioningly in any available mirror. Lon Chaney held the reputation of a "man of a thousand faces." Mart ran close second as the man with nine hundred and ninety-nine names. Anything from a sneeze to the mention of a swift kick was sufficient to justify the belief that his name had been reached on the roll. The higher potencies stimulated his interest and took him up to the post-graduate school in Boston. After seeing Thuja remove six hundred and nineteen warts overnight and Thallium grow hair on a billiard ball, he came back a wiser Homeopath. As chief sample-go-getter, he has filled our pockets with S. T. 37, and Cocomalt.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

KURT WILLIAM THUM

Maplewood, New Jersey

Villanova College

Lehigh College

Alpha Sigma

Alpha Tau Omega

Blue and Gold Ball (1)

ONE year of medicine and Kurt was swaggering down the quarter deck of a liner as a ship's surgeon. The fatality list never reached our hands, but at least he didn't land in irons. Long, long ago he had a waist line which read in inches rather than yards. Like so many things in the dim past, that forms one of his fondest recollections. When the memory became sufficiently strong, he made solemn vows that henceforward reduction would be the thing—beginning tomorrow. Perhaps one of Newark's fairest, contributes to these periods of determination to slenderize. Perhaps she also accounts for a heavy consumption of Berny's hair tonic in an effort to stem the tide which ever rolled backward to his neck. The unique distinction of a junior interneship in his junior and senior years belongs to him alone of all the class. Newark Hospital is getting a break.

Newark Hospital, Newark, N. J.

HAROLD LEROY TREXLER

Kempton, Pennsylvania
Phi Alpha Gamma

Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

THE elder and wiser of the brothers Trexler. (Note: The editor declines all responsibility for statements made in these articles.) The responsibility which was his, of caring for a fresh (fresh in the sense of not stale) child, untutored in the wicked ways and wiles of the city, early bent his broad and manly shoulders, and streaked his raven locks with grey. (Note: That the aforesaid grey locks are no longer to be found is due to Lydia Pinkham's Tonic, applied between meals.) So far as we know, no one had sufficient originality to think up a separate nickname for Harold and Warren, so they were both trained to come when we called "Trex," or whistled. Blue books or no blue books, Trex always parked in the far posterior of the room. If the visiting lecturer were nearsighted, this added greatly to the enjoyment of things when he reached the Trexler-Trexler combination on the roll sheet. Senior year found him at Children's, where he evinced a great interest in rabbits or bunnies or something of the sort. If medicine bores him, he'll probably end up as a resort hotel manager.

Reading Homeopathic Hospital, Reading, Pa.

WARREN LEON TREXLER

Kempton, Pennsylvania — Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
Phi Alpha Gamma
Secretary, Hahnemann Institute (4); Blue and Gold Ball Committee (4)

LONG acquaintances elevates some mortals in our estimation, and lowers others. Consensus of opinion about "Trex" seemed to agree that he "wore well." Certain individuals had a marked ability to irritate him, but by and large he had a most healthy good nature. Others might accompany Sloan occasionally to Budweiser's, and have their eyes and nostrils offended by a vile combination of liverwurst and limburger, but Trex could be depended upon to go along when all others rebelled. "Greater love hath no man than this; that he alloweth of insult to his nostrils in the name of friendship." Women he sported as some men sport diamonds—beautiful women, buxom nurses, and just women. Whether the plural has finally given way to the singular is still something of a matter of conjecture as this goes to press. A marked fondness for Coca-cola accounted for his school-girl complexion and other eccentricities. His boudoir was rarely without "the pause that refreshes."

Reading Homeopathic Hospital, Reading, Pa.

HENRY S. URBANIAK

Trenton, New Jersey Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Student Council (2)

STOLID, impressive, very blonde, and very urban indeed. His name would doubtless, and justly, if translated, mean "son of the city." The spur of the moment had little attraction for him. Before a thought materialized into action it went through long corridors of cold calculation and finally issued, bloodless, upon its steadfast, certain way. Examinations were events for which he prepared with prayer and fasting—the day before. The extensive method will never have a stronger exponent. Political matters were to him things of high import. As the scent of autumn in the air makes a hound dog restive, so would election time act as a bee in Hen's bonnet. Few tickets were ungarnished with his name. "Never cracked a book," was to be heard about any course from Urby. Having heard the story from lots of sources before, we didn't even smile. He was a past-master in the art of having exactly one cigarette in a pack at any hour of the day or night. Thurston would pay good money for that trick. A stock of plausible arguments went with him as standard equipment.

McKinley Memorial Hospital, Trenton, N. J.

FRANK CLINGER WAGENSELLER

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Pi Upsilon Rho

Susquehanna University, B.S.

LOOKING up "Wag" in Mr. Webster's novel, we find that "joker" is the most appropriate synonym. From the metaphorical formation of words it would seem logical that "waggy" would be one participating actively or passively in jokes. Page Daddy Campbell! Waggy came right up to expectation. Wherever humor was being dispensed, there you'd find him with every facial muscle tensed, every air sac filled, pawing the line, that his grin and guffaw might be the first to be seen and heard. Others might be in doubt as to the point, but never Waggy. We don't know his grade in chemistry, but unless Heppy was an ingrate, it should have been an A. Much to our regret, Dr. Klopp neglected to discuss pyro-mania. We expected to find a complete symptom picture of Waggy in that category. No one derived the joy which he did from the ethuh conflagrations of our freshman year. Even as Nero fiddled while Rome burned, so did the satisfaction exude from him while the flames shot up to the ceiling. Ego-damping formed another of his avenues of satisfaction. "Now don't break your humerus" is almost sufficiently typical to serve as his epitaph.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

ROBERT WIBLE WALLACE

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Pi Upsilon Rho

University of Pittsburgh, B.S.
Chi Ro Nu

BOB was another of the front row addicts. Sappy turned his patients on their left side because he was left-handed. Perhaps Bob had some such reason for invariably sitting on the right side of the room. If the seats were full, he promptly looked around and found a chair. Wherever and whenever one saw him, he was in a hurry. Suspicions of big business deals and important conferences crossed our minds, but any curiosity we might have had went unsatisfied. School being over, he retired to the stronghold which he held with the Chubby Dutchman called Licks and the Power-Behind-The-Throne known as Riemann. Once there, books took him away in a world of his own. Perhaps at times he became a gay Lothario—a frequenter of night clubs—a singer of maudlin ditties. Perhaps his quietness was but a mask for a Dominant Ego. If so, it was a crackerjack mask.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JACK LEWIS WEINSTEIN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Phi Delta Epsilon

University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

HIS honor, the dean, was wont to speak of individuals possessed of a diarrhœa of words. Very possibly his eagle eye glared in Yank's direction even as he spoke. We have often wondered why little men are apt to be so inclined. Mr. Freud could probably help us out. Rumor speaks of him as a mighty politician. Stephen A. Douglas' title, "The Little Giant" might well apply to him, if this be true. In any event, nature equipped him with a lusty voice for stumping. Allentown did strange and fantastic things to many men. Yank wears the crown as chief hallucinator of the trip. While hallucinating he is said to have been able to explain anything to anybody even more so than normally. A nose for news was his. If quadruplets were due to arrive on the third floor; if they started a prostatic clinic in gyn; if somebody had just had his mitral stenosis removed; the sleuth knew it and was on hand to offer advice and congratulation. In the future he plans to replace Charcot's Triad with Weinstein's Foursome.

Roxborough Memorial Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

FREDERICK CHARLES WITWER

Akron, Ohio
Phi Alpha Gamma

Akron University
Ohio State University, B.S.
Pi Kappa Epsilon

KNOWN as the "rubber man" from Akron, his intimates say that that name has singular appropriateness. One of our hardest problems was to fathom just who these intimates were. For four years, Fritz has remained one of our mystery men. No one would have been surprised had he come upon him with a Sherlock Holmes hat and a magnifying glass, ahaing his way down some corridor, evidently on a hot scent. Ordinarily not talkative, abstract discussion about little or nothing would sometimes loosen his tongue for minutes and hours on end. Plausible arguments were his long suit. Permission for interrogation given from the lecture platform did not interest him unless it happened at the end of the hour. Eleven fifty-five was a time when a pruritis of his bump of curiosity became positively unbearable. We expect that delvings into the bodies' deeper recesses will occupy his attention.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

RAYFORD ELWOOD WRIGHT

Alum Bank, Pennsylvania
Alpha Sigma

Juniata College
Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.
State College

Treasurer, Hahnemann Institute (4); Glee Club (4 years); Secretary Junior Class; Treasurer, Blue and Gold Ball Committee (4)

SOME of us may have learned a thing or two during our stay at Hahnemann but few of us have concrete evidence of that increase in knowledge. Ray, on the contrary, has had a corresponding rise in the height of forehead for every fact he has stored away. Perhaps, this is just an individual peculiarity or perhaps the rest of us haven't absorbed enough to be entitled to the rise. We have tried to avoid back-slapping in these write-ups as well as back-biting but exceptions must be made to all rules. If utter dependability, honesty, and straight-forwardness can be said to stand out in any personality, certainly they do in his. When one couples these with plenty of ability, the result is not so bad. Class accoucheur might be a fitting title for him. During Section Three's reign on obstetrical service, few outside cases escaped his ministrations. Sooner or later, he got to them even though only in time for the christening. Another equally appropriate title would be class stenographer and mimeographer. Few there are of us who haven't a few sets of his well-arranged notes in our possession. What degree of wordly goods he will accumulate we would hesitate to say, but we're willing to wager that the world holds much happiness in store for him.

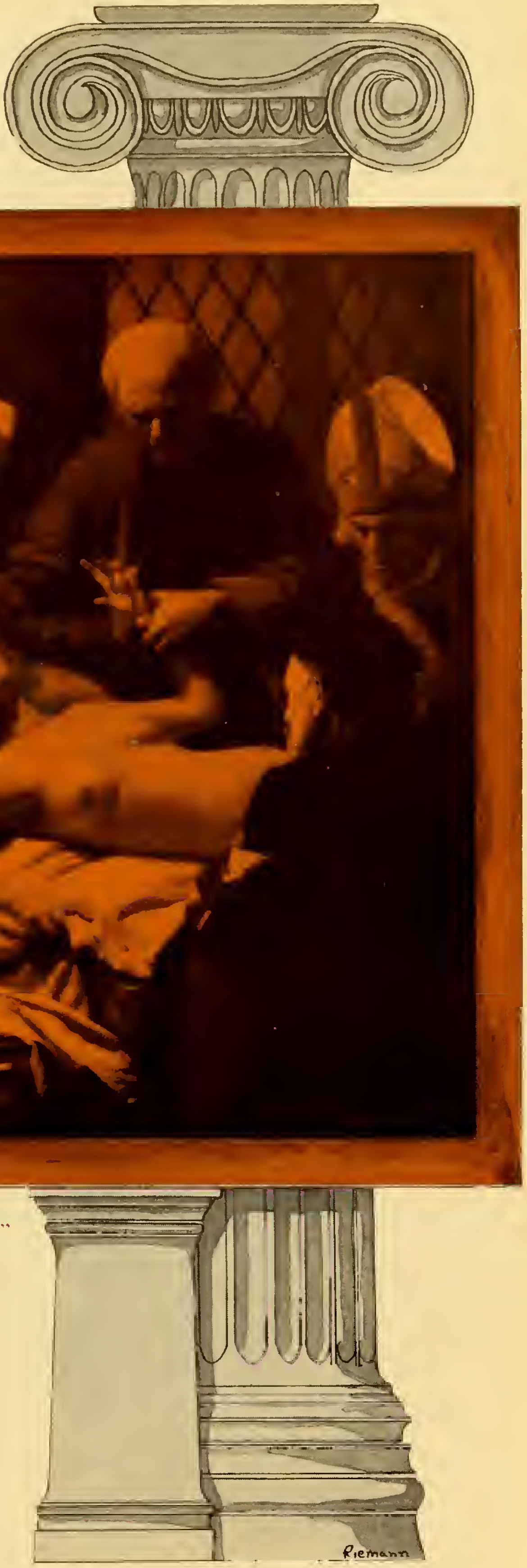
Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADAM FOLLMER YERG

Warren, Pennsylvania — Bucknell University
Alpha Sigma — Franklin and Marshall College, B.S.
Assistant Business Manager, 1932 MEDIC

UPSTATE Pennsylvania has contributed many anomalies and curiosities to Hahnemann in general, and the class of '32 in particular. "Dutch" is a true upstater—dislocated accent, vicarious prepositions and all. He bent ear at Bucknell, and Franklin and Marshall, as well as at Hahnemann, but the Mastbaum Theatre is his true mother of learning. After three years of trans-Broad Street caloric indecision Lintons finally received his favor. It must have been the correct choice, judging by his increase in girth. Home talent always scored at the dances, although he sometimes seemed undecided as to which home to drag it from. Milton, Pennsylvania, usually won. He hopes to be an orthopedic surgeon of which specialty he has already mastered the first pre-requisite—he can't explain anything. However, his firm pedunculation to row 1, seat 7 should certainly net results, even though said pedicle occasionally becomes elastic at the sign and sound of blue books. All will go well with Dutch if he doesn't have argumentative patients.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Erie, Pa.



"JEREMIAS TRAUTMAN OF WITTENBERG"

He performed in 1610
the first Caesarian section of record.

JUNIORS

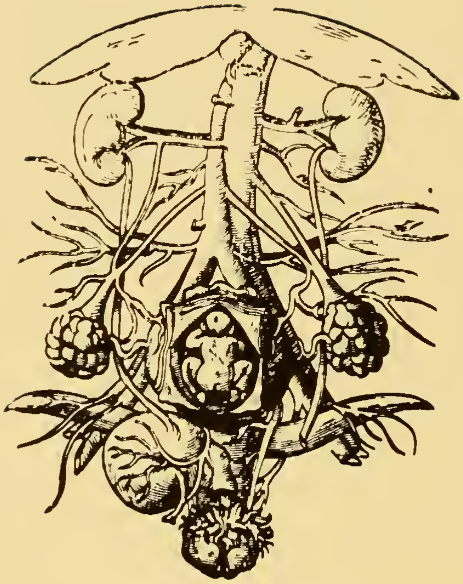
CLASS OF 1933

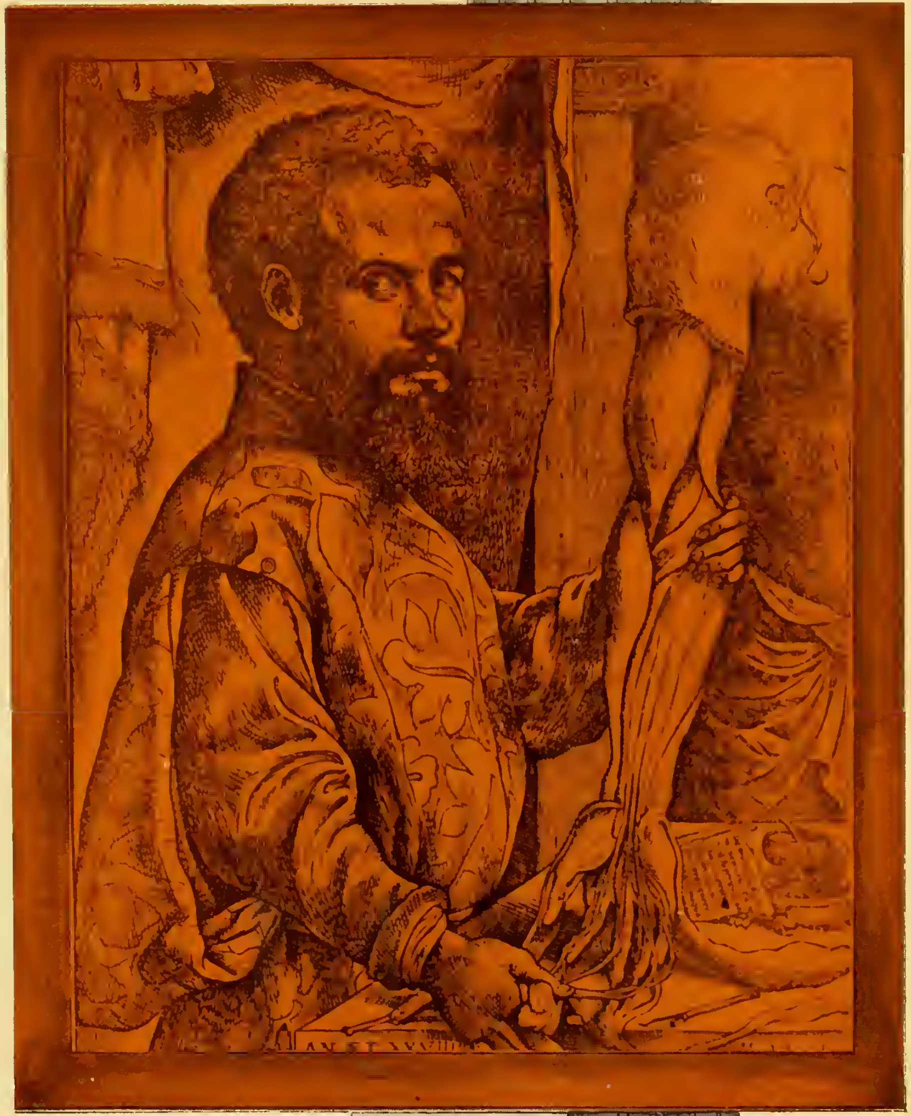
Junior Class

OFFICERS

President	Donovan Meredith Jenkins
Vice-President	Ralph MacKay Buchanan
Secretary	Carl P. Wagoner
Treasurer	Arthur Gaius Blazey
Student Council Representative	Thomas Visgilio, Jr.

John Lewis Anspach
Edward Lewis Axelman
Russel Henry Barnes
Samuel Stanley Barr
George William Beacher, Jr.
Melchior Edward Becker, Jr.
Maskell Bates Black
Aurthur Gaius Blazey
Frank Clinton Bowers
Ralph Mackey L. Buchanan
Jesse Evans Pierman Burns
John Dominick Caggiano
Albert Angelo Cammaroti
Orlando Mario Carozzino
Livingston Chunn
Frank Patrick Colizzo
William Edward Connelly
Benjamin Cooperman
Curtis Franklin Culp, Jr.
Horace Fenelon Darlington
Harry Elbert Darrah
John Holmes Davie
Charles Spencer Davison
Nicholas Derrico
Anthony James Di Marino
Aurelio George Di Renzo
Anthony Angelo Donato
Romeo Raphael D'Onofrio
Harry Eugene Douds
George James Dwyer
Herbert Henry Eighmy
Samuel Stephen Farago
Robert Hirst Farringer
James Cyril Flemming
Gustav Alfred Frank
Ernest Peter Gigliotti
Donald Goeffrey Gladish
Theodore Lawrence Greenwald
William Pemberton Gregg
George William Grenhart
Oscar Broughton Griggs
John Ross Hague
Earl Stephen Hallinger, Jr.
Paul Sylvester Herr
John Danes Hubbard
Gerald Lee Infield
John Joseph Jablonski
Charles John Jaworski
Paul Marshall James
Donovan Meredith Jenkins
Alexander Dillon Jordan
Roosevelt Juele
Nubar Karakashian
Howard Anderson Kerr
C. J. Kleinguenther, 3rd
Thomas Livesey Laughlin, Jr.
Robert Donald Leonard
Carl Raymond Madera
Edward Stuart Magee
Wesley Franklin McCahan
Lewis Ross McCauley
Joseph William McHugh, Jr.
Robert John McNeill, Jr.
Eugene Harold Mercer
Theodore Linton Mercer
Joseph William Messey
Karl Fenton Metzger
John Scott Miller, Jr.
Samuel Robert Miller, Jr.
Harry McDuffy Moore
Dwight Lester Moyer
Lewis Leon Newman
Edward Ignace Ornaf, Jr.
Thomas Ewing Patton
Carlyle Allen Payne
Robert Pennington, Jr.
Domenic Matthew Pescatore
Chas. Buckley Peterson, Jr.
John Pickering
Alfonso Louis Pierro
Edward Wright Provost
William Henry Quinn, Jr.
Robert Francis Rapp
Robert Lowell Redfield
Samuel Sample Romagosa
Thomas A. Ruddell, Jr.
Roberto Sandoval
Brant Burdell Sankey
Caesar Frank Sarni
Ralph Elmer Schachterle
Carl William Schoenau
Allen Colby Service
Robert Elliott Slemmer
Keum Sung Sohn
Francis Davis Speer
Edward Brandt Strahan
Otto Carl Tomec
Paul Jay Tomlinson
Robert William Traganza
John Termini Valenti
Ralph Charles Venturo
Thomas Visgilio, Jr.
Carl P. Wagoner
William Arthur Weaver, Jr.
Rolland John Whitacre
Byron Donald Wilkins
Stanley Osborn Wilkins
Arthur Abraham Wilner
Arthur Jerome Wise
Wm. F. J. Wittenborn
Ralph Chadwick Worrell
Charles Frederick Yeager
Metard Atche Yessian
Samuel Earl Young
George Clayton Zimmerman



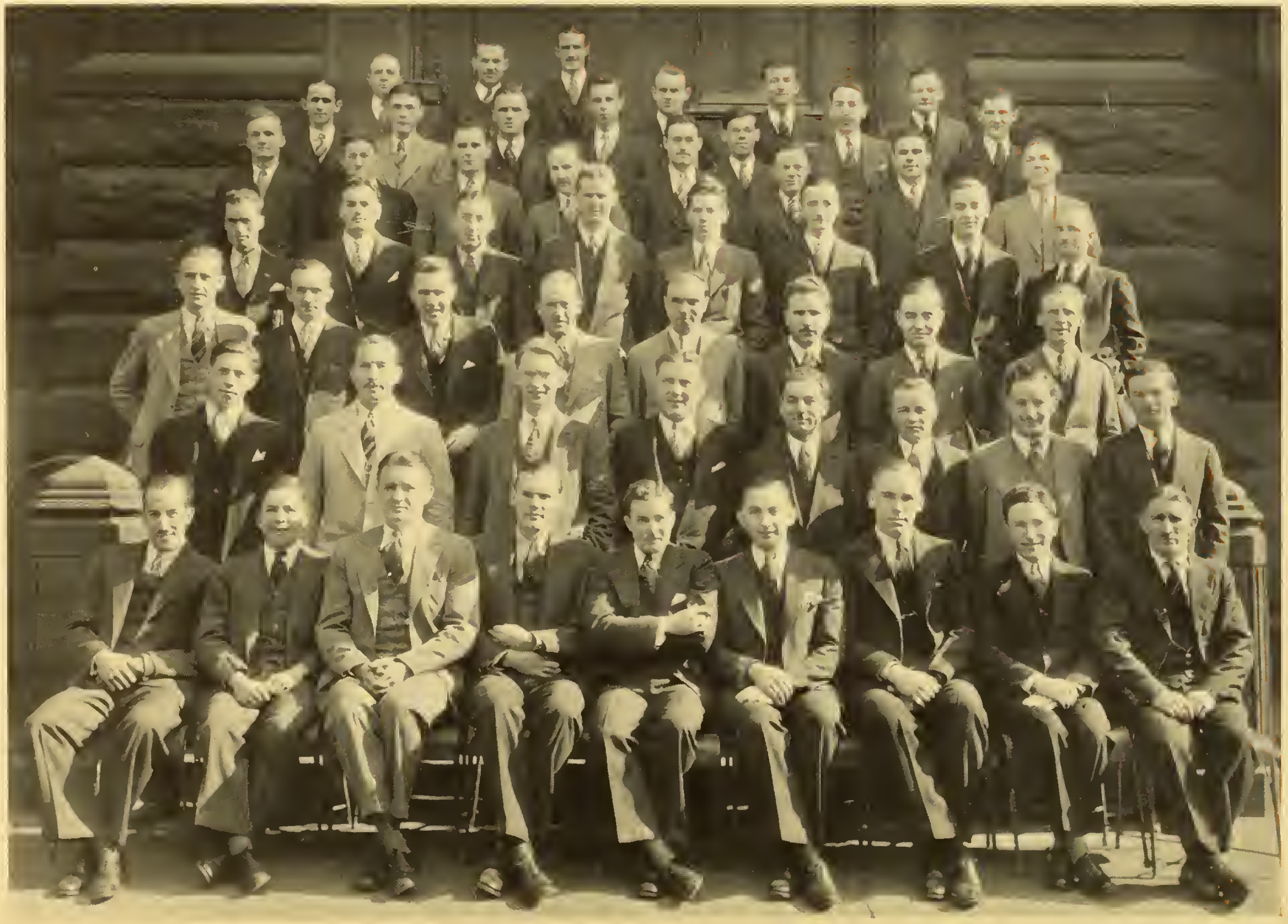


"VESALIUS (1514-64)"

A pupil of the bigoted Galenist.
Jacobus Sylvius.
He became the most commanding
figure in medicine between
Galen and Harvey

SOPHOMORES

Riemann



CLASS OF 1934

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

President .... Marvin Benjamin Hand

Vice-President .... John Kenneth Potter

Secretary .... Peter Joseph Labowskie

Treasurer .... John Joseph Bender

Student Council Representative .... John William Hardy

Horst Albert Agerty
Charles Alfano
Emrys William Andrews
Albert Carl Armbruster
Charles Henry Baldwin
Frank George Barnard
Joseph Knight Beans
Harry Oscar Beeman
John Joseph Bender
Louis Joseph Berenato
Frederick Alton Bowdle
John Francis Burke
John Paul Burkett
Edwin Wetmore Cauffield
William Paxson Chalfant, Jr.
Frank Albert Cheganski
John Joseph Coletta
John Robert Cox, Jr.
John Joseph Curtin
Walter Kenneth Czerwinski
William Francis Delaney
Anthony Emil De Tullio
Albert Emanuel Deutsch
Louis Charles Di Joseph
Francisco D'Imperio
Dominic Anthony Donio
John Benton Egee
Hugh Wilson Eikenberry
James Nicholes Evanoff
Homer Burkert Fegley
James Stuart Fleming
David Adamson Fluck
Edward John Ford
Gladstone Edwin Francisco
William Henry Frazee, Jr.
Edward I. Geller
Willis Cadwallader Gerhart
John Robertson Glassburn
Jesse Theodore Glazier
Marvin Benjamin Hand
William Leroy Hann
John William Hardy
Arthur Ashton Hartley
Joseph Arthur Horneff
William Vernon Hostelley
Samuel Snyder Huntzberger
Sigmund Mitchel Jaczack
Walter Anthony Jarzab
Marcos Rodriguez Jimenez
Joseph Kassab
David Keyser
George Milton Knauf
Abraham Kramer
William Daniel Krazinski
Peter Joseph Labowskie
Edward Nathan Lamson
James Garren Langford
Samuel Benjamin Lapin
Samuel George Lastick
Samuel George Laubscher
Arland Arthur Lebo
Edmund S. Lewandowski
Yale Sander Lewine
Otto John Libener
Louis Davis Lippitt
Nicholas Edward Marchione
Philip Marshall
Leslie Irwin Maske
Julius Joseph Mattes, Jr.
William Dummett Mayhew
William James McElroy
George Henry Clay McKeown
William Charles Meineke, Jr.
Edwin Ephron Miller
Paul Reveri Miraglia
Harry Joseph Morrin
Wasel Muholelage, Jr.
John Anthony Napoleon, Jr.
Ross Nelson Noll
Louis Cornelius Nuyens
Joseph Francis O'Neill
Michael Peters
Charles Mathew Pohl
Samuel Clayton Polcino
John Kenneth Potter
Marcel Alexander Powidski
Emerson Augustine Read
Walter Alday Rihl
Frank John Robertson, 3d
Frederick August Ruoff
Frank Gatian Santor
Paul Shelley Schantz
Clinton Ridgway Schneider
George Rudolph Schubart
Walter Anthony Schultz
Edward Dallett Sharpless
Kenneth Lee Shaver
Shermer Haines Stradley, Jr.
Theodore Brooks Sutnick
Seward Myers Transue
Francis James Trunzo
Charles Burkle Turnblacer
Placido Venuto
Frank James Walenista
Richard Franklin Wallace
Matthew Patrick Ward
Harvey Crema Warren
Charles Millard Waters
William Noel Wesner
John Dowling Woodward
Robert Edwin Wright
John Hislop Yeaman
Edward William Zak

"THE VILLAGE ALCHEMIST"

Jan Steen (1626-1679)
Created for himself
by his genius and his humor
a place quite apart

FRESHMEN

CLASS OF 1935

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

President ....Harold James Ricard
Vice-President ....Anthony Guy Campo
Secretary ....Harvey Glenn Wible
Treasurer ....Martin Beadenkopf Pennington
Student Council Representative ....Carl Everett Lurenz

George Sylvester Adams
John Joseph Anastasi
Joseph Dominic Anastasi
Joseph Arnovits
Edwin Thomas Ashman
James Quinby Atkinson
Grant Wenger Bamberger
William Burton Barrow
Frederick Rudolph Bausch, Jr.
Tausbee Beckham Beatty
Edward Clarence Beckley
Ralph Sidney Belmont
Gilbert Wesley Benjamin
Richard Winfield Betts
Fred Angelino Bisceglia
Ord Charles Blackledge
Walter Lewis Bossart
John Litch Boyer
Joseph Vincent Brennan
Richard Eugene Brenneman
Benajmin George Broselow
Joseph Julius Bruno
Karl Emerson Buri
Charles Sherwood Cameron, Jr.
Anthony Guy Campo
Anthony Caputi
Norman Louis Cink
John Berchman Conwell
Joseph Stephen Corba
Peter Paul Cottone
Myer Medrene Dashevsky
Wilbur Stafford Davidson
Jose Nestor de Cardona
Andrew Dickens Dechnik
Laurence Patrick Devlin
George Anthony Di Nicholas
William Edward Donohoe
Charles Spiegel Dotterer, Jr.
Francis Michael Dougherty
Thomas Francis Dowd, Jr.
Joseph Benedict Duffy
Francis Casimir Eksterowicz
Albert Eskin
John Baptist Fabriele
Martin Joseph Fisher
Paul Havens Fluck
Louis Sante Fornasier
Charles Frederick Fox, Jr.
Richard Frank
George Williams Gaumer
Everett Edward Genther
J. Edison Goldsmith
John Richard Grant
Richard Baker Greene
Nicholas John Grimaldi
Oswald Biddle Grosskreuz
Gurdon Stanford Guile
Jesse George Hafer
Lester Wilber Harris
Russell De Witt Harris
William Cowgill Harrison
Henry Monroe Hession
John Ross Higerd
Ashton Hoblak
Thomas Richard Hofman
James Joseph Hogan
Frederic Fisher Homan
Samuel Bishop Hughes
Harry Samuel Huhn
Eldridge Walton Johnson
John Alexander Kachmarick
William Ramsey Kavanaugh
Harlan Link Kelley
John Vinson Keyser
Eugene John Kuty
Nicholas Raymond Lakatos
Leo Lerman
Clarence William Lindeman
Philip Douglas Li Volsi
Carl Everett Lorenz
Alex Benjamin Lukas
James Harold MacArt
Jacob Harry Mazess
Joseph Goheen McWilliams
Hector Corverlie Michaud
Charles Belden Miller
Cledith Aten Miller
Fred Morton Miller
Charles Christian Montgomery
Michael James Morrone
Wallace Clark Murray
Abraham Kam Sat Ng
Edwin Hughes Nutter
Louis Joseph O'Lini
Gerard William Ostheimer
Martin Beadenkopf Pennington
Barney Benjamin Perifano
Charles Julius Petreins
Wallace Joseph Poshfatosky
Frank Guerino Prestileo
Leonard Rambach
Nicholas Lawrence Ricciardi
Harold James Rickard
Carl Adam Rilling
James Joseph Rita
Guglielmo Giuseppe Ruggiero
Carl Leopold Schwab
Thomas Salvator Sciacca
Raymond Edwin Seidel
John Settineri
Charles Rankin Shaffer
Warren Brundage Shepard, Jr.
Eugene Rodman Shippen, Jr.
Jacob Harvey Sigafoos
Frank Anthony Silkowski
William Stanley Silverman
Henry Sittner, Jr.
William Melvin Snowden
John Alfred Stabile
John Conwell Stolz
Paul Keatley Stolz
Howard Madison Sturgess
John Alden Swartwout
Claude Oliver Temple
Lewis Benjamin Thomas
Marcel Paul Thomas
Arthur Hilton Vaughn
Anthony Joseph Volante
Arthur W. W. Waddington
Edward Shannon Walsh
Floyd Roscoe Ward
Milton Solomon Weinberg
Charles Wilbur Whipkey
Melvin Winfield Whitesell
Harvey Glenn Wible
William Work Widdowson
Russell Gorsuch Witwer
Charles Cummins Wood, Jr.
Joseph John Zawislak
Anthony Allen Zenszer
Edward Henry Zwergel

The Alumnae Association

President

Dr. Warren B. Shepard, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Allen Corson, Ocean City, N. J.
Dr. E. Roland Snader, Phila., Pa.
Dr. Leon Clemmer, Phila., Pa.

Treasurer

Dr. Richard W. Larer, Phila., Pa.

Provisional Secretary

Dr. Donald R. Ferguson, Phila., Pa.

Permanent Secretary

Dr. William L. Martin, Phila., Pa.

Executive Committee

Dr. John E. James, Jr., *Chairman*

Dr. Frank C. Benson, Jr.
Dr. Earl B. Craig
Dr. Wm. D. Culin
Dr. James M. Godfrey
Dr. Arthur Hartley
Dr. Chas. B. Hollis
Dr. Wayne F. Killian
Dr. Herbert P. Leopold

"Art II—Objects: The objects of this association shall be:

1. To promote the interests, and extend the influence of The Alma Mater;
2. To advance a higher medical education;
3. To secure intellectual and social benefit for its members."

The Alumnae Association

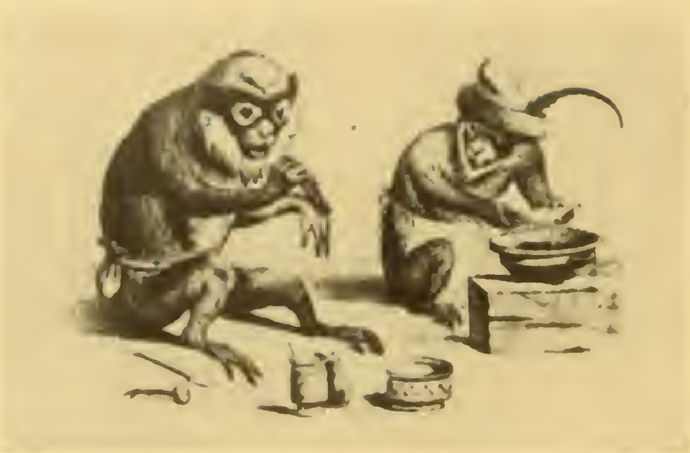
ONE DAY, while we were indulging in Calvin Coolidge's great pastime, of sitting, and presumably thinking, it occurred to us to wonder why some educational institutions seemed to go ahead rapidly—to have money to undertake and complete any projects which seemed advisable for the welfare of the institution—to be in such a position in short, that they were constantly above criticism; while other colleges which had had an equally good start seemed to perpetually lag—to be always up a financial trte. Not content with wondering, we investigated. Our findings repaid financial tree. Not content with wondering, we investigated. Our findings repaid the time we had expended.

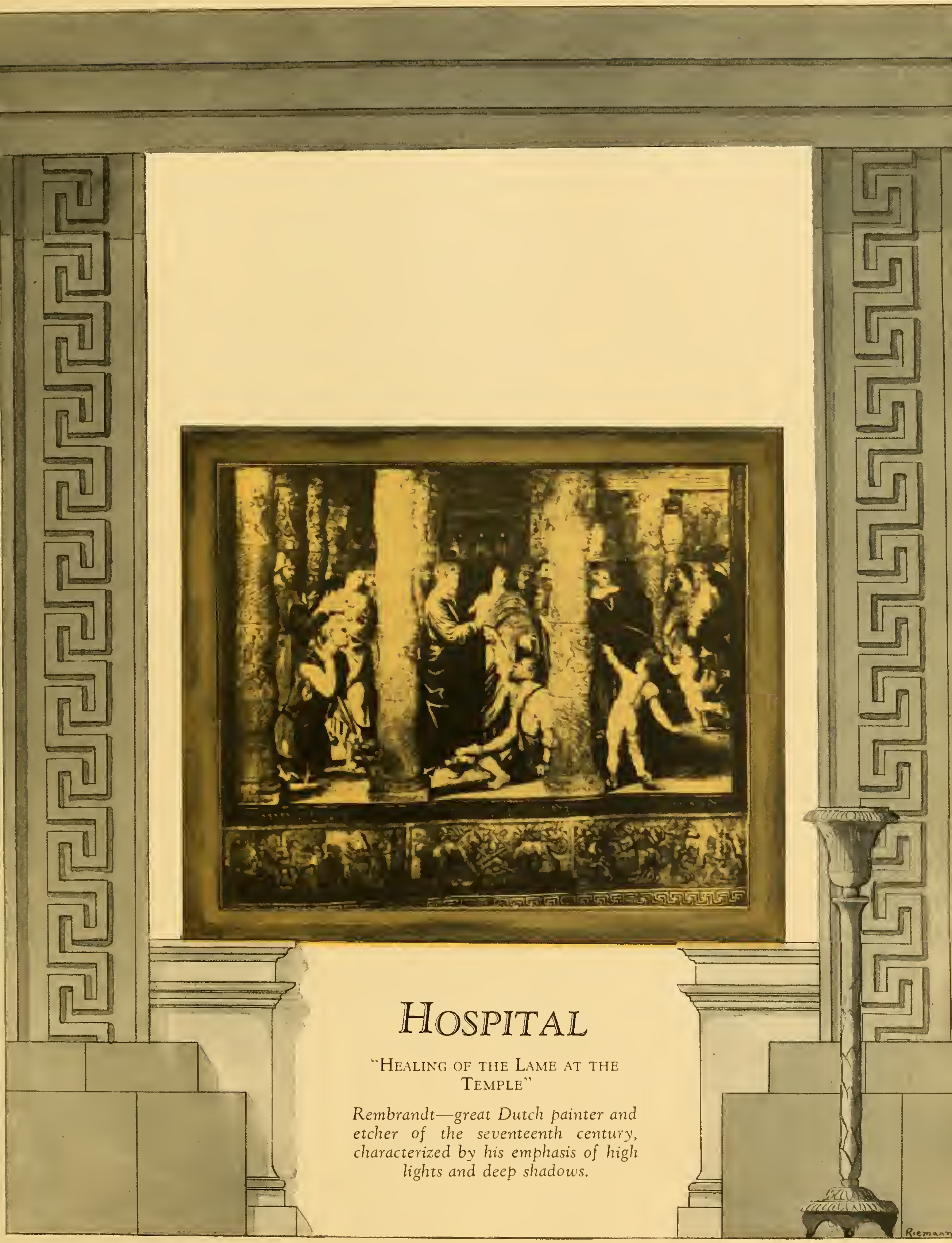
In every, shall we say, "strong school" a strong alumnae association existed. In most cases there was a history of some wide-awake, far-sighted early graduate, who in the first few years of the school had regularly incorporated the association. Through these organizations, pride-in-school was kept alive in each graduate. When need arose—were it a new building, or a new department, not outsiders, but alumnae supported The Alma Mater.

Not until 1914, did the alumnae association of Hahnemann really begin to wake up. Its membership had been large previous to that time, but we find little evidence of its having played any essential part in the betterment of the college. The alumnae played no small part in the success of the drive for the new hospital—but the burden fell heavily on a few rather than on many.

At the last meeting of the association, in June, 1931, a plan was presented which had originated with Dr. J. Howard Swick, Congressman from Pennsylvania—namely, that the association be regularly and legally incorporated, assuming the corporate title of—The Alumnae Association of the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital. The plan was adopted, and by the time this goes to press will have become a reality. The next step, which is already under consideration, is the establishment of an alumnae endowment fund, probably through an endowment insurance plan.

Even as we write, we tenderly feel in our sock, and note the modest roll of bills which there reposes. Someone told us too that there was something going around known as the Depression. In spite of this, we suggest that the Class of 1932 go on record as the class which initiated the endowment fund—100 percent.





HOSPITAL

"HEALING OF THE LAME AT THE TEMPLE"

Rembrandt—great Dutch painter and etcher of the seventeenth century, characterized by his emphasis of high lights and deep shadows.

Hospital

THE "New Hospital" is new no longer. Already it is merely an accepted fact—something which has been there forever, and hence is in no way deserving of comment.

Those of us who go out this year are the last graduates who have memories of a Greater Hahnemann not yet completed—of a fortress whose lofty towers rising ever higher, gave rise in us to the thrill which ever goes with creation. We were a part of it! The day would come when our feet would tread its corridors—when its barren walls would be alight with the sun of kindness—when the mysteries of life and death would be revealed to us within its wards. The first enthusiasm has passed. It has been months or years since those towers, now completed, have made our throats feel full, or our hearts leap with the desire to be a worthy part of so noble a creation.

All that we hoped to see and learn within its walls has been placed at our feet. God grant we had eyes which saw and minds that wished to know.

No longer new! No longer reaching upward ever higher to make our hearts beat faster. Yet, as emotion passes, may determination take its place—a determination to fulfill in fact, the ideals which those spires engendered in our souls.

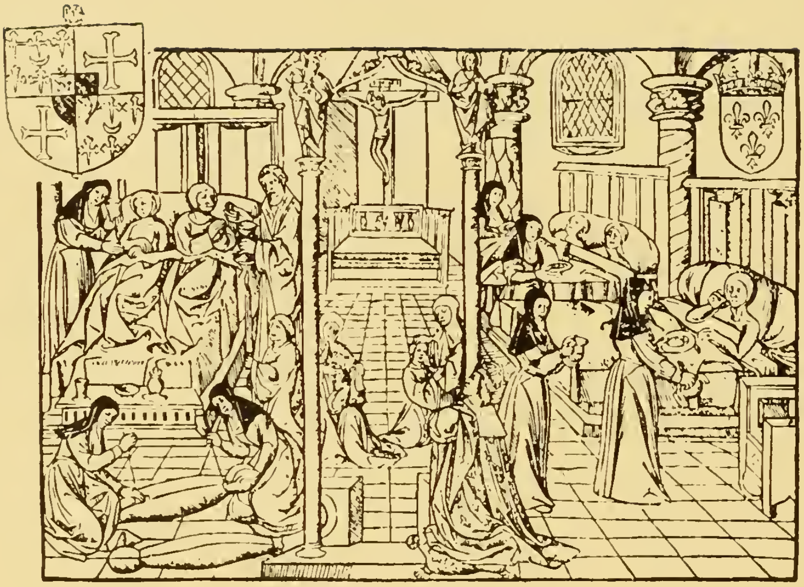
One gazes at an exquisite painting, and marvels at the genius which produced it. A magnificent symphony takes him to the seventh heaven of delight. Yet, even as he marvels at work well done, he will do well to remember that exact nicety and perfection of technic is but attained through painstaking effort.

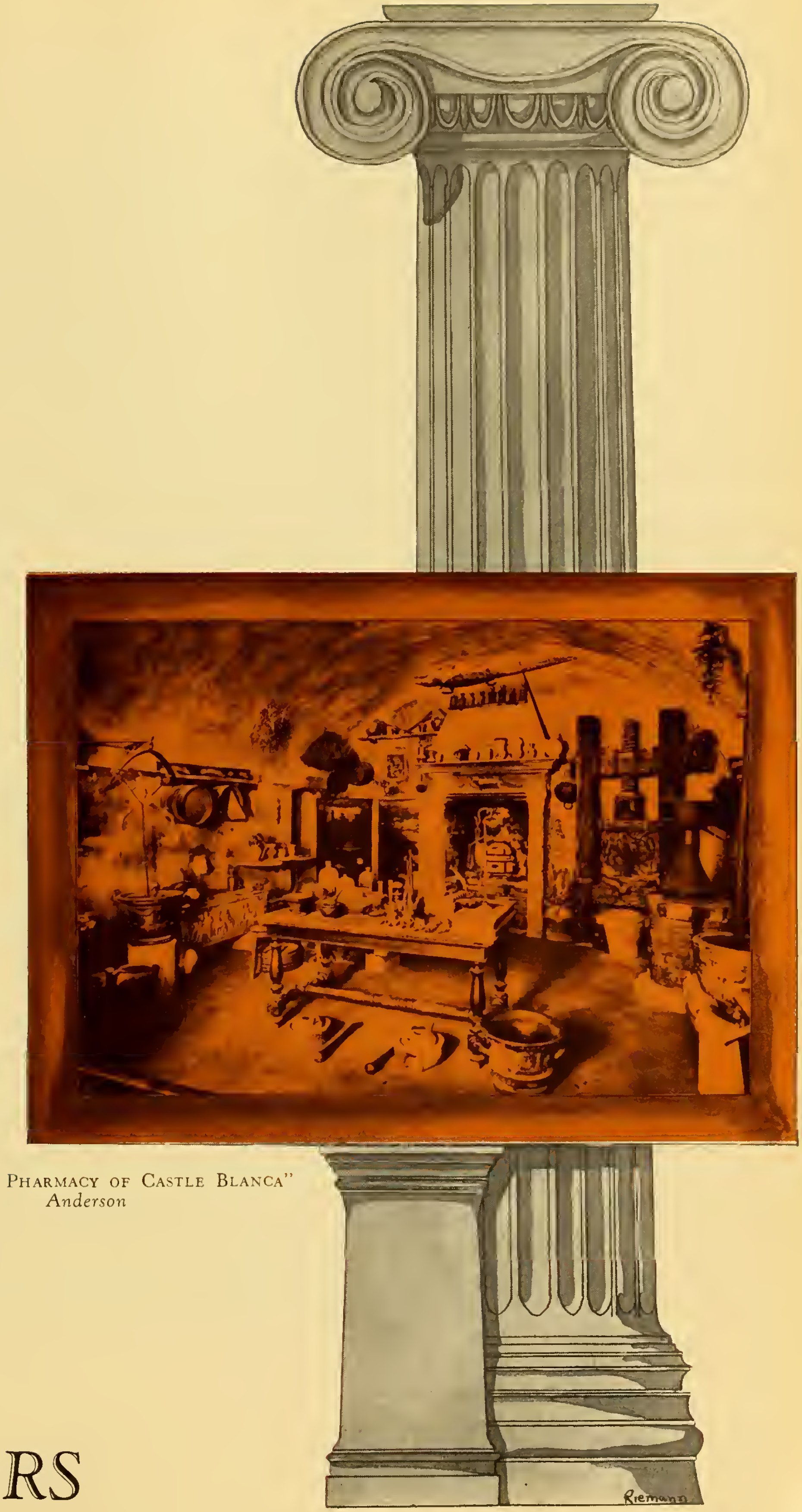
The hospital is a little city—a city, which, to assure contentment to its inhabitants has need of a mayor and council with most extraordinary ability and tact. Most of the members of its council have been touched upon and lauded elsewhere in this volume. May we here but express our appreciation of its most capable "Mayor," Mr. John Smith.

ST. LUKE'S AND CHILDREN'S HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL

ALLENTOWN STATE HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL

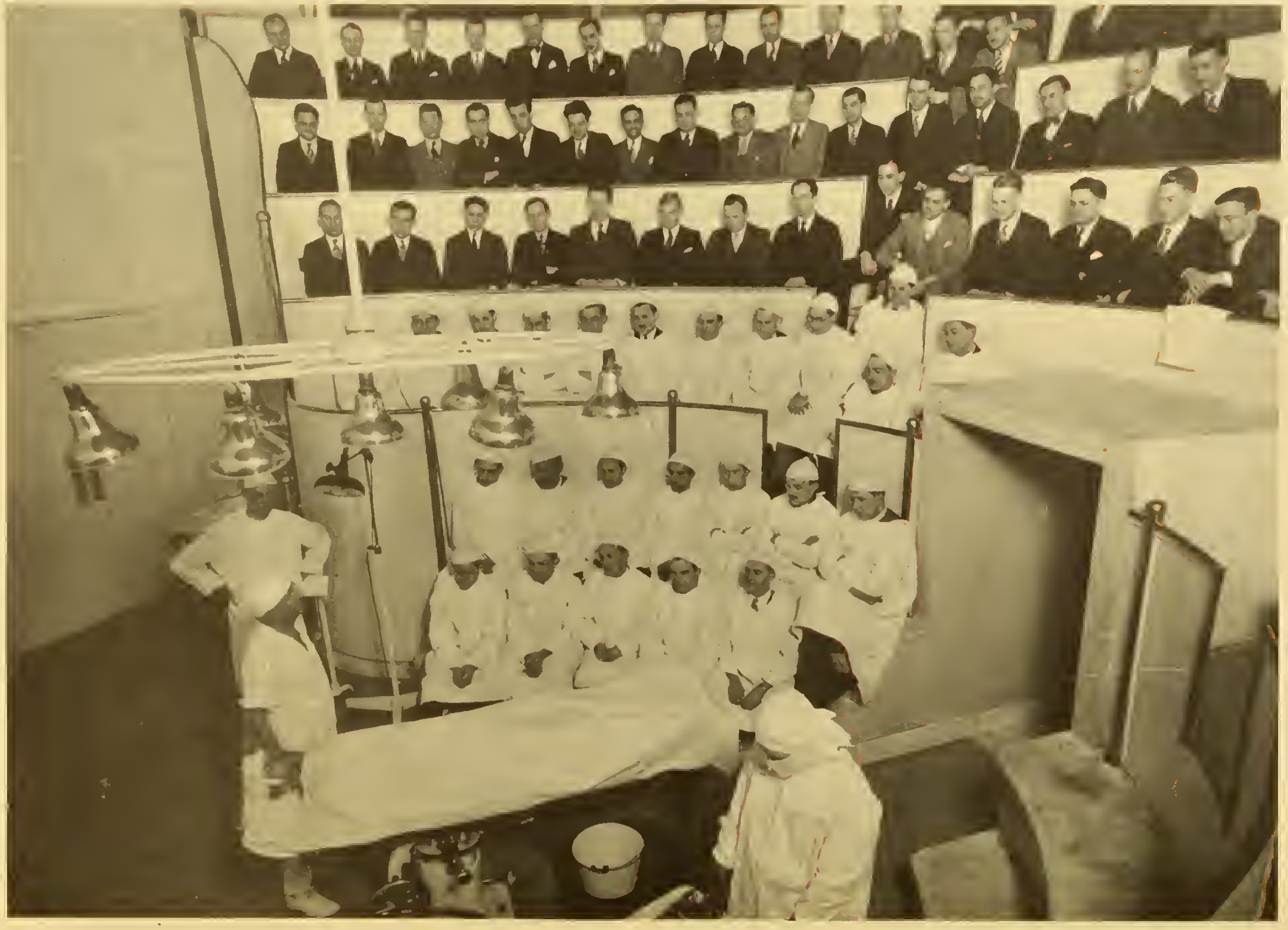
MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL





"Interior of Pharmacy of Castle Blanca"
Anderson

INTERIORS



SURGICAL CLINIC OF DR. HERBERT L. NORTHROP

Dr. Northrop's Clinic

IN THE preparation of this book, we have invoked the past. Here alone we think of the past but to rejoice that it is gone.

Less than two generations ago, the term, "surgically clean" had no real meaning. Bare hands, and elaborately chased instruments carried their tiny messengers of death into gaping wounds. The height of operative skill was futile against such adversaries.

Less than a century ago, no merciful sleep of anaesthesia offered its gentle arms to suffering humanity. Every movement of the knife; each touch of the examining finger, was a new experience in agony. Speed made the surgeon. Deliberation marked the novice.

Here no germ would dare abide. "Laudable pus" no longer exists as a surgical term. No heartrending cries of suffering humanity tear upon our ears. A calm, deliberate, scholar-surgeon first sees, then does, and tells us why. Deliberation marks the surgeon. Haste marks the novice or the charlatan.

MISS FISCHER

WALLY

MRS. TURNER

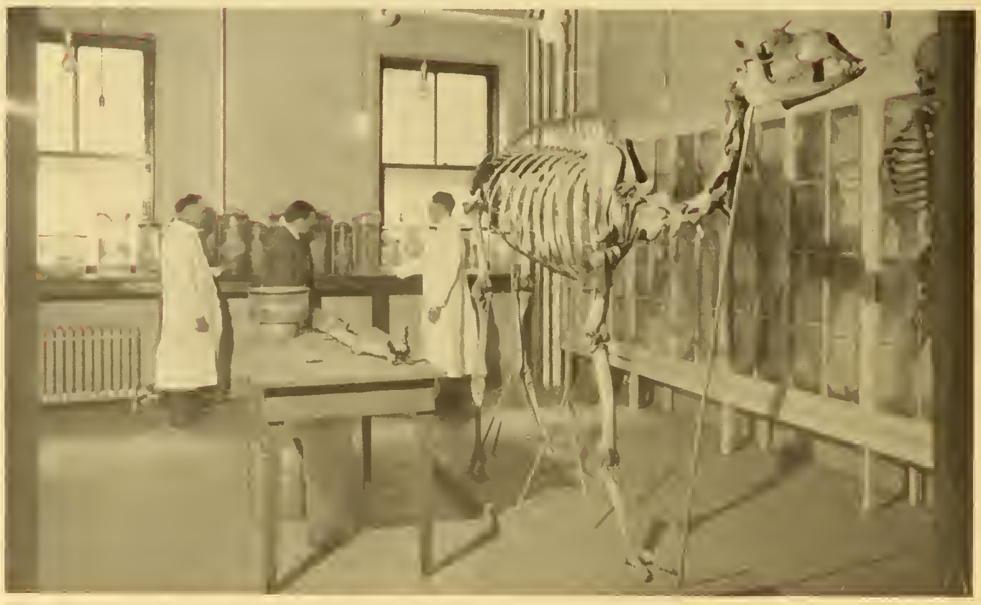
FRIENDS

WALLY'S OFFICE

THE LIBRARY

STUDENT LOUNGE ROOM

PHYSIOLOGY EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY



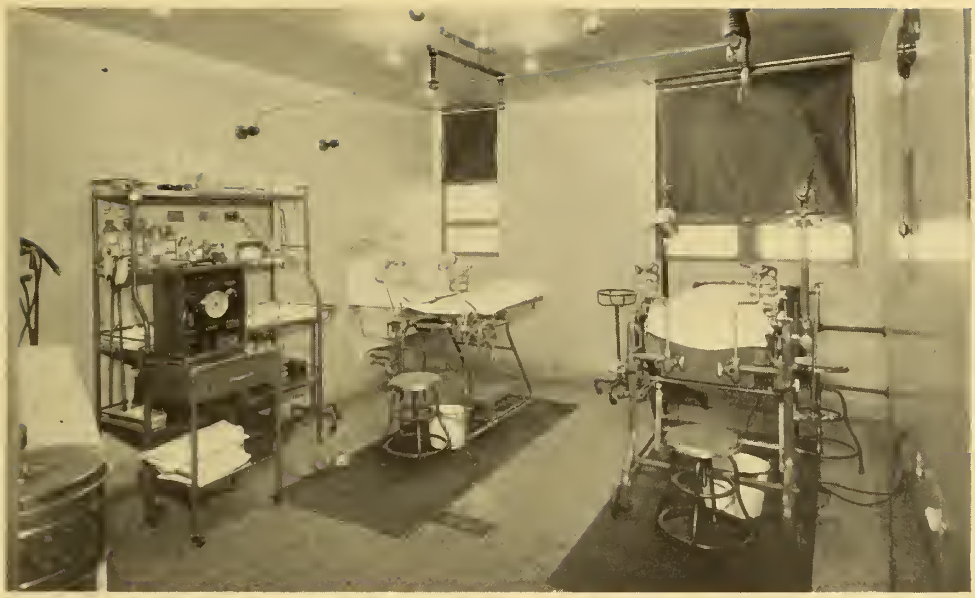
THE WEAVER MUSEUM

DR. SNYDER'S LABORATORY

PATHOLOGY LABORATORY

DR. BOERICKE'S OFFICE

ANATOMY LABORATORY



CYSTOSCOPY ROOM

PRIVATE OPERATING ROOM

NOSE AND THROAT DISPENSARY

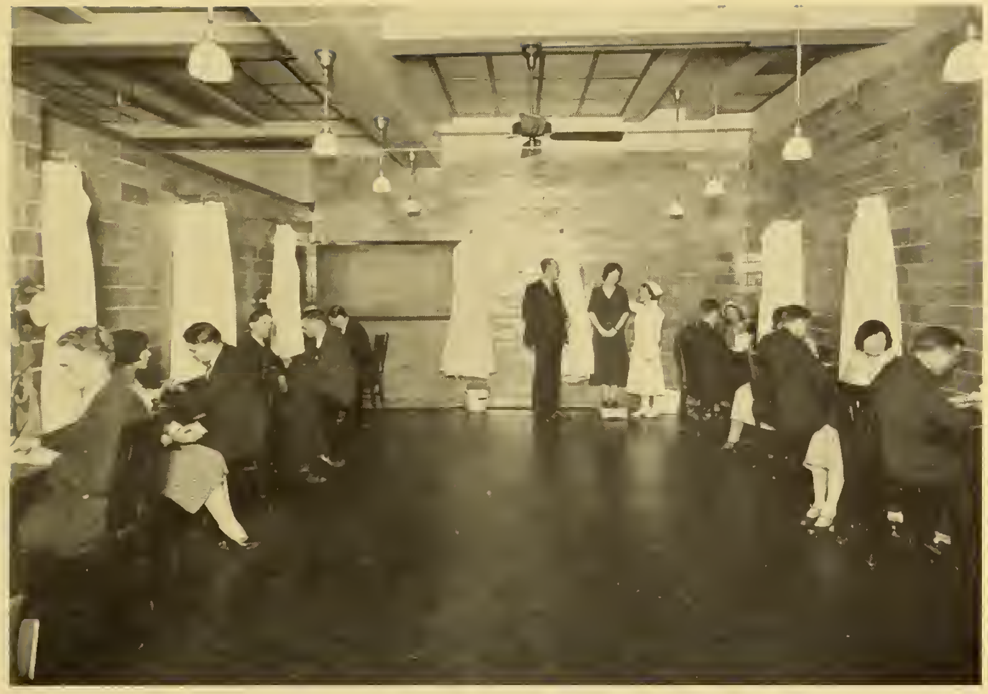
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

STAFF ROOM

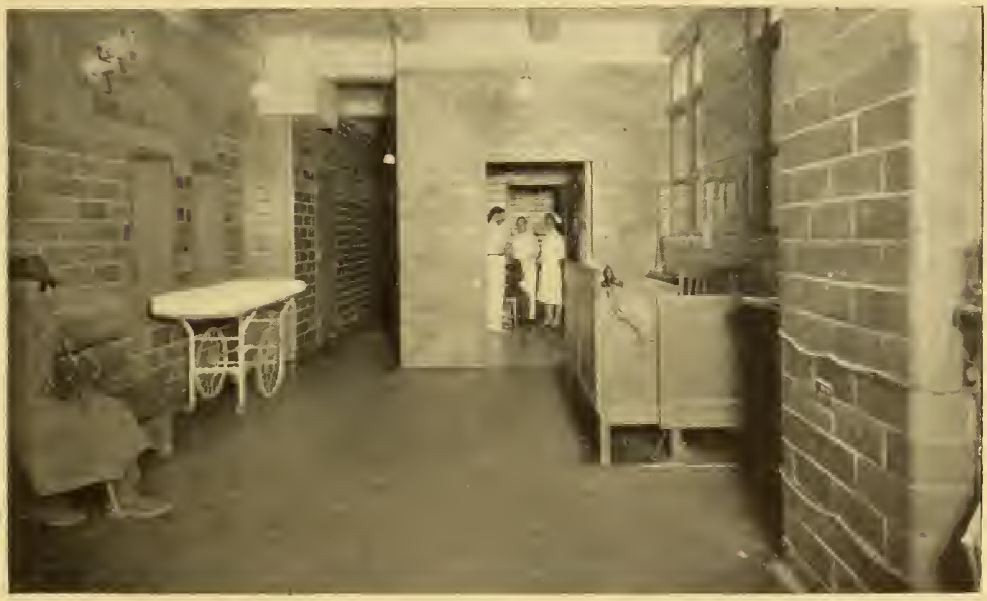
CONTRIBUTOR'S ROOM

MEN'S WARD

PHYSIO-THERAPY



MEDICAL DISPENSARY



ACCIDENT WARD

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

HOSPITAL PHARMACY

PRIVATE ROOM

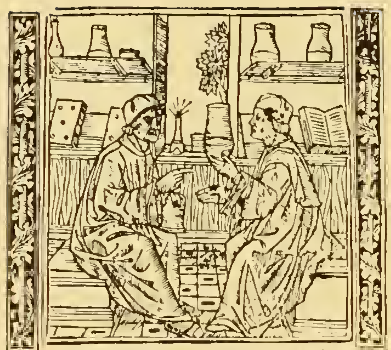
WOMEN'S MEDICAL WARD

PEDIATRIC SOLARIUM

OBSTETRICAL WARD NURSERY

GYNECOLOGY EXAMINING ROOM

DELIVERY ROOM



Comiença el libro llamado · Compendio dela humana ſalud·

Por q̃nto el phiſico es artifice ſenſitiuo: ⁊ por ſeñales conoſce las cauſas delas dolencias: neceſſario es q̃ enel adminiſtrar delas medicinas: cate cõ diſcreciõ las principales condiciones đlas ſeñales: las q̃les como galieno eſcriue enla ſuma đl tegni ſon q̃tro La ·j· ſe toma đlas inchazões· La ·ij· đlos dolores· La ·iij· đlas operaciones· La ·iiij· delas ſuperfluidades· E por q̃nto las ſeñales q̃ ſe tomã delas ſuperfluidades: ſon mas cõtrarias a nr̃os ſentidos: ſon llamadas mas ſenſitiuas: y entre todas las otras ſea la vrina la mas principal· Fue mi ꝓpoſito tratar đlla lo q̃ mis fuerças pudieron allegar đlos dichos y auctoridades đlos dotores mas famoſos· No por que enello preſuma fazer algo de nueuo: mas porque cõ mi trabajo en muy breue tratado compꝛehende la luenga inquiſicion a los q̃ lo quiſierẽ ſaber· E porẽde conel ayuda de dios entiendo de enſeñar tres coſas principales· La primera es· poner ciertas reglas: las quales tienẽ los phiſicos como principales antes q̃ fagã juyzio alguno delas vrinas· La ſegunda poner las reglas q̃ ſe toman delos colo

"Constantine Hering"

PROGRESS

Progress

THE first day of the nineteenth century saw the birth of a child who was to become one of the great scholars of all time.

After his graduation from the University of Wurzburg, in 1826, with the degree of Doctor of Medicine, Constantine Hering was sent by the King of Saxony to Surinam, South America, where he engaged in botanical and zoological researches for over six years. During this period he began his famous studies with the venom of Lachesis, the bushmaster snake.

Wishing to devote all his time to the practice of Homeopathy, he resigned his Saxon commission, and removed to the United States in 1833, settling in Philadelphia. Two years later, he was one of the founders of the North American Academy of the Healing Art, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, becoming its president and one of its faculty. His further part in the development of Homeopathy and Homeopathic education in this country is dwelt upon at length elsewhere in this volume.

He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of the State of New York, and from seven American medical colleges. His bibliography includes approximately two hundred titles, most famous of which are the "Guiding Symptoms of Our Materia Medica" in ten volumes, and the "Domestic Physician," which has appeared in numerous editions, and has been translated in eight foreign languages. Bibliophile as well as physican, teacher, and author, his collection of the works of Paracelsus is one of the treasures of the college.

* * *

On the first day of September, 1856, a son, Walter Enrich Hering, was born to him. Even as his father's, his career was destined to be inseparably bound up with the progress of Homeopathy.

When quite a lad, while on his way to a commencement of Hahnemann Medical College, he found a five dollar bill. This money was invested in a small printing press, which machine was the nucleus of the present Globe Ticket Company of America, of which company Mr. Hering is president.

Many years ago he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Hahnemann Medical College, and later became its president, which office he filled until about two years ago. At present he is vice-chairman of the board and a very active worker.

With Mr. Hering's usual keen foresight as a business executive, he long ago saw the need of a Greater Hahnemann. With this thought in mind, he urged the acceptance of larger and larger classes, in order that the college would some day graduate enough men to adequately fill the great need for Homeopathic physicians. When the Drive began, Mr. Hering donated a very large amount of money, and it was chiefly through his initiative and that of his co-trustees that the Drive was a success.

Outstanding in his benefactions has been the Constantine Hering Students' Aid Fund. During the life of this Fund, it has so far loaned more than $40,000 to deserving students for maintenance and tuition. Many stories could be told of the aid by this Fund if it were proper.

Much of the work mentioned in this section has been made possible through his interest and generosity. An infinite number of accomplishments unmentioned fall in the same category.

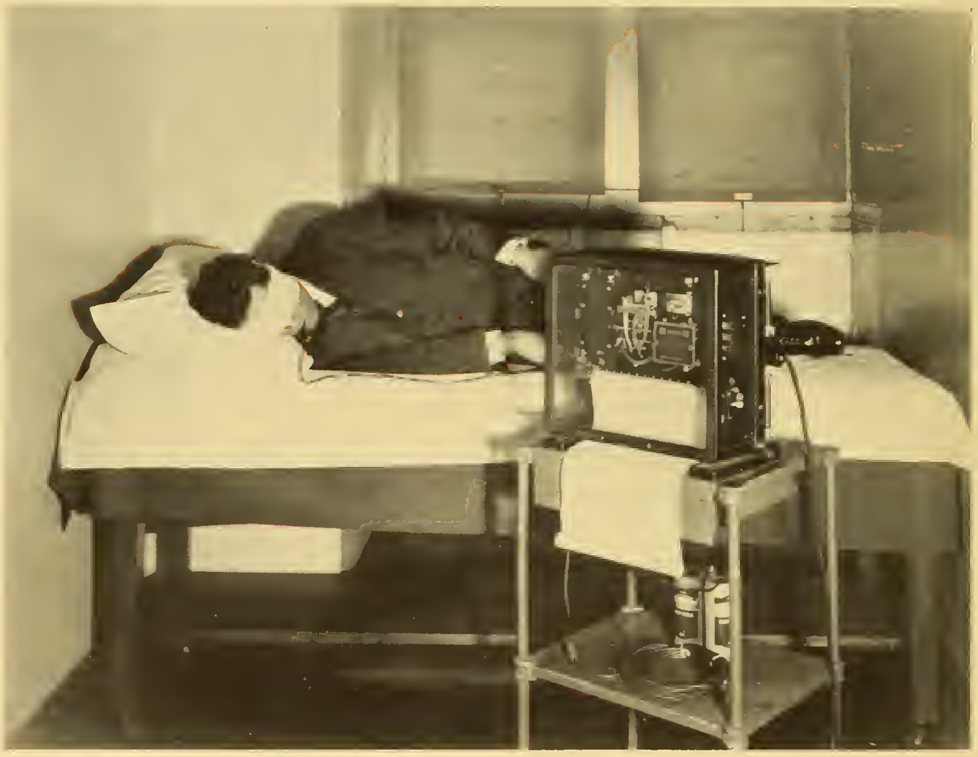
All things must begin somewhere. We could find no more logical beginning to our resumé of recent progress, than a tribute to these two men, father and son, who have contributed so greatly to the progress of Hahnemann.

The Radium Clinic

SOME of the first investigations into the physical, chemical and therapeutic attributes of radium were made at this Institution, and when, after years of experimentation, it became an assured fact that this element was valuable in the treatment of certain diseases, especially cancer, it was not surprising to find Hahnemann the first hospital in this country, so far as we can learn, to establish a separate department for radium therapy. Such a department is now advised by the American College of Surgeons for all Class A hospitals.

During the first five years of its activities a research laboratory was maintained for study of theory and practice in this branch of therapeutics; some of the findings being of material value in establishing a satisfactory technic. One of the most valuable results of this research work was the perfecting of methods for obtaining and utilizing the radioactive gas (radon), a form of administration now in general use.

Our radium clinic is fully equipped to administer all standardized forms of radiumtherapy, the latest addition being the installation of an emanation plant, which will be in operation in the near future.



Recording Resistance Thermometer for Gastero-Intestinal Research

THIS apparatus has been used by Drs. Harry M. Eberhard and Joseph S. Hepburn in collaboration with Drs. Rowland Ricketts and Charles L. W. Rieger, for the measurement of the temperature of the stomach, upper intestine, and sigmoid, and the study of the influence on gastric temperature of hot and cold foods, and the influence, on both gastric and duodenal temperature, of such factors as the hot water bottle, electric pad, diathermy, infra-red lamp, and ice bag. A report on these researches will be presented at the annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology in 1932.

Medicine

THE great number of arthritic cases coming into the Medical Outpatient Department at Hahnemann led to a thorough study of this malady in an effort to note, in as great detail as possible, the pathology involved, and the efficacy of certain new therapeutic agents in conjunction with other remedial measures.

In a series of 263 ambulatory cases, observations as to pathological and laboratory findings were of great interest. Some findings were noted which had not heretofore appeared in the literature.

Therapeutic experimentation served to establish a definite regimen of therapy, which, while lacking in specificity, admitted of reasonable grounds for more favorable prognosis in carefully treated cases.

The story is by no means finished.

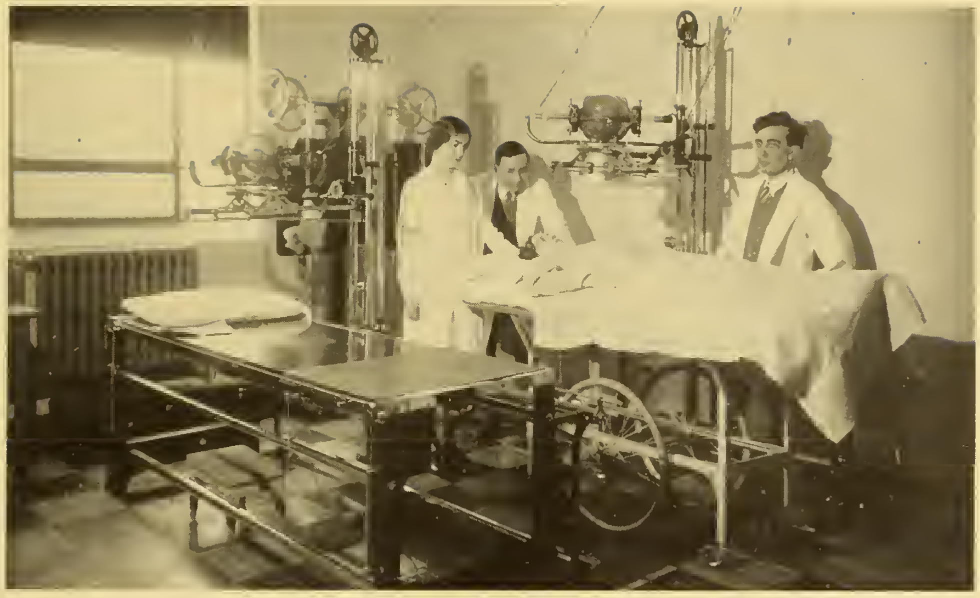
The Hering Laboratory

THIS laboratory was established by Constantine Hering for the express purpose of research into Homeopathic problems. The work which has been done has consisted, for the most part, of sporadic drug provings. The last such proving of an original nature was conducted by Dr. Hans Sylvester with the drug Formic Acid. That further work has not been done has been largely due to an insufficiency of funds.

The work being done at the present time was originated by Dr. Henshaw, of the New York Homeopathic College. While still a student, this young man experimented on ward cases and friends, with clinical results that were worthy of note. His results were published in the literature.

The work is based upon the observation that some type of reaction occurs when the blood serum of a patient is allowed to come into contact with a normal saline solution containing a dilution of the remedy which would apparently be indicated from the clinical features of the case, this reaction being manifested by a ring at the interface. In cases where the similimum is in doubt, dilutions of all drugs indicated by repertory work are placed in separate vials, and allowed to come in contact with specimens of the patient's serum. Rings may be observed in one or more of the tubes. Further tests with higher dilutions of the drugs so indicated still further narrows the selection, one drug alone remaining in many cases.

The work is as yet in its infancy, and is hampered by lack of adequate facilities. Nevertheless, the clinical results so far obtained are quite encouraging.



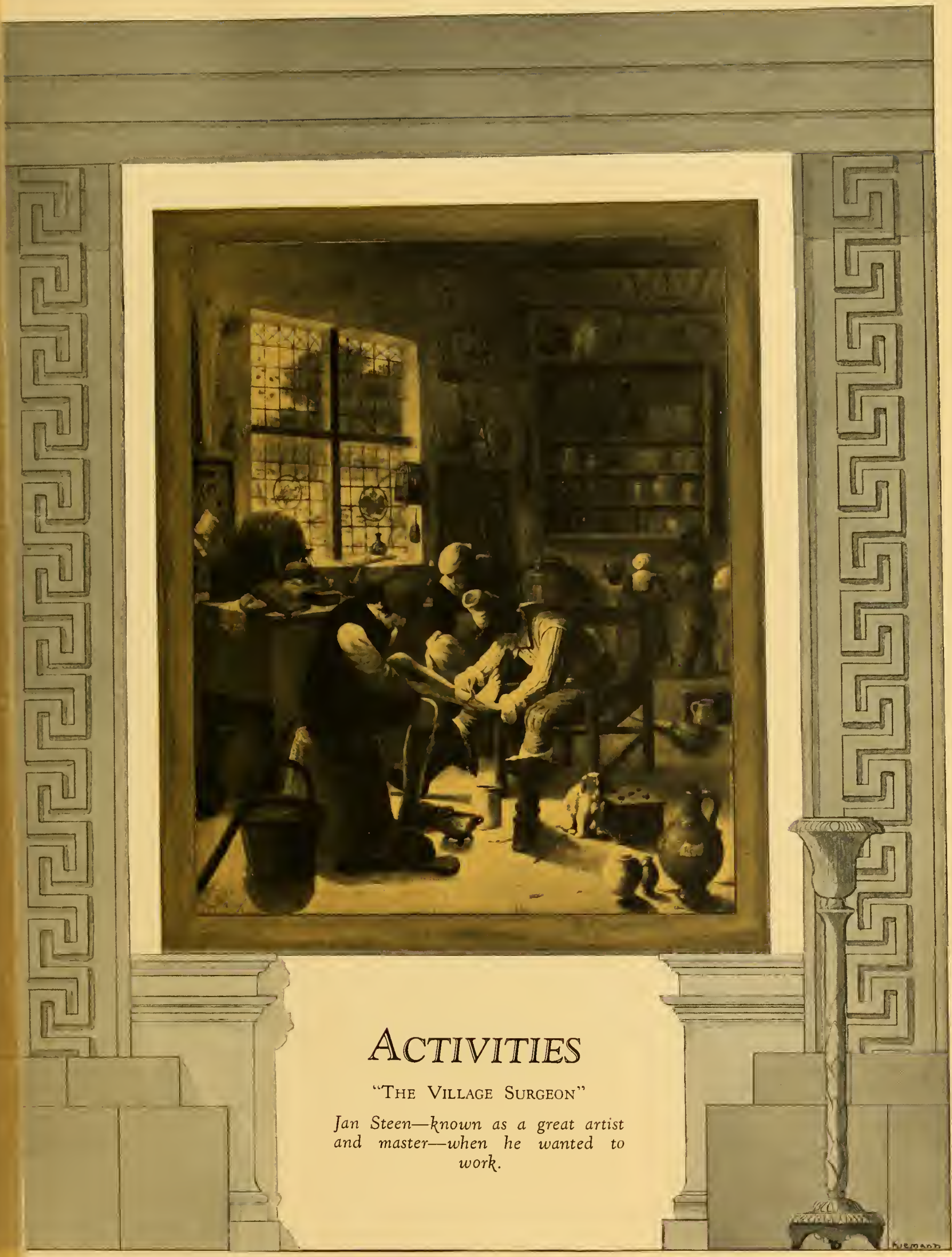
Advances in X-Ray Diagnosis of Cancer

IN THE past a great many difficulties arose in the production of shadows on the X-ray negative which would indicate the presence of a growth, especially in the deep structures, as the abdomen, mediastinum, etc. This was due to the fact that these growths were not of greater density than the surrounding structures and therefore would not cast a definite shadow, and if they did, there was no way by which it could be determined whether the mass was benign or malignant.

The idea was conceived that the law of electro-physics might be applied, i.e.: "Bodies charged with like polarity repel each other, and those charged with dissimilar polarity attract." It had already been definitely established that cancer cells were electrically positive in reaction, and it was reasoned, that if we could present to these cells the electrically negative element, attraction would result with resultant absorption of the negative element, thereby neutralizing the excessive positive charge. Thus was conceived the idea of applying the negative colloids. Tests were made and it was found that the negative colloids were appropriated by the cancer cells. It only remained to develop a colloid that was both electrically negative and opaque to the X-ray.

The experimental work in the Emery laboratory developed a xanthene compound which was electro-negative and opaque to the X-ray, and had a definite affinity for cancer cells and not for benign growths. With this injected intravenously definite shadows of the cancerous mass were shown on the X-ray negative.

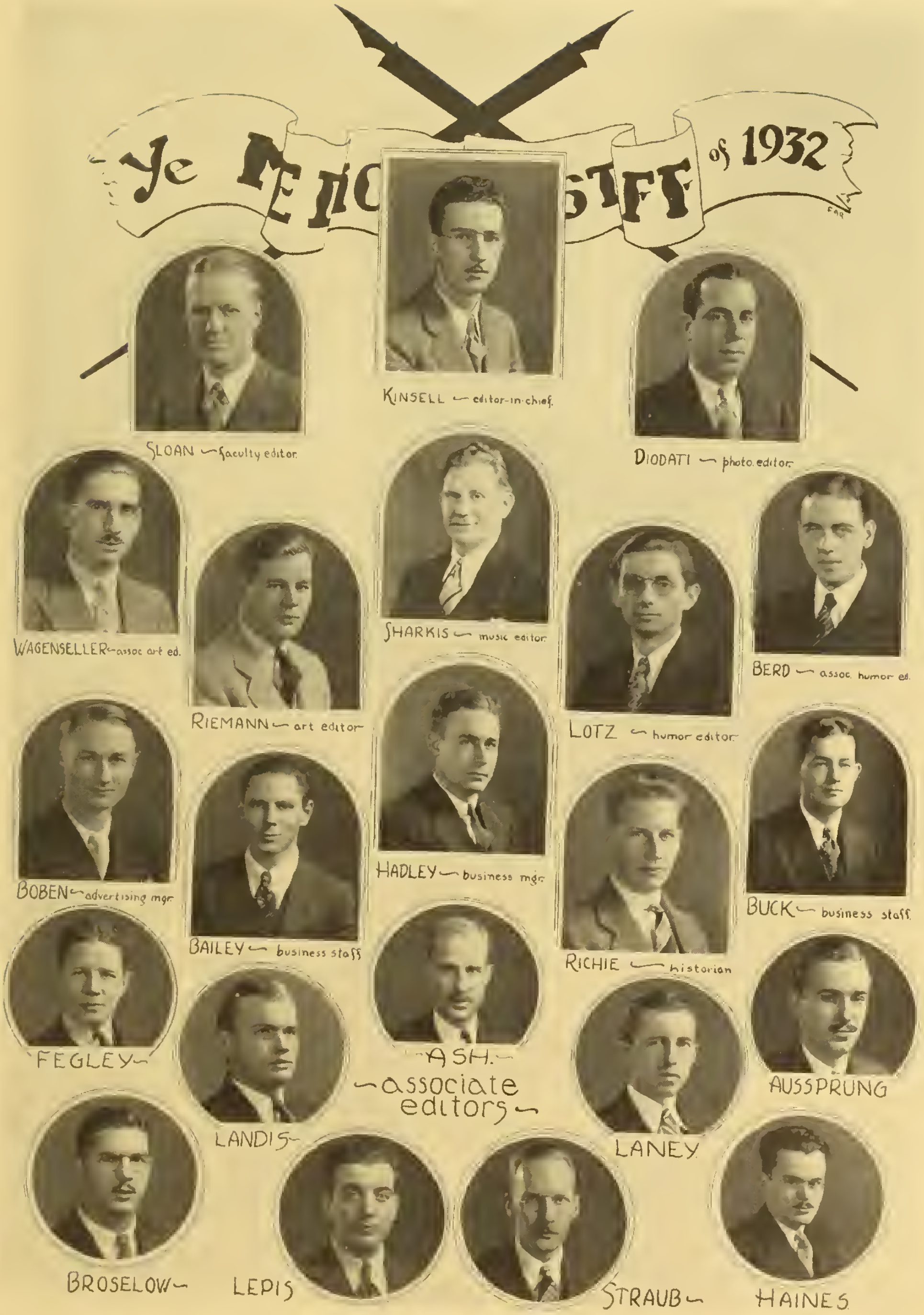
There is under manufacture, at the present time, another substance which is materially more opaque, which offers a more definite diagnostic shadow on the X-ray negative, and which we are quite sure will be of extreme significance in the diagnosis of malignancy, especially in the early stages.



ACTIVITIES

"THE VILLAGE SURGEON"

Jan Steen—known as a great artist and master—when he wanted to work.


Ye
of 1932
KINSELL — editor-in-chief.
SLOAN — faculty editor.
DIODATI — photo. editor.
WAGENSELLER — assoc. art ed.
RIEMANN — art editor
SHARKIS — music editor.
LOTZ — humor editor.
BERD — assoc. humor ed.
BOBEN — advertising mgr.
BAILEY — business staff
HADLEY — business mgr.
RICHIE — historian
BUCK — business staff.
FEGLEY
LANDIS
ASH.
associate editors
LANEY
AUSSPRUNG
BROSELOW
LEPIS
STRAUB
HAINES

The Hahnemann Institute and Student Council

THE Hahnemann Medical Institute was organized during the session of 1849-'50. Its original name was the Williamsonian Institute, but by request of Dr. Walter Williamson in whose honor the name was originally bestowed, the name was in 1854 changed to that which it bears at the present time.

In the "Philadelphia Journal of Homeopathy," for March, 1853, we find the following:

> ". . . The design of the organization is the mutual improvement of its individual members. Examinations on all the branches taught in the College are held regularly by the members of the society who receive as an incentive to the faithful performance of their duties, the title of professors . . ."

This year an attempt was made to revive that praiseworthy system, with, we regret to say, rather indifferent success. It is our hope that in the future the Institute may become more than a glorified sponsor of dances, and be once again restored to its high place in student life.

The Blue and Gold Ball

Faculty Advisor .... DR. HENRY S. RUTH
Chairman .... CARROLL B. DANNER

Thomas S. Fannin, Jr.
E. Raymond Ambler
Richard M. Free
Warren L. Trexler
Rayford E. Wright
Anthony D. Diodati
Manuel Sall
David Sharkis
Stanley D. Wilkins
Edward D. Sharpless
Edward H. Zivergel

DEPRESSION or no depression, for one night at least Hahnemannians from far and near left dull care behind.

The Fifth Annual Blue and Gold Ball and Concert started off as usual with the Glee Club and Orchestra Concert. With that completed, and the Hahnemann Song sung, festivities really began. The years slid from the shoulders of old grads like water from the proverbial duck's back. Youngsters occasionally rested from the rapid pace set by the Casa Loma Orchestra, but oldsters seemed to have found the fountain of perpetual youth and vigor.

Each year the prom becomes increasingly the high spot of the year for graduates and undergraduates alike. We wonder if the Blue and Gold of 1940 will, of necessity, be held in Convention Hall.

THE GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

Faculty Advisor .... Dr. Henry S. Ruth
Director .... Laurence Wilkie Kinsell, '32
Accompanist .... Andrew John Lotz, '32
Manager .... Earl Carl Leyrer, '32
Librarian .... Edward John Ford, '34

First Tenor

Charles Spencer Davison, '33
Wilbur Stafford Davidson, '34
Harold James Rickard, '35
John Settineri, '35
Robert Elmer Mitchell, '32
Alex Benjamin Lukas, '35

First Bass

Malachi Wilson Sloan, Jr., '32
Richard Eugene Brenneman, '35
Paul Jay Tomlinson, '33
Muse Alfred Sheppard, '32
Cledith Aten Miller, '35
Walter Lewis Bossart, '35
George Williams Gaumer, '35
Donovan Meredith Jenkins, '33

Second Tenor

John Joseph Jablonski, '33
George Thurman Noden, '32
John Joseph Bender, '34
Horace Fenelon Darlington, '33
Russell Gorsuch Witwer, '35

Second Bass

Robert Penington, Jr., '33
William Paxson Chalfant, Jr., '34
Herbert William Barron, '32
William Henry Frazee, Jr., '34
Nathan Albert Fegley, '32
Eugene Rodman Shippen, Jr., '35
Edward Henry Zwergel, '35
Dwight Lester Moyer, '33

THE Glee Club at Hahnemann has won an enviable reputation among the amateur musical organizations in this section. From its inception with a comparatively few voices it has developed so that today it numbers members. In past years a professional coach undertook the training of the club, but through the graciousness of Dr. Henry S. Ruth, of the faculty, who agreed to act as director, the Glee Club has become a Hahnemann trained organization. Dr. Ruth, himself a student leader of the Hahnemann Glee Club of former years, has been actively associated with church and choral societies so that his services have proven indispensable to the success of the club.

The student leader, Laurance W. Kinsell, has had a varied experience both in choir and quartette work and proved very competent. Quality instead of volume has been stressed and with this in mind prospective members were given a trial and selected for their musical merits. This resulted in an organization that is well balanced; the tonal quality, the shading and phrasing reflecting the work of the members and their leader to excellent advantage.

The Glee Club has been especially fortunate in securing the services of an able accompanist in Andrew J. Lotz, who has enjoyed excellent schooling in music both theoretical and piano and organ. His professional experience as choir leader and accompanist has proven a contributing factor to the success of the club.

The concerts planned this year through the efforts of the manager, Earl C. Leyrer (an able and faithful worker who attended to the many details involved), are for the Rotary Club, International Students' House, Medford Lakes, Egg Harbor, and the Annual Blue and Gold Ball as well as a Radio Broadcast over WFI.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra

Director and Manager .... DAVID SHARKIS

Musical Advisor .... LT. JOS. FRANKEL

Violins
Leon A. Frankel
M. Atche Yessian
Dominic Donio
William C. Meineke
Alfonso L. Pierro
Dwight L. Moyer
Leo R. Lerman
William S. Silverman
Andrew D. Dechnik
Fred. A. Bisceglia
Meyer Dashevsky

Cello
Marcos Jiminez

Trumpets
Irvin B. Berd
William C. Harrison
Richard W. Betts

Trombones
Jesse E. P. Burns
Harris

Clarinets
Nathan N. Ginsburg
Charles B. Miller

Bass Drum Carrier
Vance Rothrock

Double Bass
Orlando M. Carrozzino

Saxophones
Andrew J. Klembard
Carlyle A. Payne

Oboe
Flute
Emerson A. Reed

Percussion
Joseph J. Bruno

Piano
H. Leon Aussprung

Librarians
Louis A. Ambdur
Dwight L. Moyer
Seymour S. Kimmel

IN A comparatively few number of years the Hahnemann Orchestra has developed from an embryonic stage to one of maturity, the high standard having been maintained due to the interest and calibre of musicianship among its members.

This year we number thirty members, many of whom have been affiliated with bands and orchestras of other colleges prior to coming to Hahnemann. Rehearsals are held weekly after school hours and, in spite of the intensive demands exacted from Medical students, the members have graciously and faithfully given of their time and talents. The orchestra is a well-balanced unit, there being enough of strings, reeds, brass and percussion to make possible the varied and comprehensive programs arranged for a number of concerts and broadcasts.

The orchestra was under the direction of David Sharkis, '32, a graduate in Music Theory and Violin from a foremost conservatory, and a professional musician He has been ably assisted by Lt. Jos. Frankel, who has given unstintingly of his time and skill at rehearsals. The spirit which characterized the work of the members and conductor of the orchestra at these rehearsals was reflected at its public performances.

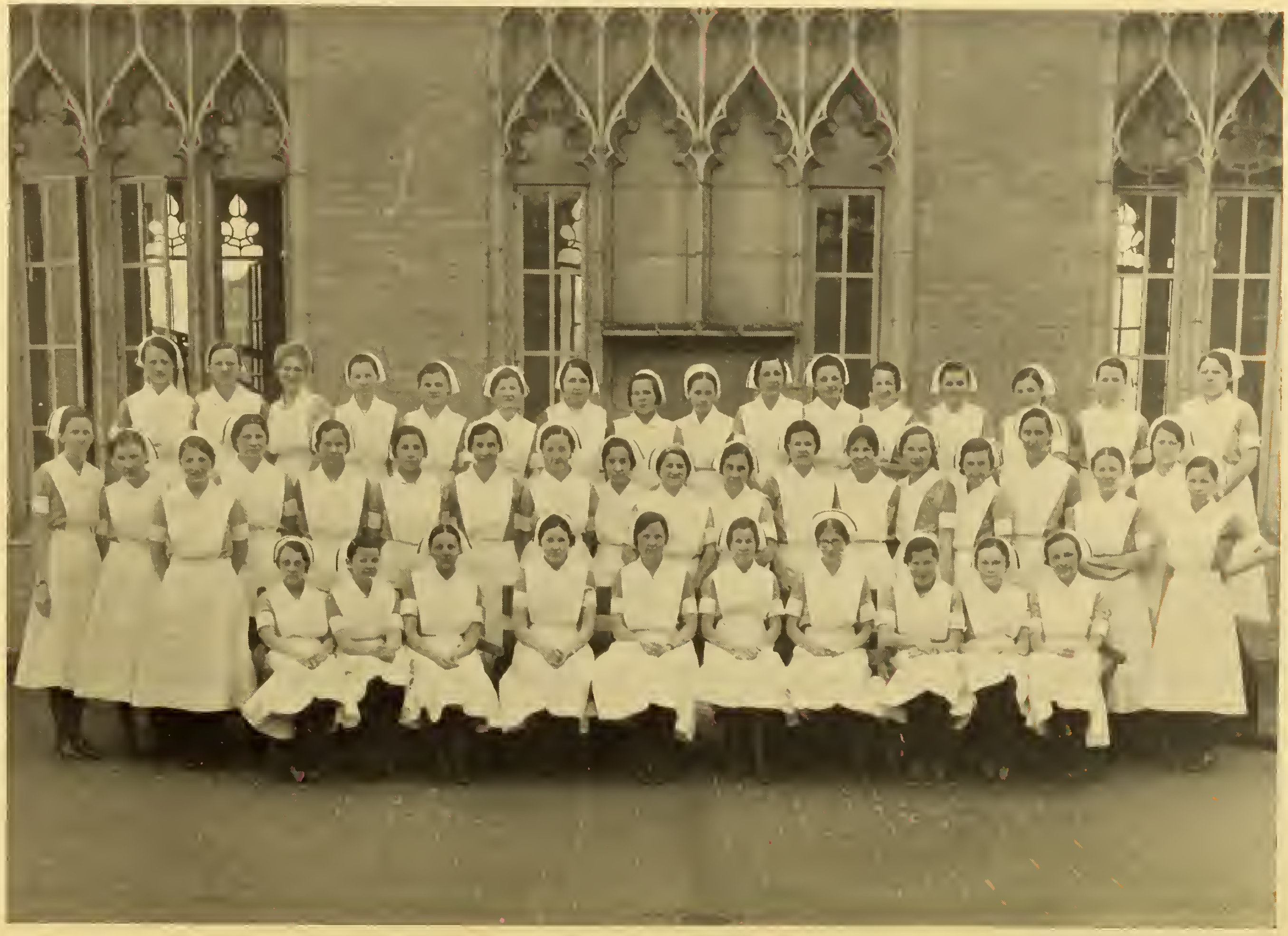
The Tennis Team

WE TAKE our editorial pen in hand for a last few feeble scratches. Spring has come, but wintry winds do yet blow bleak and chill. Dauntless trackmen laugh at Winter's dying gasps, and casting caution and modesty to the winds, bay to the moon in B. V. D's. But daunted racqueteers still hug the grateful grate. Perforce, we must say that there is an abundance of promising material in the school. If they love the Davis Cub, they will undoubtedly win the Shaving Mug.

TRACK TEAM

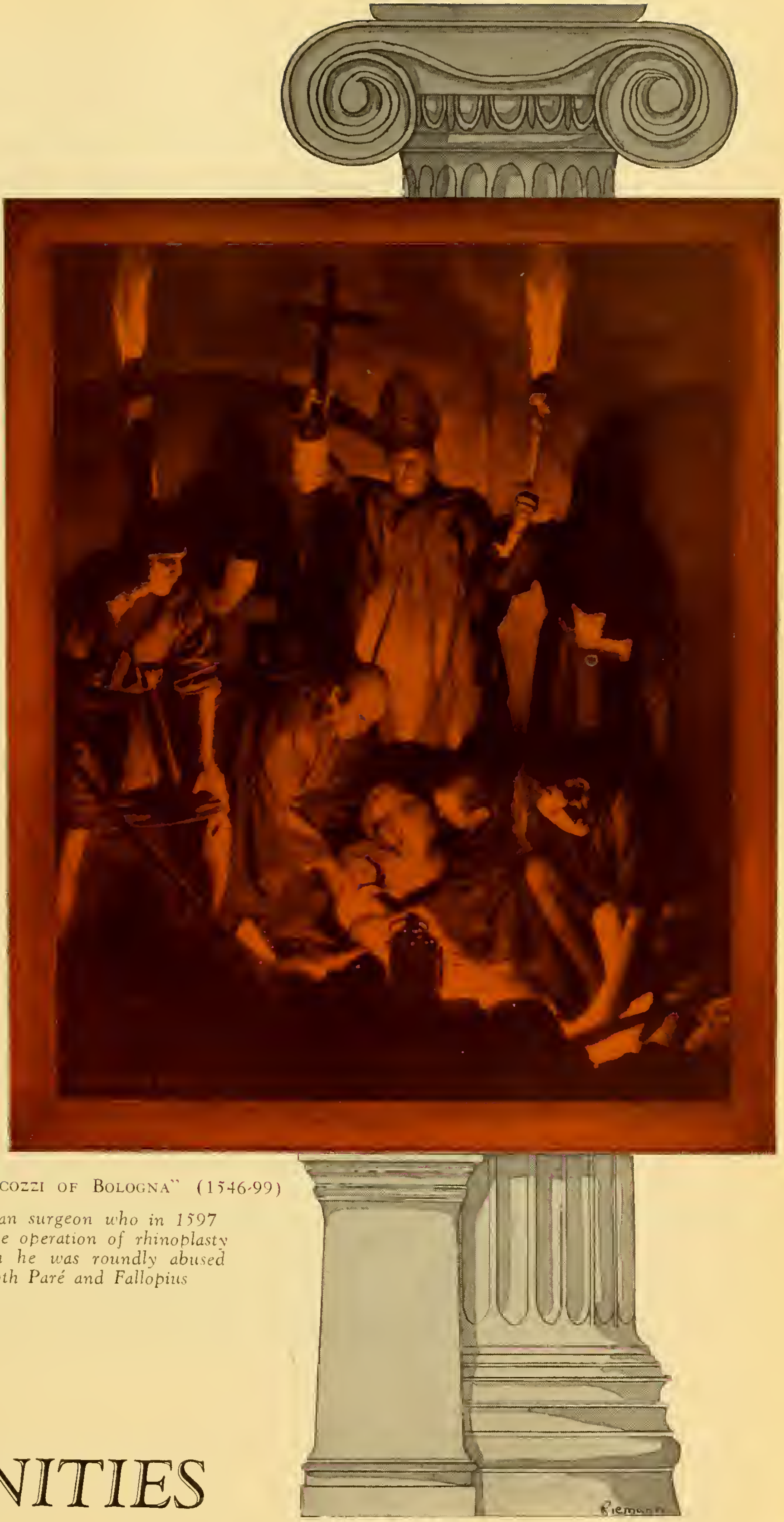
DR. BENSON'S GROUP

DR. HERING'S GROUP



NURSES' GRADUATING CLASS, 1931-32

DR. SAPPINGTON'S TECHNICIANS



"Gasparo Tagliacozzi of Bologna" (1546-99)

An Italian surgeon who in 1597 revived the operation of rhinoplasty for which he was roundly abused by both Paré and Fallopius

FRATERNITIES

Phi Alpha Gamma

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Laurance W. Kinsell
Oliver A. Kobisk
Jacob J. Kohlhas
Malachi W. Sloan, Jr.
Harold L. Trexler
Warren L. Trexler

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-THREE

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Ralph M. L. Buchanan
John H. Davie
John D. Hubbard
Robert D. Leonard
Carl R. Madera
Robert J. McNeill, Jr.
Robert Penington, Jr.

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-FOUR

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Albert C. Armbruster
Frank G. Barnard
Joseph K. Beans
Frederick A. Bowdle
John P. Burkett
Edwin W. Cauffield
William P. Chalfant, Jr.
Willis C. Gerhart
John W. Hardy
Arthur A. Hartley
Samuel G. Laubscher
George H. C. McKeown
Edward D. Sharpless
Charles B. Turnblacer

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE

Ord. C. Blackledge
Charles S. Dotterer, Jr.
Samuel B. Hughes
Eldridge W. Johnson
Cledith A. Miller
Eugene R. Shippen
Edward Shannon Walsh

PLEDGEES

Edward C. Beckley
Charles F. Fox, Jr.
William C. Harrison
Howard M. Sturgess
Claude O. Temple
Hoffman

Alpha Sigma Fraternity

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Fratres in Collegio

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William A. Buck
Howard A. Coyer
Walter Lewis Eckert, Jr.
Andrew Goodwin
Edwin MacKinnon
W. Lee Miller
Rayford E. Wright
A. Follmer Yerg
Richard Coombe

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-THREE

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Arthur J. Wise
Charles Spencer Davison
Robert F. Rapp
Robert Lowell Redfield
Otto Carl Frederick Tomec
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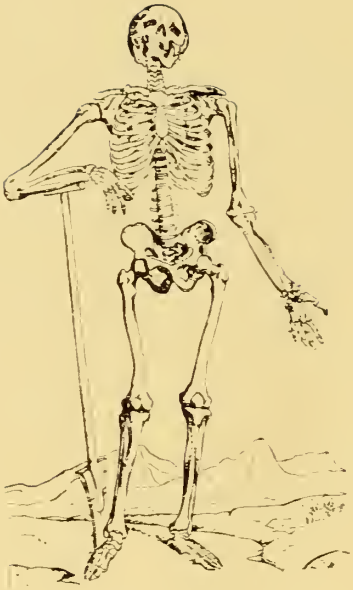
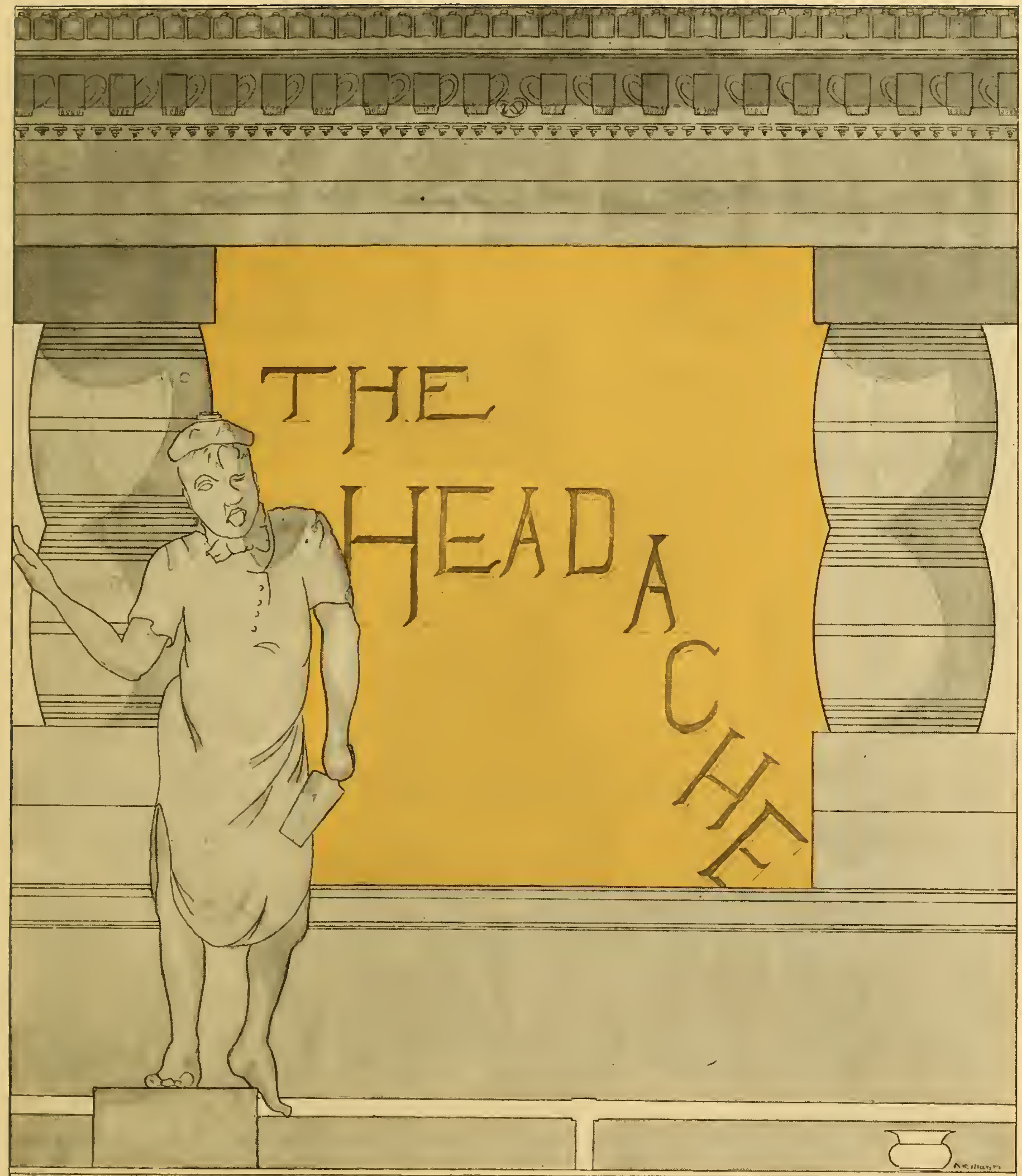




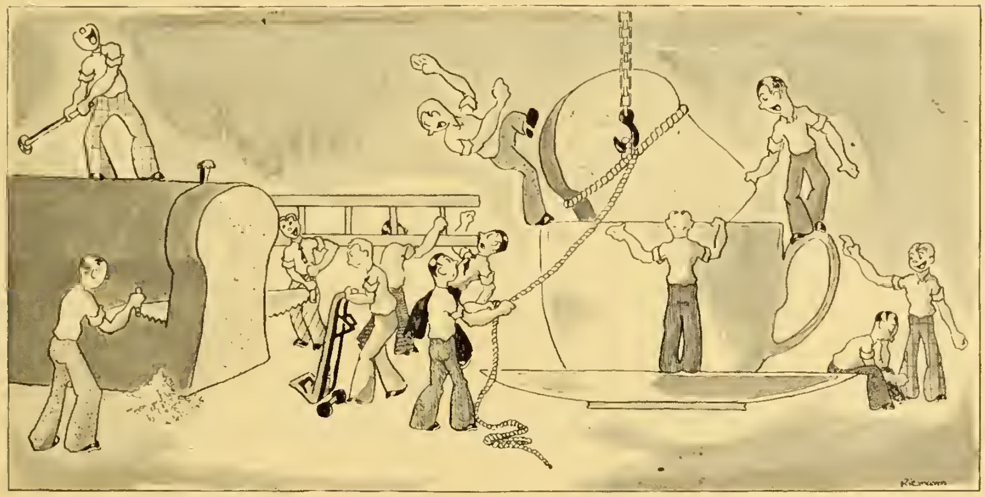
When the MEDIC has ended,
The HEADACHE begins;
You've read of your virtues,
Now read of your sins.

A little bit of nonsense
And a little bit of verse,
Though it could be no better,
It could scarce be any worse.

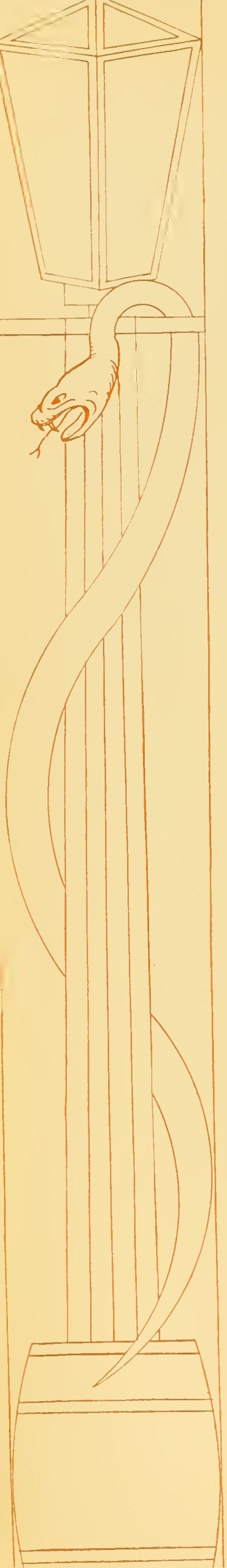
The Headache Staff

(ASPIRIN' RIVALS OF THE STAFF OF LIFE)

FLORENCE TINSEL	*Editor-in-Grief*
C. BADLY	*Business Creditor*
FRED "DAY" DRIEMANN	*Part Editor*
SHAR KASS	*A Too-sick Editor*
WOTTA BIRD CAGEY PLOTS	*Two More Editors*
HOBO BEN	*A Necessary Evil*



Staff Members Dunking Bread to Prove That the Staff of Life Is All Wet



FOREWORD

To
The Class
by the
Staff

A HEADACHE such as this, quite naturally, has meant for each member of the staff much prolonged pain and anxiety. We have suffered these gladly, comforting ourselves with the realization that no class following in our footsteps will ever be afflicted with a worse HEADACHE. And you, our fellow-classmen, may take such comfort unto yourselves as you are able, from those words so frequently uttered by Florence Tinsel, in the anguish of labor:—

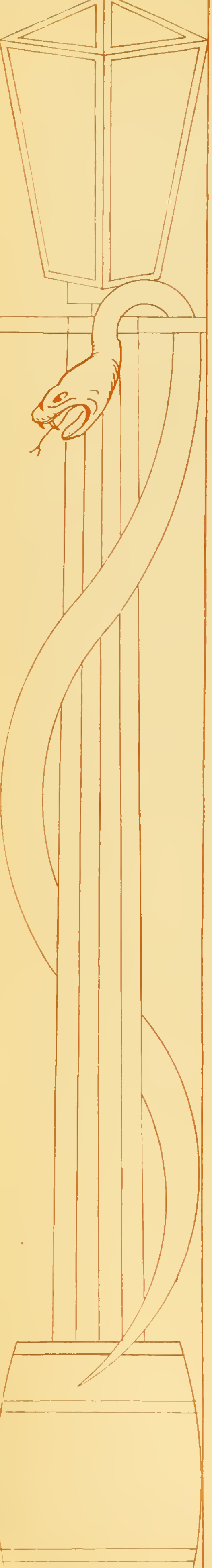
THIS IS OUR HEADACHE ....NOT YOURS!

For The HEADACHE STAFF·

℞
BARBITALI
ACIDI ACETYLSALICYLICI
ACETPHENETIDINI āā. gr. X
M. Ft. cap. no. VI
Sig. One every two hours until relieved.
For MIGRAINE

The Prodigy of Prodigies

THE little chap pictured above in his favorite bathing suit is none other than little Sanitowl Slappington—the famous scion of a long line of ancestors, the Slappingtons—at the tender age of four years. This photograph was taken shortly after he enlisted in the French navy. He achieved fame at this time by establishing a new world's record for the 220-yard high hurdles and by being elected to the Phi Beta Kappa society. He amazed his teachers by his rapid speech. It was estimated that he could mutter 1560 words a minute without stammering. His intellect was so sharp that he was continually cutting himself, and thus giving his associates much cause for concern. He reassured them, however, that he was not suffering from hemophilia by demonstrating his clotting, bleeding, calcium, and prothrombin time to be within normal limits. He had already learned, at this early age, the value of being non-committal. Invariably his answer to knotty problems or mooted questions would be, "In a general way, yes and no." An inveterate smoker, he was rarely seen without his favorite pipe; and he would often assert that nothing so stimulated his mind into activity as a fresh Corona cigar.



Apologia

I KNOW that life is beautiful, but I also know that we often make a mess of it and turn it into a silly farce or a heart-rending tragedy, or both, so much so that one ends by not knowing whether to cry or laugh. It is easier to cry, but far better to laugh, so long as one doesn't laugh out loud.—*Axel Munthe.*

I look upon solemnity as a disease.—*Voltaire.*

A sense of humour keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people, will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing.—*Samuel Butler.*

Wise men learn more from fools than fools from wise men.—*Cato.*

It is indeed very possible that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.—*Addison*

People are never so trivial as when they take themselves seriously.—*Oscar Wilde.*

One ounce of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man.—*Rabelais.*

A fool must now and then by chance be right.—*Cowper.*

If you are able to laugh with yourself and at yourself at certain times, you have a better piece of armour than any cuirass ever made.—*H. Albert Hickman.*

Talk is the half of life.—*An Irish Saying.*

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is by far the best end for one.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Our own excuse we frame in verse,
  Which proves that we are clever;
When Baptists baptize they immerse,
  Well, now did you ever!

We use up words in droves, in herds,
  In order to entrance you;
And if you smile for just a while
  That may, perchance, enhance you.

—*Bird N. Lots.*

Views On the Medical Profession

HOSPITALS are run by the wealthy who pay two guineas ransom for a thousand pounds of profits and get in the bargain a fine sense of civic duty done.--*W. L. George.*

A doctor is a man who kills you today to prevent you from dying tomorrow.—*Anon.*

A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less. *Wm. J. Mayo.*

I will lie down within,
Behold, I am sick with wrongs.
When my neighbors come in,
My love cometh with them;
She will make a laughing stock
of the physicians;
She knoweth my illness.

--*Egyptian (XVIII Dynasty Papyrus).*

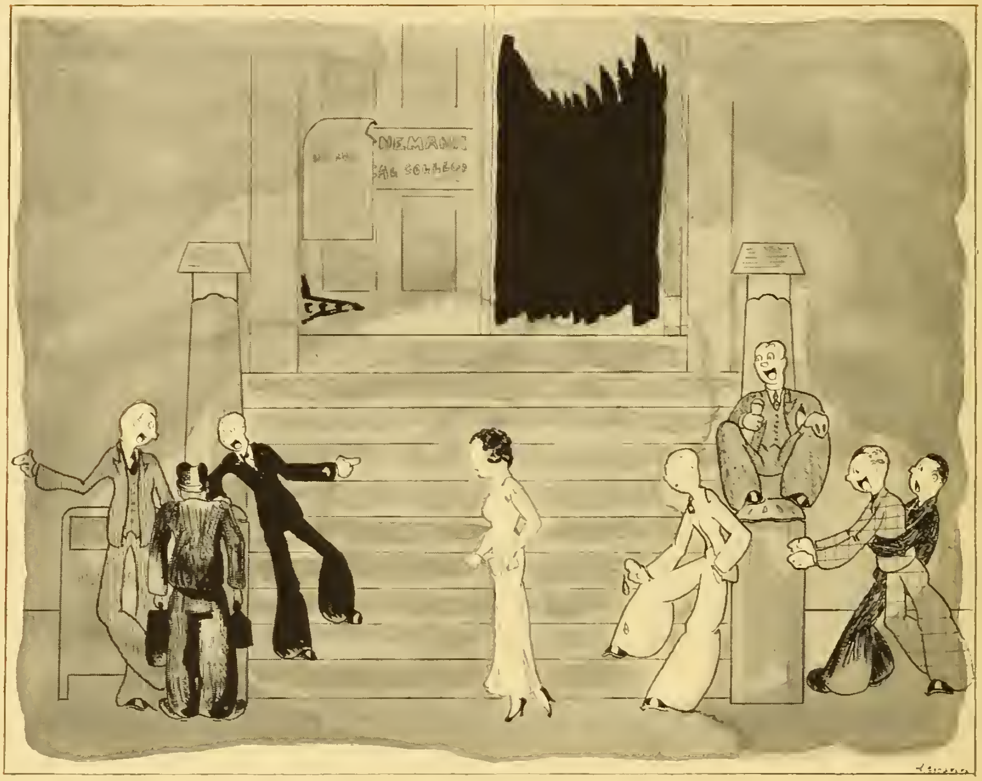
The more you know, the less sure you are.—*Voltaire.*

A physician is a man who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less.—*Voltaire.*

What can God do against the stupidity of men?—*Sean O'Casey.*

God heals—the doctor takes the fee.—*Franklin.*

The less your patients know the truth, the better for them. It was never meant that the workings of the organs of the body should be watched by the mind, to make your patients think about their illness is to tamper with the laws of Nature. Tell them they must do so and so, take such and such a remedy in order to get better, and if they don't mean to obey you, they must go to somebody else. Do not call on them except when they are in absolute need of you, do not talk too much to them or they will soon find out how little you know.—*Axel Munthe.*

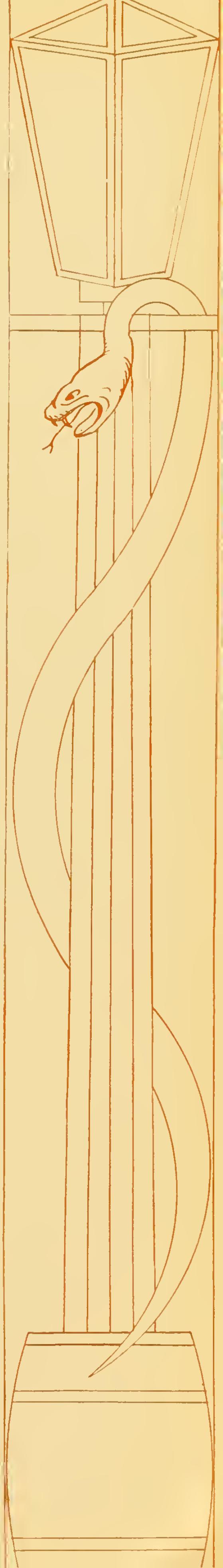


First Student:—She's a nicely reared girl, isn't she?
Second Student:—Yeah, and she don't look so bad from in front, either.

Verbal Snapshots in Class and Dispensary

IN MEDICAL QUIZZ SECTION

"Shy Air, how would you treat this case?"
"Now—ah—I'd give a liquid, high caloric diet and ah now-ah I'd give clysis."
"What's that!"
"Now-ah, clysis—you know—clysis!"
"Oh, clysis! Well, what kind of clysis would you give?"
"Well, now-ah—all kinds of clysis. All the clysis."
"What kind of clysis are there?"
"Well—now-ah—now-ah—there's hypodermo-clysis, recto-clysis, entero-clysis . . ."
"Why would you use this entero-clysis you speak about?"
"Well now-ah—now-ah—now-ah . . ."
"Would you give an enema?"
"Yes, I'd give an enema."
"What kind of an enema would you give?"
"Now-ah, I'd give an enema of now-ah soap and water."
"Why would you use the soap? What kind of soap would you use?"
"Well, now-ah I'd use now-ah—FAERY SOAP!"
Pandemonium, up-roar, catcalls, falsetto yells,—class in ecstasy.



IN NEUROLOGY QUIZZ

"Slone, if you were crossing Broad and Race Streets and you found a man lying supine in a state of coma, what would you do for him?"

"Give him proctoclysis."

GRIGGS LECTURING ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF INFANT STOOLS

"We have a very fine interne staff here and they supply us with an abundance of material." Oh, Doctor!

IN NEUROLOGY DISPENSARY

The man's nerves appeared to be worn to a frazzle. "The thing for you to do," said the doctor, "is to stop thinking about yourself—lose yourself in your work."

"Gosh! and me a cement mixer!"

IN PEDIATRICS DISPENSARY

Kind Doctor (about to vaccinate): "I wouldn't cry like that if I were you."

His Victim: "Boo-hoo!—well—you can cry any way you like—boo-hoo—but this is the only way I know."

ON THE BALCONY OF THE PHYSIOLOGY LECTURE ROOM

"These nurses seem to be abandoning all restrictions," said the sophomore, as he accidentally gazed toward the nurses' quarters and saw a beautiful blonde remove her brassiere.

IN RECTAL CLINIC

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

"And you found it?"

"Well, I'm in a hole now."

IN CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

"Take a drink from this flask."

"Bah, that's sweet stuff."

"Thanks, old fellow, old cheese. I guess I won't have to run a Benedict. It's diabetic urine all right."

IN MEN'S MEDICAL WARD

Little Johnnie, age six, came to visit his father.

"I bin good, ain't I, pop?"

"Yes, son," the father whispered.

"Well, then, kin I see the baby?"

IN SURGICAL DISPENSARY

"So your wife gave you that black eye?"

"Yes. Home Bruise."

IN MEDICAL DISPENSARY

"I had rheumatism a couple of years ago and the doctor advised me to avoid dampness. Well, I've come to ask you if I may take a bath?"

IN DERMATOLOGY DISPENSARY

"How does your skin condition bother you?"

"It doesn't bother me. It eetches."

IN THE SURGICAL WARDS

"Will the anesthetic make me sick?"

"Oh, slightly."

"How long will it be before I know anything?"

"Oh, now—now, aren't you expecting too much of an anesthetic?"

IN MEN'S MEDICAL WARD

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-six."

"How many children do you have?"

"Ah don't know, man, ah'se not married."

IN ORTHOPEDIC DISPENSARY

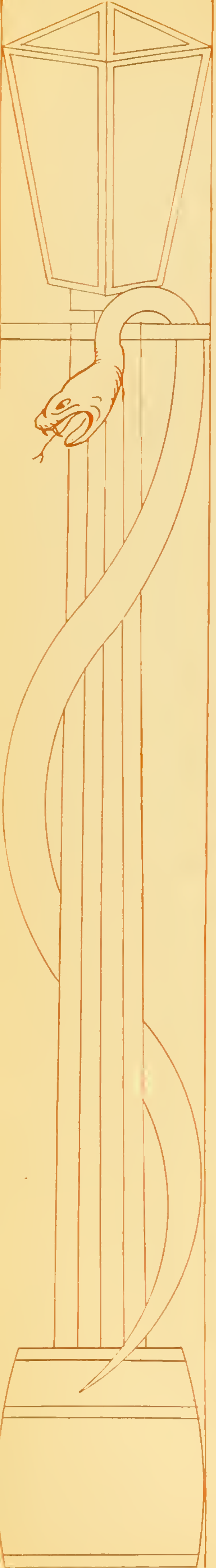
"My feet burn somethin' terrible, doc. Would a mustard bath be all right?"

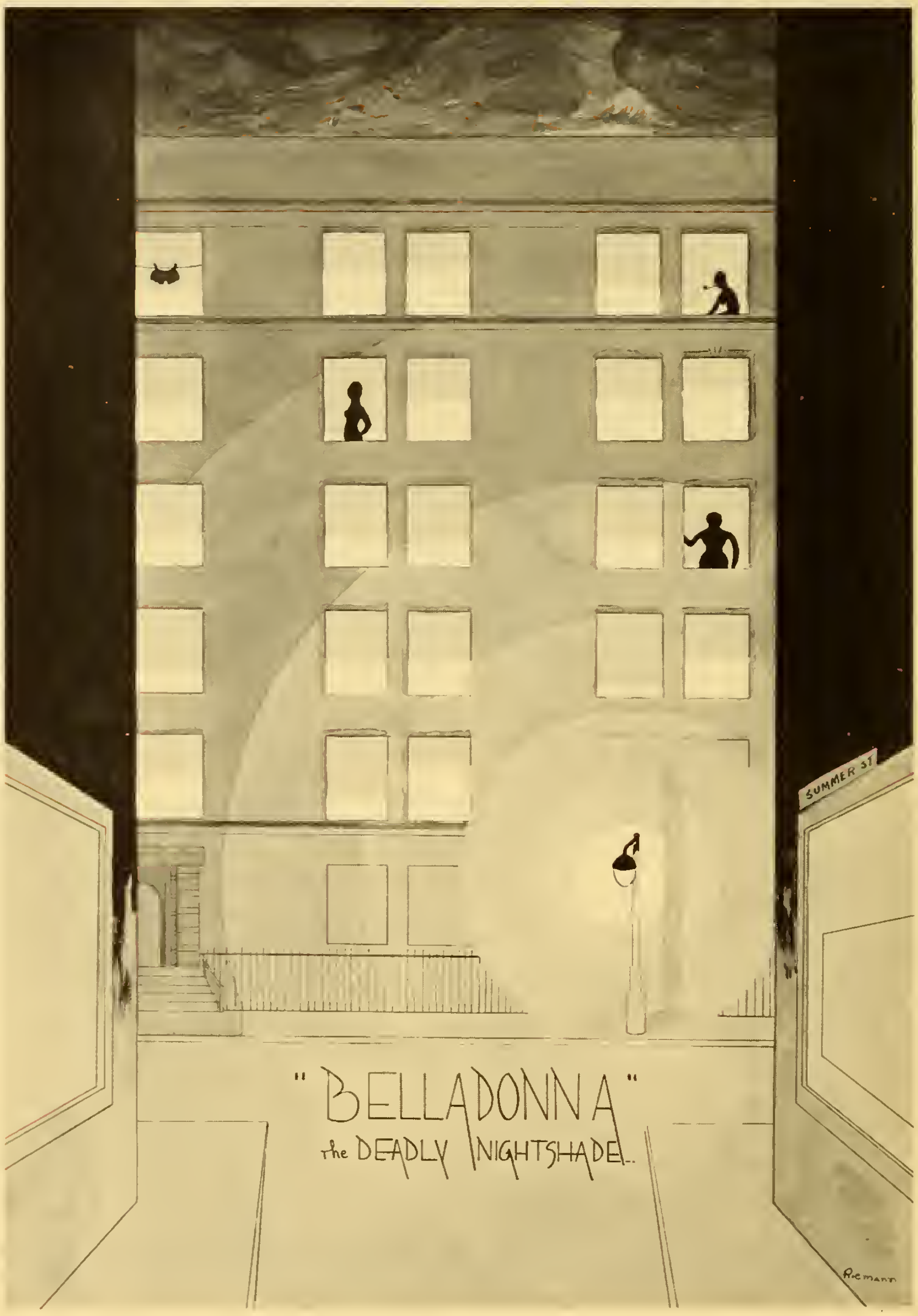
"Yes, indeed. Mustard's fine for hot dogs."

ONE NIGHT DR. MERCER CALLED TWO SENIORS

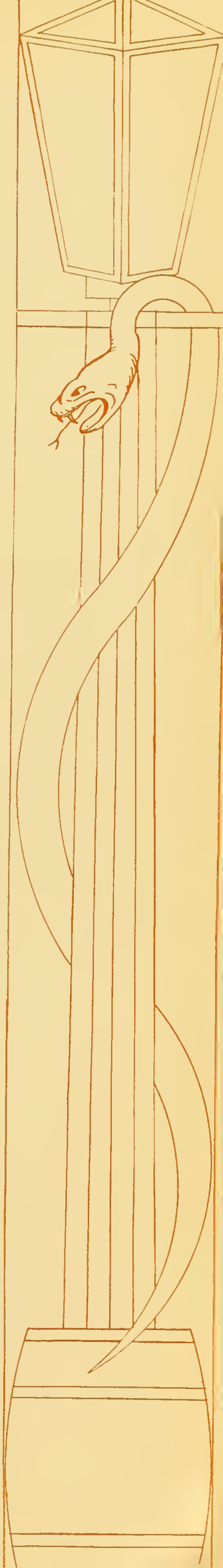
"Well, here we are," said the two sleepy seniors who knocked on the door at three-thirty A. M.

"Oh, we don't want you this time," the newly wed husband who had answered the knock said, as he consulted his watch. "My wife just wanted to see how soon you could get here in case the stork should come unexpectedly."




"BELLADONNA"
the DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.
SUMMER ST
Riemann

Thoughts While Strolling Through the Hospital



GROUND FLOOR DISPENSARIES—

. . . The mob scene at the pharmacy . . . bustle of nurses breezing hither and yon . . . neat social service workers and immaculate technicians . . . hordes of suffering humanity seeking mitigation of their ills.

Skin section—Future skin men taking it from "Bernie," and liking it whether they will or no. Ah . . . some day the worm will turn . . . no, we don't mean Dr. Bernstein.

Medical—Those two females, Whalen and Fine . . . words fail us . . . are we men or are we gentlemen? Anyway we have to watch our language. Waiting for a patient whom we hope will not be another inmate of 18th and Hamilton . . . but hope is futile for already we smell the disinfectant on his clothes at a distance. The physical examination and the diagnosis . . . wrong as usual the self-satisfied staff man informs us. The impossible—trying to think of an indicated remedy, or any remedy.

Pediatrics—Blubbering little bambini . . . rounded little cherubim . . . and tiny bags of bones with lack-lustre eyes . . . bawling babies drooling slaver and soiling their diapers. Future cutthroats and respected men in their community. Little pickaninnies with leather lungs abusing our membrana tympani . . . Trying to recall the infant feeding formulae we learned in our sleep in the Junior year.

SECOND FLOOR—

Senior student room. The Black-Jack Society in session . . . hit . . . hit and double. . . . The famous Smith Elevator System—the original of the one way elevators . . . heh, heh . . . good old Smith. Our powers of persuasion were indeed insignificant compared to the fear of God he instilled into the hearts of the elevator operators against taking us up from the ground floor or down from the other floors . . . good old Smith, may his tribe increase.

Surgical dispensary—The same two females are with us again, worse the luck! Is there no balm in Gilead? Those confounded gowns that continually slipped off our shoulders as we treated the patients. Antiseptics, salves, ointments . . . the eternal question . . . what to use? A little bit of major surgery . . . removing a few sutures. Hot boric acid compresses . . . panacea par excellence . . . when in doubt use a boric acid compress . . . when not in doubt, a boric acid compress . . . ain't education wonderful?

G. U.—The submerged tenth . . . flotsam and jetsam of a modern civilization. What's that about preventive medicine? Tenderloin toughs . . . outcasts . . . shady, seedy derelicts apparently allergic to water, internally and externally. Others less shady seeking hospital rather than private attention to escape stigma . . . rewards of promiscuity.

Gyny—The analogue to the above. Indiscreet "femmies" with resigned countenances. This among other things was reserved for us until the Senior year to smother the final spark of romance that might have lingered in our hearts in spite of the medical curriculum.

Ear, nose and throat—Gagging each other to the point of regurgitation with laryngeal and pharyngeal mirrors. . . . "Yes, doctor, we saw this patient's vocal cords" . . . (yass, we did not!). The ear drum . . . looking for the landmarks—umbo, cone of light, short process of the manubrium . . . but instead developing a strabismus trying to obtain the proper reflection of light from our head mirrors.

THIRD FLOOR—

Delivery rooms—Endless waiting for the delivery . . . especially tedious in the small hours of the morning . . . wisecracking with the scrubnurses when the supervisor is out of the way. The x-ray apparatus . . . magnificent equipment . . . dictaphones . . . spotless cleanliness . . . where everything bespeaks efficiency. The radium department . . . the trim gentleman in the white coat who looks at us over the tops of his spectacles with a kindly paternal expression. The man with the most disarming smile we have ever seen and whom we have all loved and revered from the first minute we heard and saw him, Dr. Benson.

FOURTH FLOOR—MATERNITY WARDS—

The roll-book . . . ill-fitting gowns that have to be worn for the chief reason that they make the wearer feel perfectly silly and ridiculous. Trying to retain one's self-respect in these monstrosities. . . . Spots before the eyes after smelling a lochia pad. . . . The nursery with its little tots whose noisy début into this haven of happiness was only a matter of days or hours . . . resting peacefully, happily unaware of the future. That corking blond nurse with blue eyes that seem to say, "Will you come and play with me?" . . . If you know what *we mean* . . . if you know what *we mean*. What is so rare as a good-looking nurse?

FIFTH FLOOR—SURGICAL WARDS—

Stercoraceous and uriniferous zephyrs lazily floating along the corridors. Patients still nauseated from their anesthesia think we are doctors . . . "you can fool some of the people some of the time . . ." Extension frames, enteroclysis stands and other modern innovations that make life interesting for . . . students. Flowers and b. coli . . . phooey!

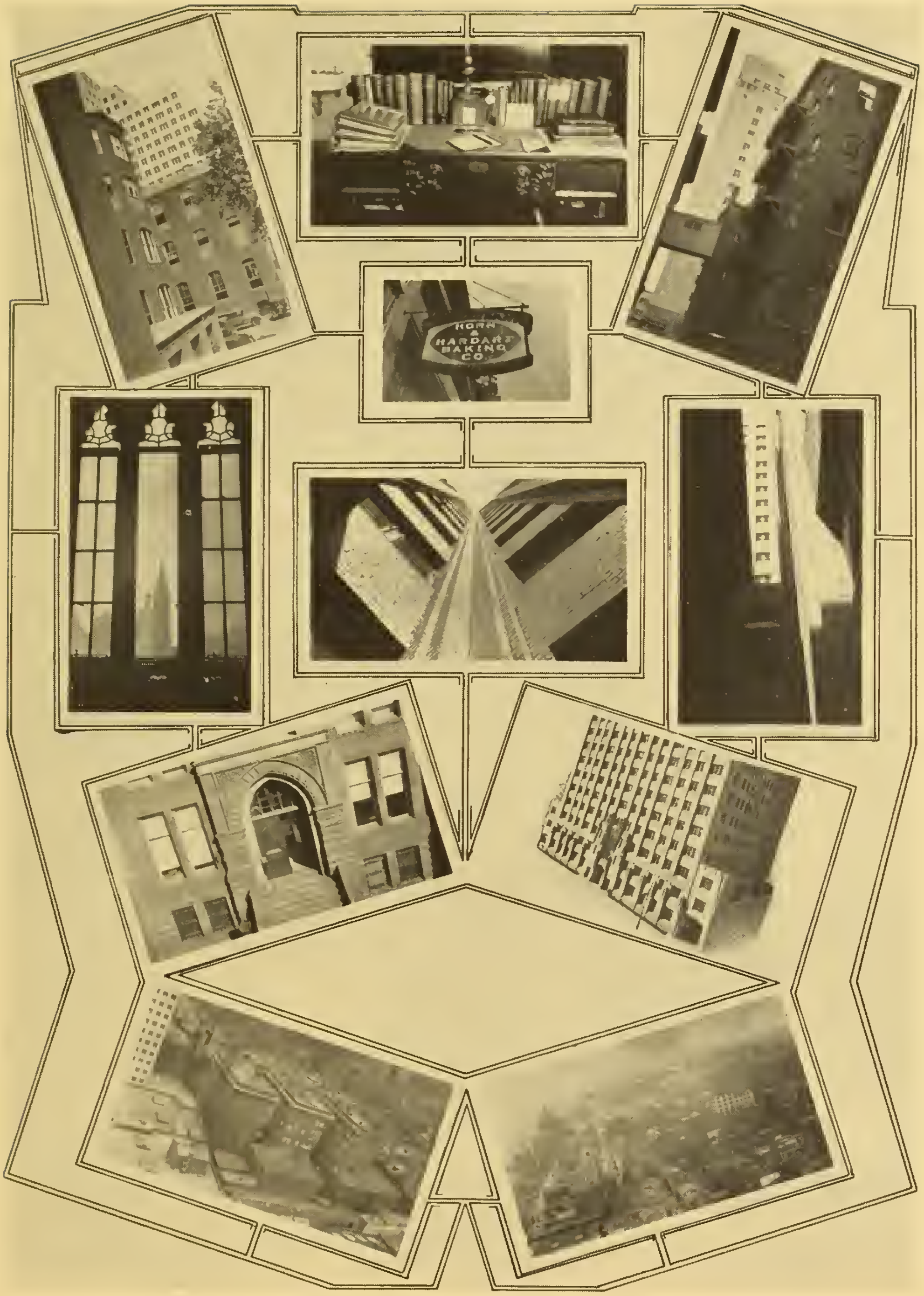
SIXTH FLOOR—MEDICAL WARDS—

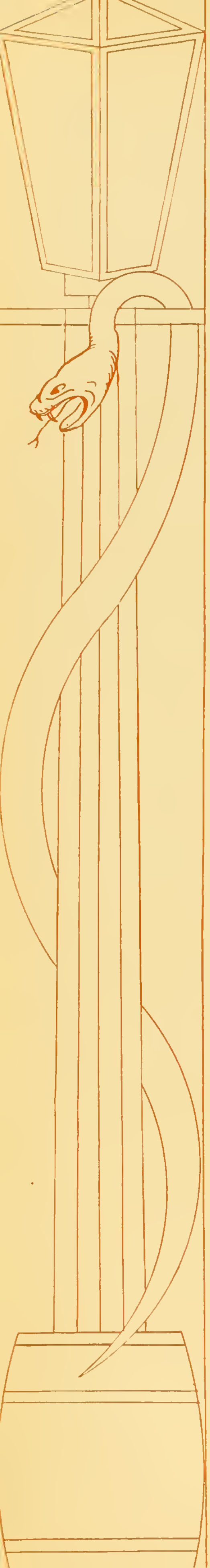
More odors . . . but kinder to one's nostrils. Junior students somnambulating along the wards with stethoscopes dangling so inconspicuously out of their pockets. Other gentlemen (Seniors) walking with less trepidation and as though they are going somewhere. History taking . . . "and ever since you were kicked in the head by a horse, you have had headaches, is that it?" . . . "Well, now let us get at your family history. Was your father ever kicked in the head by a horse? Were any of your uncles ever kicked in the head by a horse? No?" . . . Family history has no bearing on the case.

SEVENTH FLOOR—GYNECOLOGICAL—

The ladies and their troubles. A dozen tongues wagging at a mad clip. Some playing cards . . . reading "movie" magazines. Somehow we have to hand it to these women . . . a panhysterectomy to be performed tomorrow does not hinder them from making the most of today . . . ignorance is bliss here, if anywhere. . . . Still attempting the impossible . . . to go through the wards with some degree of poise and professional demeanor, when you can feel a score of feminine onlookers giving you the "once-over," and one feminine "once-over" is enough; ask any woman.

* * * * * * *

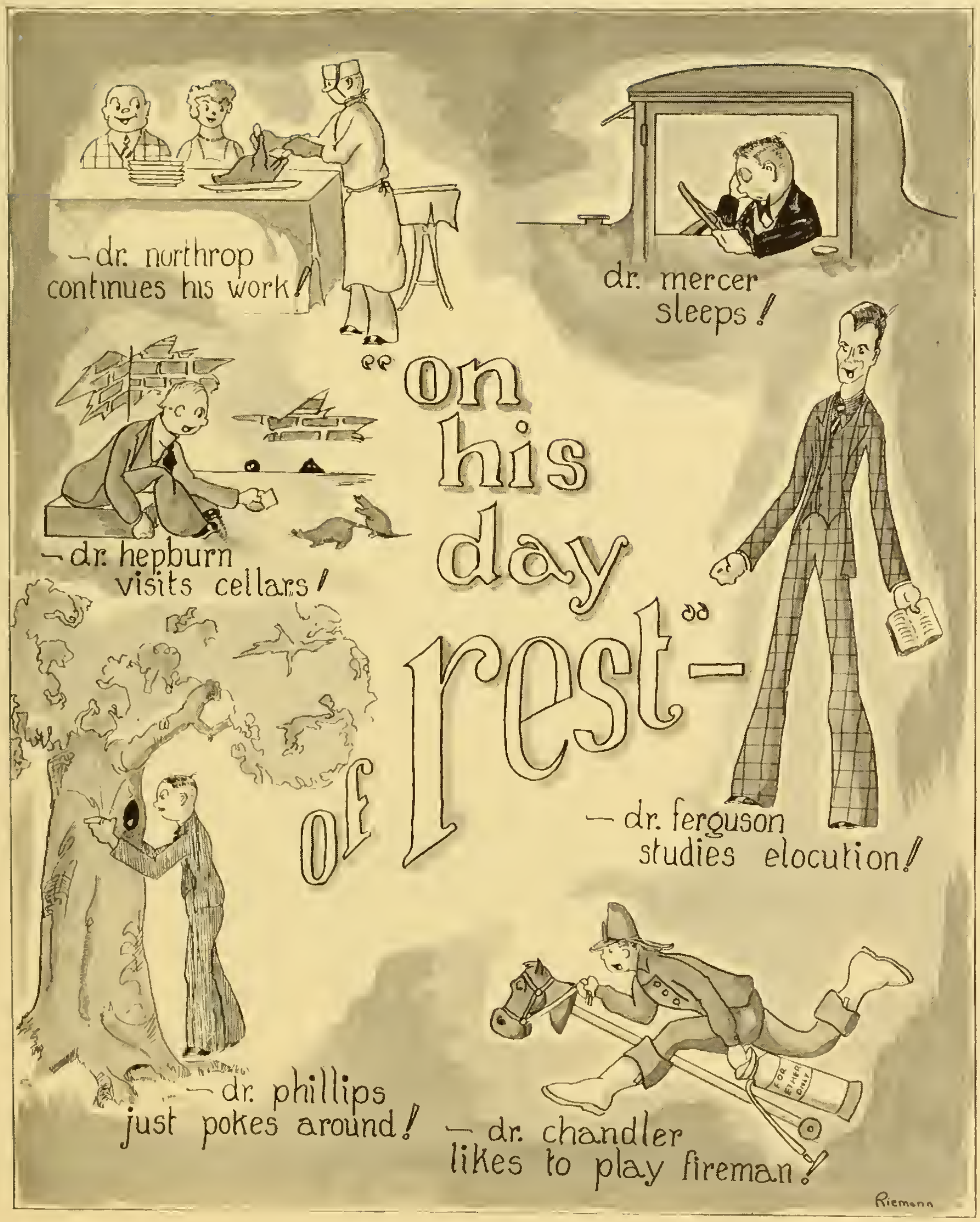

HORN
&
HARDART
BAKING
CO.

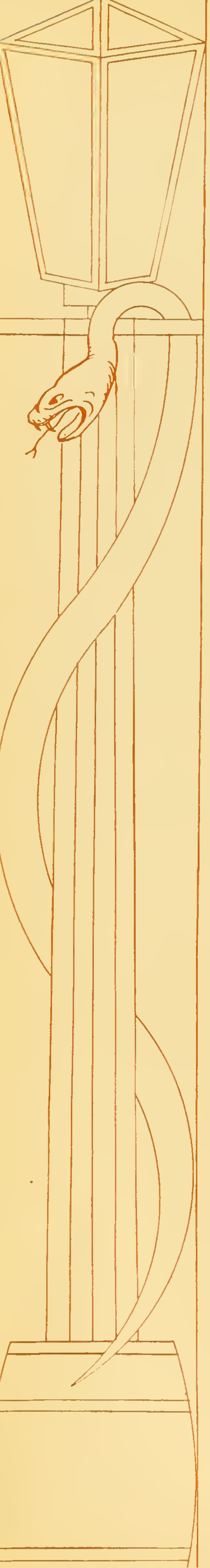


The Faculty

John Smyth	Director of the Hospital
Polka "Dot" Hontas	Superintendent of Nurses
William Fearson	The Bean of the College
Abe Ortionist	Professor Demeritus
Chic Sale	Specialist in Privyology
Wm. C. Funseeker	High Colonic Irrigations
A. Killer Unworthy	Prostating Massages
H. M. Neverhard	Venereal Diseases
Jawn Knee James	Sobstetrics
Ronald R. Verguson	Steven's Professor of Medicine
Vain T. Sillyman	Insanaesthesia
D. Pushrod Jaymes	Ginecology
More N. Worser	Lectures on Somnambulism
Effie Bristol	Finer Purgery
William Le Faker	Non-Pharmacal Errorpeutics
Wm. Silvys	Dark Room Technique
Jay W. Crank	Sex Ways
Ralph Burnfine	Pornography and Squermatology
J. Babbling Brook	Elocution and Eloquence
Peon Ashkraft	Impurology
Dun Derby	Card-iology
J. Tantrum Krellyn	Fussyology
Joe Inept Burn	Dizzyillogical Chemistry
Born A. Man	Drachmatic Silences
G. Howe Sickly	Sickly Diets

The biggest strain under which we
placed our imagination this year.
What Dr. Ashcraft would call a
"bloody opee-ration."


"on his day of rest"—
—dr. northrop continues his work!
dr. mercer sleeps!
—dr. hepburn visits cellars!
—dr. ferguson studies elocution!
—dr. phillips just pokes around!
—dr. chandler likes to play fireman!
FOR ETHER ONLY
Riemann



Faculty Notes

IF Dr. Bernstein gives the seniors enough rope they'll hang him.

Clemmer and James say, "The loon may be a funny bird, but it takes the stork to kid us along."

There are persistent rumors to the effect that Dr. Phillips is a musician of some note. It is said that he occasionally gives organ recitals during anatomy lectures.

"I guess I've lost another pupil," lamented Dr. Snyder when he discovered another glass eye was missing.

Dr. Mercer suffers from a very annoying illness. He has lately become a prey to insomnia and no longer permits sleeping during his lectures.

Dr. Martin insists that the production of an unsightly bandage is merely a matter of "gauze and effect."

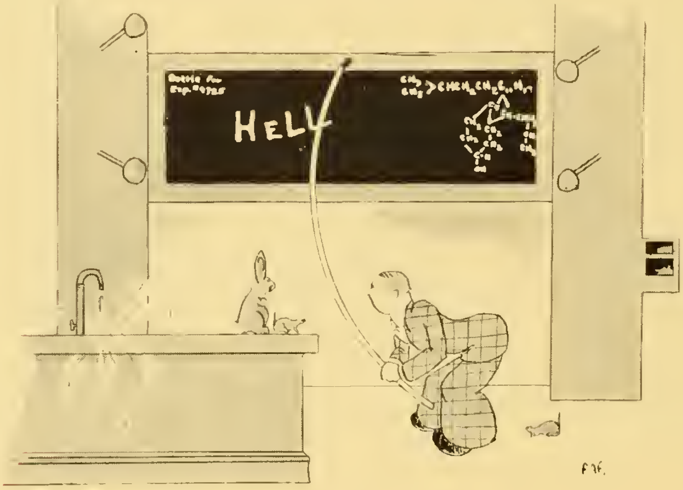
Joseph Hepburn, the famous character actor, is elated at his recent success in dramatics. He has been selected to portray the role of Glycogen in his favorite melodrama, "The Rise and Fall of Sugar Bludd."

Dean Pearson says he almost always uses the elevator to the third floor because he is beginning to notice the Staircase Effect.

Dr. Favorite wears a perplexed look these days. Perhaps he, like so many of his students, has lost the path in pathology.

Dr. Chandler is bewailing the fact that he is the innocent cause of the death of a freshman. He maintains that at 9.06 A. M., Tuesday morning, he was taking attendance strictly in accordance with his duty when a freshman, who had obviously been running excessively, issued pell-mell from the stairway, ran toward him panting violently, and fell dead of exhaustion at his feet after gasping, "How ma-many roll calls have, have I m-missed, Dr. Chandler?"

The battle to reduce the mortality rate due to operative surgical procedures has not yet been won. Though Dr. Fisher has his own operating room in the basement of the college and enjoys the benefit of perfect and complete anesthesia we have yet to see one of his subjects leave the table alive.



Dr. Chandler Raises Hell

Dr. Roth, formerly of the Pathology Department, emphatically denies that he intends to challenge Floyd Gibbons and Dr. John E. James to engage with him in a marathon talking contest.

Mr. Hicks is convinced that the football games between the Department of Chemistry and the Freshmen have resulted in too many mortalities to the latter. It is imperative, he thinks that the rules be changed. He believes that the Department of Chemistry is making use of power plays unfairly and cites particularly their springing of the Chloride Shift on the unsuspecting and fatigued freshmen.

We'd like to hurl a "crack" at
Our friend, Dr. Sylvis;
We hesitate
"By reason of the fact that"
He might think ill of us.

G-A-S

"GENTLEMEN, this is the most important course in the medical curriculum."

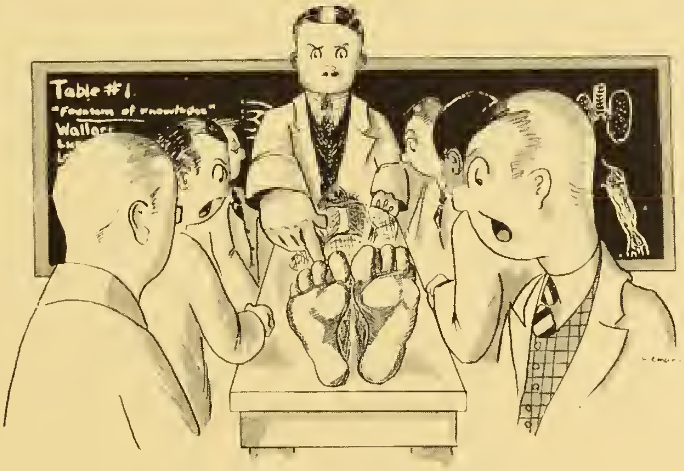
"And you'll meet with cases like this, gentlemen, you'll meet with them."

"I devised the remarkable improvement of having my assistant turn it for me."

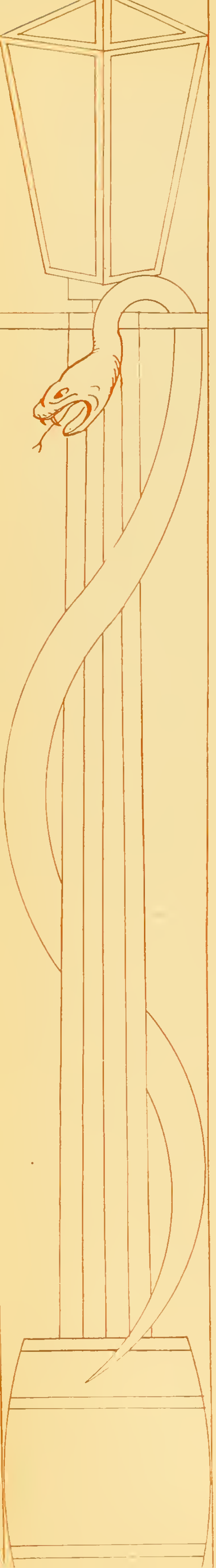
"You don't know, do you? Well, why don't you know? I'll tell you why you don't know. Because you didn't go home and study twenty minutes last night. That's why you don't know. If you studied this stuff twenty minutes each night you'd make an indelible impression upon your subconscious mind. You'd never forget it. You'll be wantin' this stuff one of these days, and you won't have it at your finger tips. And you'll sweat blood. Now you pay attention up there."

"Oh, men, I'm trying to put this course across—I'm trying to put it across. I'm giving you everything I have. For God's sake, men, please don't talk. I don't want to be a crank, but I can't talk when you talk . . . Now, then, when you are pushing ether and the patient goes ahhhh—men, for God's sake, stop."

"The clavicle, men, the clavicle."



Dr. Phillips Giving a Stiff Examination



History of Our Class from the Remotest Antiquity Up Until Year 4 B.C.

(Before Commencement)

THE researches of Weissmann and his followers have proven the theory of the continuity of the germ plasm. This implies that the nucleus or germ of our class was originally found residing placidly in the semi-tropical climatology of a Graafian follicle of dear old Mother Eve. Here all was peace and quiet, and none of us in those remote, contented times had the prophetic vision to foretell the remarkable and unparalleled series of misfortunes which awaited us before we should finally lay claim to man's estate and the coveted M.D.

Be that as it may, at sometime or other (the chronology of these dark times is distinctly hazy) our home in the lovely Graafian follicle became untenable, due to a series of little understood metamorphoses. The anti-prohibitionists solemnly affirm, however, that the real cause was the exhaustion of our store of follicular liquor. We can discern clearly, at least, that our Ovum (as our clan was then called) migrated.

It was only natural that our Ovum should seek the Land of Uterus, for, as was well known, even in those days, there indeed was a region well suited for growth and development. The records leave us in some doubt as to just what route was traversed, but those who have studied the subject most maintain that undoubtedly the tortuous Fallopian Way was the path of selection.

It was in the course of this exodus that our Ovum came into contact with the Spermatozoöns. These were barbaric peoples, unbelievably numerous and ferocious. At that time, as at this, the question of the origin of these queer folk was much debated. The most prevalent theory was, and is, that some mysterious interplanetary cataclysm brought our effeminate world into momentary collision with another world—tentatively designated Masculinus. It is thought that the heat thus generated caused much of the more or less liquid protoplasmic life existent thereon to be thrust off, perhaps in a fine steam-like spray, and that out of this came the Spermatozoöns. This is the Exogenous Theory; the Stork Theory is quite different, but one to which no one really pays very much attention.

We had traversed two-thirds of the Fallopian Way when hordes of these rapidly moving Spermatozoöns descended upon us. One factor alone turned the issue in our favor. We had wisely brought along with us an adequate food supply, consisting chiefly of egg yolk. The Spermatozoöns were not so fortunate in this respect. Hundreds of them died of starvation, and hundreds more of chagrin at their failure to penetrate our Ovular Wall, which we had erected for our protection.

Even so, we suffered the humiliation of having at least one Spermatozoön force his way into our midst. Fortunately for us, however, he agreed to surrender his identity and to become a part of us in return for keep and board. There are even many who claim that this influx of barbaric blood had a stimulating effect upon our Ovum.

Thereafter we forged onward to the Land of Uterus, where we discovered a pleasant decidual vegetation; and soon, with our knowledge of trophic activity, we had dug out in these pleasant surroundings a home for ourselves (we were cave-dwellers, of course), and in nine months time we had a truly remarkable structure to show for our labor.

From this time on until the beginning of the twentieth century the record of the nucleus or germ of our class is very sketchy, because germinal division and subdivision began shortly after our arrival in the Land of Uterus, and this was repeated and re-repeated; one germ cell giving rise to two germ cell forms, each of which in their turn did likewise. And so the monotonous story runs—gametogenesis followed by fertilization, fertilization followed by gametogenesis.

The important thing to remember is that that focus of life of which we first spoke became, in time, widely scattered, so that particles of it were found in an almost incalculable number of gonads.

In the eleventh century it must have seemed that such a thing as the reunion of our class at Hahnemann in 1928 was an utter impossibility. Henry Adams calculated on the basis of bi-parentalism that the germinal protoplasm which was to give rise to a single member of our class was distributed in the gonads of more individuals than were existent at that time. Permit me to quote:

> "Since the generation which followed William the Conqueror to England in 1066, we can reckon twenty-eight or thirty from father to son, and, if you try to figure the sum, you will find that you had two hundred and fifty million arithmetical ancestors living in the middle of the eleventh century."

If one takes into consideration that a normal individual has two gonads, and that there are one hundred twelve members of our class, then the final figures for gonadal distribution of our protoplasm in the eleventh century may be said to be 2x112x250,000,000 or 56,000,000,000!

These facts prove incontrovertibly that every man and woman living in the eleventh century, whether king or begger, is a twig of our glorious ancestral tree. Fellow-classmen, it behooves us to forget the more seamy side of our ancestry and to remember that we are of royal stock! Furthermore, I suggest that we immediately appoint a Committee on Genealogy to delve into the imperishable records of our descent, so that each of us may adopt for himself that escutcheon of antiquity which pleaseth most, and emblazon thereon, in the purest of white gold, our noble heraldic-arms. Sharkis will lead while the orchestra plays the Star-Spangled Banner.

* * * * * * * * *

And now that George has so courteously furnished me with a glass of water at this dramatic moment, I feel capable of continuing.

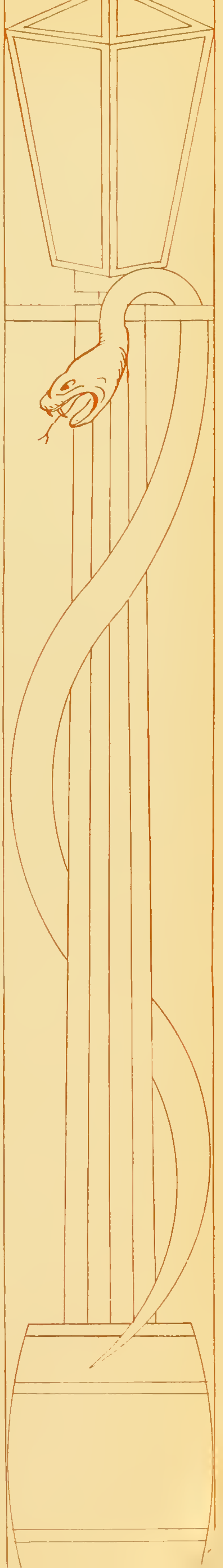
The human mind cannot but be staggered by the magnitude of that converging process which brought about the concentration of our germinal plasm into a comparatively small group of men and women at the beginning of the twentieth century.

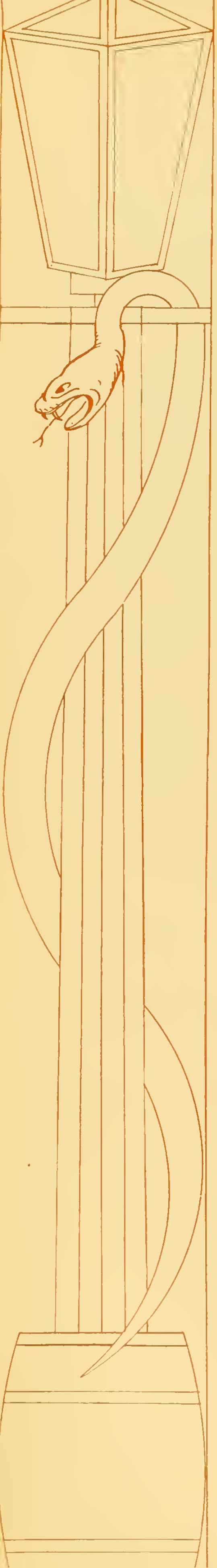
Along about nineteen hundred five, six, and seven, a sudden burst of amazing activity was exhibited by those germ cells which were our immediate progenitors. A new energy seemed to possess them. They tired of their unicellular protozoöid existence and aspired to the higher life of the true metazoa. This abstract longing was soon given concrete expression in the form of somatic development. And then to the delight of our pleased parents, and to the dismay of our future instructors, if they had been aware of the true significance of the event, the calm of night and day was shattered by the cacaphony of our shrieks of infantile rage and glee, as one after the other of us slid over the perineum and appeared upon this mundane scene of human activity.

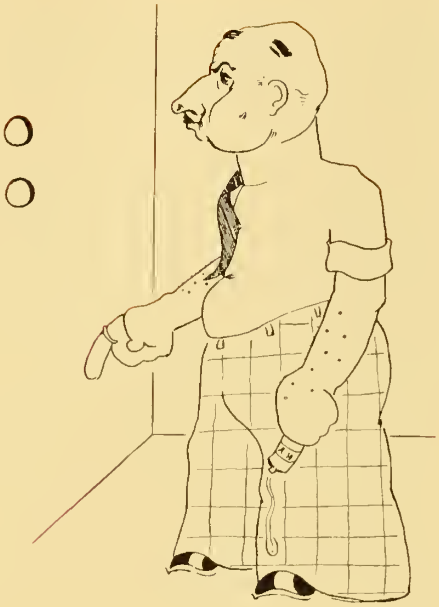
I need not enumerate all those evidences of future genius, which we displayed even at so early an age—how we learned to say papa and mama at one year, for instance—because the Department of Pediatrics has already done this so much more uninterestingly than I could ever hope to do.

Suffice it, then, to say that in the Fall of 1928, the impossible occurred—we, the so widely dispersed Class of Nineteen Thirty-two, once more united, after having experienced and overcome all the vicissitudes that adverse Fate had so unkindly inflicted upon us.

Note: Those interested in the subsequent history of our class will find a masterly treatment of this subject in the appendage to the Headache known as the "Medic."







Allar, the cynic,
In rectal clinic,
Was learning about women from men;
And made a mistake,
Such as any might make,
Behind in their G—Y and N.

Time and Haines hurry for neither man nor woman.

Rabadilla,
Funny filla,
Will cure the sick,
Make well the illa,
Practicing in old Manilla.
When they're cured
He'll send the billa—
Proper fee
For all his skilla.
If its size
His patients killa,
He'll not take
A toxic pilla;
But his belly
He will filla—
Drown his sorrows—
Drink vanilla.

Erlenbach, in the days before he was married, delved deeply into the subject of birth control. A year after he took unto himself a wife, he was the head of a family of three.

The moral of this little tale is a lesson on

THE LIMITATION OF FAMILIES

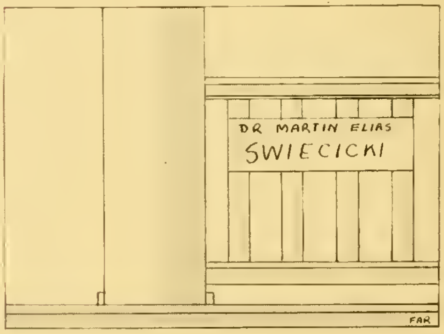
The best way for a man to control
His progeny
Is to practice with his heart and soul
Misogyny.

The Department of Pediatrics is pointing with pride to Cunningham as a prize bottle baby.

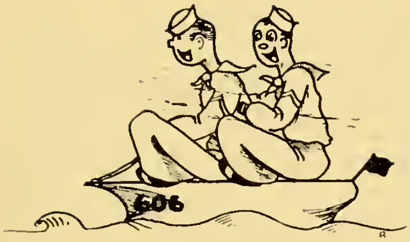
Former President Sloan is raving about that new fraternity song, "The Sweetheart of Mala Chi."

The inky juice of the cuttle-fish
Is the drug we know as Sepia;
And Rothrock is a man than whom
There isn't any Slepia.

Did you know that there were three Magnetic Poles? The North, the South, and "Butch" Koreywo.



Swiecicki, why seek ye
Fortune, the Dame?
Knowest thou not that she
Can't speak thy name?



Free and Rothrock, the sailormen, plan to specialize in umbilical hernia. They claim that navel experience means everything in this specialty.

Goodwin and Oscar Wilde are both of the opinion that to look wise is quite as good as understanding a thing, and very much easier.

During our Allentown trip, Eckert proved himself an adept in the art of handling women. Most of his evenings were spent in digitalizing females.

Lubowitz! Lubowitz!
A man with a tub o' wits!

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER STREET

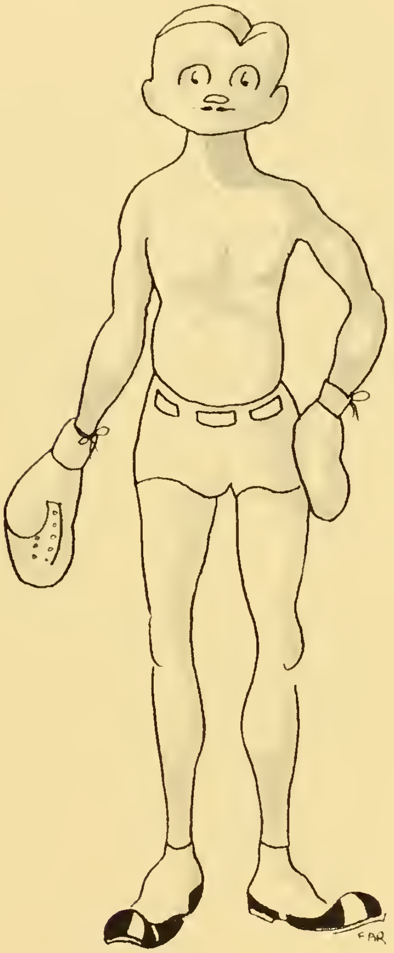
Our good friend, Robert Wible Wallace, joined the Rho's in his Junior year at a time when he was living on Summer Street. He was a little late, of course, but violets are blue and roses are fragrant, a rose is a rose, and one Rho's as good as another, even though they all do smell . . . . . . fragrantly.

TO A HAIR LIP

When Fred is in a nasty sulk
  Fred's upper lip hangs low.
Fred only licks what Licks can lick—
  Fred licks a hair or so.

Dr. Horn—"We have had outbreaks of lues following kissing games."

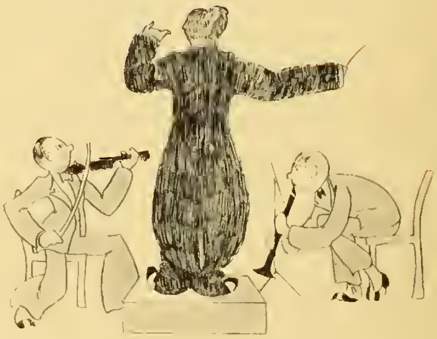
Bridgman (awake)—"What were they kissing doctor?"

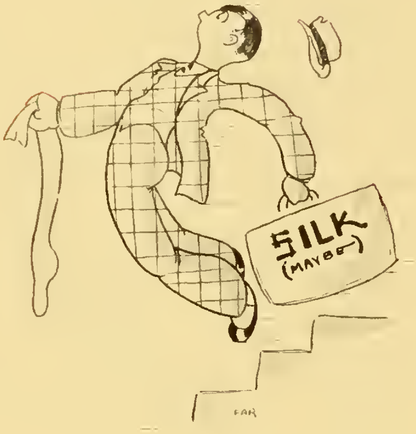


Dempsey
At the Height of His Physical Power.
"Who said I can't lick Broselow?"

If the Depression Continues:-

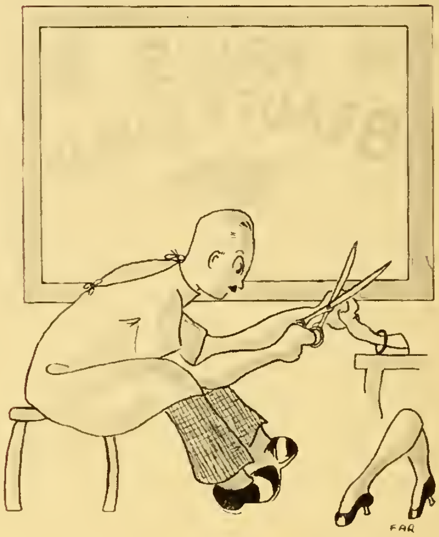
Hi! diddle diddler,
Sharkis, the fiddler,
An orchestra leader can B





While any dull summer,
Driebelbis, drummer,
Can travel far as U C,

Ash cash can be earning,
Keep home fires a-burning,
Holding hands with a cute Q T,



And Don Richie live richly—
An inventor can he be—
But I'll starve, a poor M-T M.D.

Miller, called Lee,
  Phi Beta Kappa,
In Allentown he
  Behaved likea sappa.

If wine is manufactured in Winesburg, Ohio, does all the gin come from Ginsburg, Nathan? And if Germans drink beer in steins, why is it illegal to pour wine into Weinstein?

Dr. Horn—"Frankel."
Frankel (awaking from sleep)—"Will you repeat that question doctor?"

Wine — Cunningham, Miller, Coyer, Shear.
Wine and Women—Eckert, Grossman, Jones, Shear.
Wine Women and Song—Kobisk, Goodwin, Trexler, Shear.

Of all the big men of this school
  The mightiest is Sharkis.
The man's a jewel, he's not a mule,—
  Nor yet a walking carcass.
He's not a fool, though as a rule
  He'd fool the men who'd mark us.

G-A-S

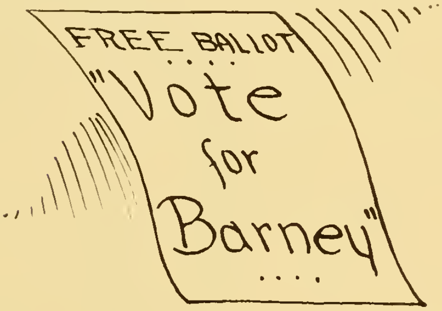
Klembara Speaking—"They were standing around the table doing nothing, so I took the kidney out."

Rosner Talking—"Well, to tell you the truth doctor .... "

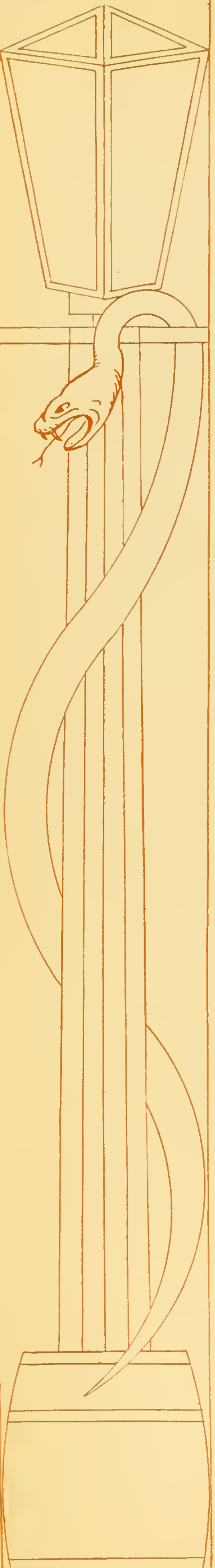
Scheuer Whispering—"Just between you and me, Dr. Ashcraft, how long do you think the patient will live?"

A Freshman Shouting (at class meeting)—"I DEMAND recognition, I had this floor first."

Dr. Horn—"By what avenues do pathogenic bacteria most frequently enter?"
Wagenseller—"Delaware Avenue."



Oh, please take some note
Of Barney Stegura,
To get his goat
And raise him to fura,
Just tell him you'll vote
For one better and pura.



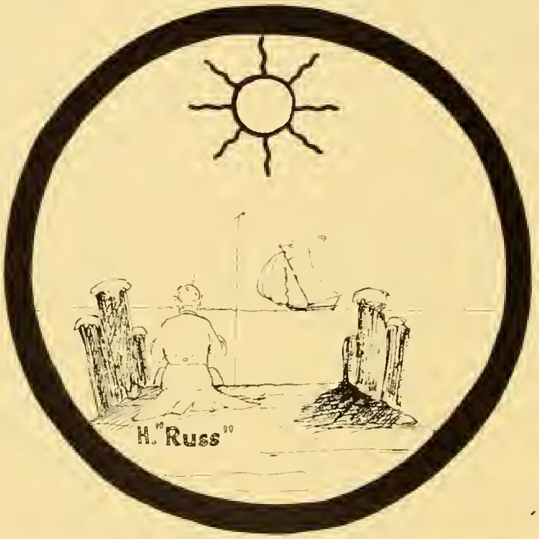
Sports

MAJOR SPORTS

Canoeing	In Hunter's Canal
Tennis	The Mark We Made on the Basis of 100
Sleighing	Frogs for Physiology
Snaring	Polyps
Bowling	With a Bowles Stethoscope
Jogging	Livers
Fishing	(See Illustration)
Mountain Climbing	To Physiology Lab
Tug of War	Forceps Applications
Hurdling	Over Inferior Seats to the Prize Seats at Exams
Pocket Billiards	?
La Crosse	The Street to Gene's for a Cone
Cross Country	To St. Luke's
Hunting	For Classes in the Senior Year
Trotting	Through the Minors

OTHER SPORTS

COHEN
LA RUSSO
MOYER



"FISHER" IN ANO
.. AS VIEWED THRU THE PROCTOSCOPE

Glee Club

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing.
Did certain persons die before they sing."
—Samuel Coleridge.

Florence Tinsel .... *Pleader*

MEMBERS

Tenors (whiskey)	*Basses* (bath tub)
E. Haymound Gambler	Charles B. Palely
Larry Skinney	Gay Gabbler
Abram B. Girland	Barnyard Bark

Irvon B. Burd .... *Soprano*

FAVORITE SELECTIONS

1. Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life.
2. COHEN Home and Tell Your Mother.
3. O'GARA Me Back to Old Virginny.
4. Let Me Call You Sweetheart.
5. Bye-Bye, Cheri.
6. We COOMBE From Bryn Mawr, From Bryn Mawr COOMBE We.
7. We Would Rather BUCK Than Fight.

OUR SECRET AMBITION

To lead the Hahnemann Symphony.

We'd like to lead the orchestra. We'd like to lead the members out of the College, down Race Street to the wharf and into the Delaware.

LOVER COME BACK TO ME

Sappingtoniana

"I ONCE knew a man who committed suicide by slashing his carotids with a razor. The blood hit the ceiling, he hit the floor. He was quite dead when I saw him. . . ."

"Doctors, now I want you to answer a little question. You will please close your note-books. You know, there are two ways of answering a question. One is by looking in a book, and the second is by thinking. I grant you that the thinking method is obsolete now, but that is the way I want the question answered, and besides I have a way of telling whether the answer is copied out of a book—you'd be surprised, I'm quite a detective that way."

" . . . is this clear—no—well, I'll give it again, and, really, you'll have to learn the immunologic language, if we are to understand each other."

"I recall a case of sickle cell anemia we had in our hospital. We had to keep him in the hospital several months before he died. His spleen is now reposing in the laboratory."

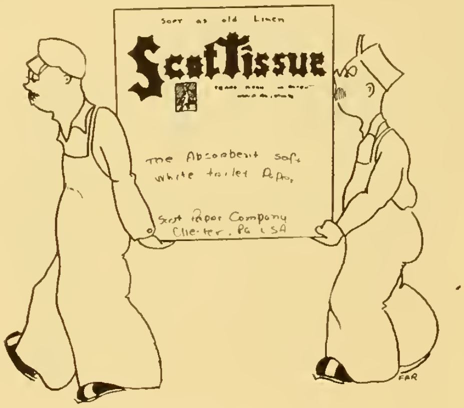
" . . . now get this . . . "

" . . . serum rendered inhibitory may lose its inhibitory power of absorbing homologous bacteria . . . Now I know that this will be a great shock to you."

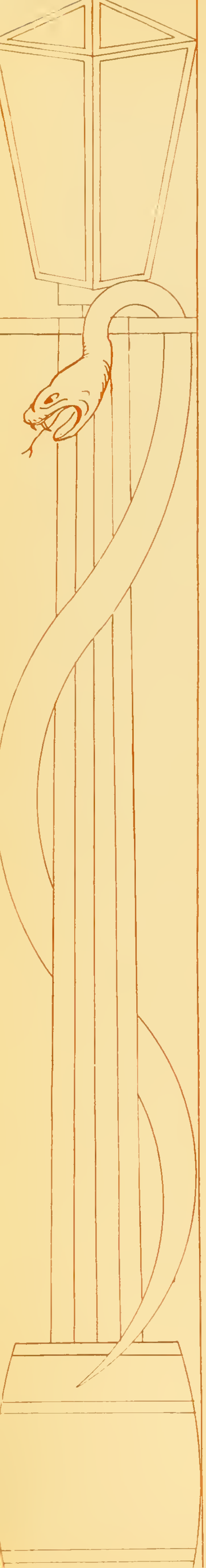
"Ivan, the Terrible, was a terrible syphilitic."

" . . . and these protect flocculations in the presence of electrolytes . . . You wouldn't think it, would you?"

"Pahltof has done an enormous amount of work in this field. The Russian scientist is over eighty now, and spends most of his time saying that the Communists are no good. He is about the only man in Russia who can do this without visiting Siberia. They just regard him as senile and let him go."


Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The Absorbent soft white toilet paper
Scott Paper Company Chester, Pa USA
FAR

Blue Books for OBS



Events in the Life of a Medical Student

He Arrives at Hahnemann and Writes Home:

Dear Dad:

Arrived at college yesterday. Paid Dr. Widman tuition for the first semester, also laboratory and microscope fees, also caution fee.

My room rent is due. I'm broke, and I have no friends. What shall I do?

Abie.

Dear Abie:

Make some friends, quick.

Your father.

He Gets Into Difficulties, Receives Several Letters, and Fears Another May Flunk Him Out:

This subject is Histology,
Or so I have been told.
It seems more like Mist-ology,
And it's just a few months old.

Alack! Alas! and Well-a-day!
There's one thing I do fear;
If some of this mist
Doesn't very soon clear,
I'm afraid I'll be missed
For the rest of the year.

Months Ahead of the Blue and Gold Ball He Asked the Best-looking Girl He Knew to Attend With Him. Two Days Before the Big Event He Gets a Note From Her Saying So-and-So Asked Her First; He Reflects Upon Letters of this Type:

Notes of engagements
Previous and prior,
How like the notes are
To the notes of a lyre!

One Night the Desire to See His Weakness Comes Upon Him, But He Must Prepare for a Pharmacology Exam on the Morrow:

O Crusher of My Heart,
Dispenser of Delight,
To think that we're apart
Once more again tonight!

That though my heart is aching
For the loving sweetie gives,
That though my heart is breaking
To live only where she lives,
That though my mind is muddy
With endearing adjectives—
To think that I must study
Of drugs and purgatives!

He Notices That He Is Developing Polygamous Tendencies and Expresses a Wish for Righteousness:

I wish I were Solomon,
Virile and strong;
With ten thousand wives
A man couldn't go wrong.

Dr. Sylvis Teaches Him Neurology and Confuses Him a Little:

Phlegmasia alba dolens
And tic douleureux,
The corpora quadrigemina
And substantium album too—
If the gyrus fornicatus
Runs in and out and through,
Why it's perfectly clear in my mind
That I'm in a heluva stew.

He Reads the Philosophy of the East and Delves Into the Mystery of Dreams:

In theory, at least,
I haven't deceased;
And so I surmise that I'm living.

Still, I may be a dream;
And if so, I deem
It rash to give praise and thanksgiving.

He Reads Freud and Ogden Nash:

The poets rave and even shout
About Life's ecstasy,
But Freud maintains there is no doubt
It's only sexstasy.

He Buys a Stethoscope and Studies Physical Diagnosis:

Doc. Snader is the "lovely" chap
Who teaches diagnosis.
He teaches us just where to tap
To find the true prognosis,
And how to tell, without mishap,
T.B. from psittacosis.

He Asks a Very Cynical Question:

Have you ever noticed the remarkable manner in which cribbage replaces bridge, poker, and pinochle in popularity at times of examination?

He Makes a Wise Remark Upon Obstetrical Technique:

The way some men apply forceps
Must cause mother painful sore hips.

He Is Torn Between the Desire for Pleasure and the Ambition to Be a Serious Student. He Becomes Slightly Agnostic:

Within the heart
And soul of me,
In every part,
The whole of me,
There burneth pain and longing.

And when I try
This flame to feed
And satisfy,
It oft doth lead
To sinning and to wronging.

If God made man
To yearn and yearn,
And Devil's fan
(That fire to churn),
And everything to tempt us;

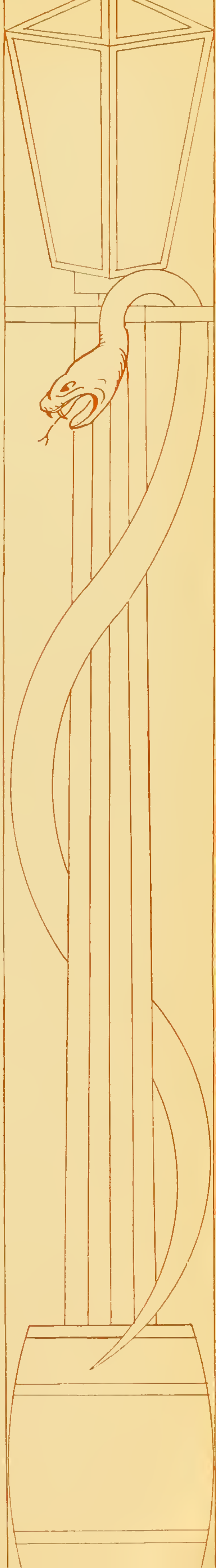
If he has made
Desire for Sin,
And even laid
The trap we're in,
Why not from Hell exempt us?

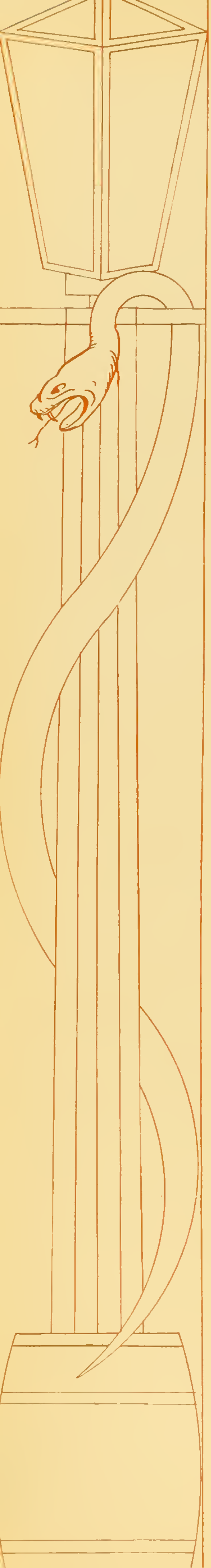
IN G-U DISPENSARY

"Snowball, have you ever had gonorrhoea?"
"What's dat, doc?"
"Have you ever had the running range?"
"No, sah. No, sah! And ah don' evah want to have it any more again."

IN THE MEDICAL WARDS

The noon meal had just been finished and two Cuprum Metallicum patients were talking.
"I've lost my heart," said the one.
"You've gone me one better," groaned the other.





An Anatomical Alphabet

A's for anatomy,
  B is for belly;
When we'd cut into it,
  Lord! wasn't it smelly?

C's for calvarium,
  And D is for dura,
Also for death, than which
  Nothing is surer.

E is for elbow,
  And also for ear,
By its organ of Corti
  It maketh us hear.

F is for frenula,
  G is for George,
Who injects the cadavers
  But fails to engorge.

H is for hip-joint,
  And I for the incus,
And if we don't know this
  The state boards will sink us.

J's for jejunum,
  And K is for knee,
Which, if it's swollen,
  A house-maid's may be.

L is for larynx,
  And M is for mouth,
They both manufacture
  Air hot from the south.

N is for nymphae,
  And O for the ovaries,
They're not all as efficient
  As bad Madame Bovary's.

P is for Phillips,
  And Q for his quizz;
I never could answer
  Those questions of his.

R is for rectum,
  And S for the spine;
They both end in a swelling,
  The fanny, in fine.

T's for two testicles,
  Both ovoid and round;
And U is the uterus,
  Where the foetus is found.

V's for vagina,
  W for womb,
Who comes from the second
  Shall enter a tomb.

X is for xiphoid,
  Just Y I can't say,
Except that the sternum
  Is funny that way.

Z stands for the arch
  That they call zygomatic,
But why you should read this
  Is quite problematic.

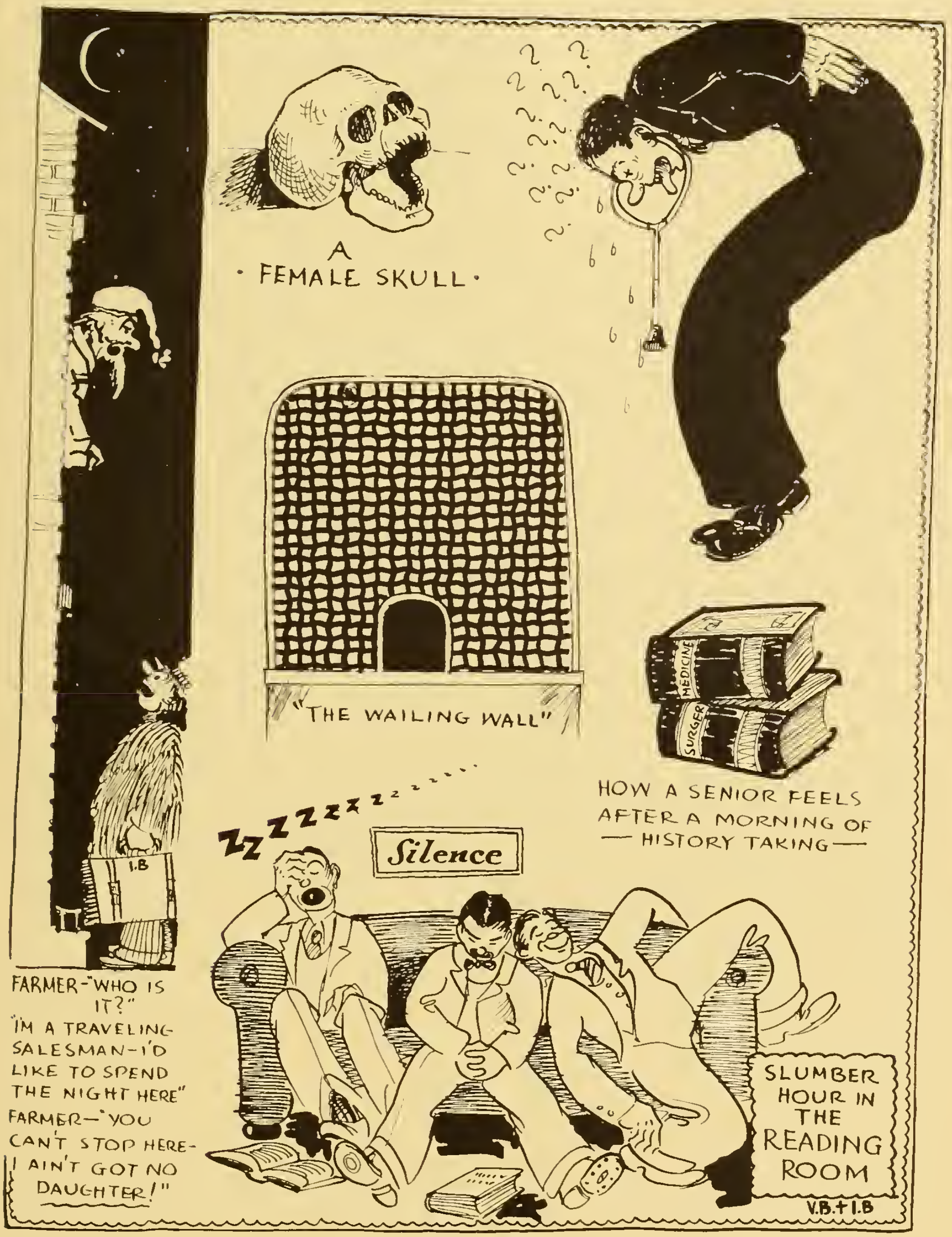
THIS NEVER REALLY HAPPENED

"Mom" Slocum stood in the basement hallway and greeted three freshmen.

"How are Pop's boys today?" she inquired.

At that moment the Senior class issued from room A.

"Watch out, Mom," wise-cracked the freshest of the trio, "here comes the men o' Pa's."


I.B
Silence
MEDICINE
SURGERY
ZZZZZzzzzzz
V.B.+I.B.

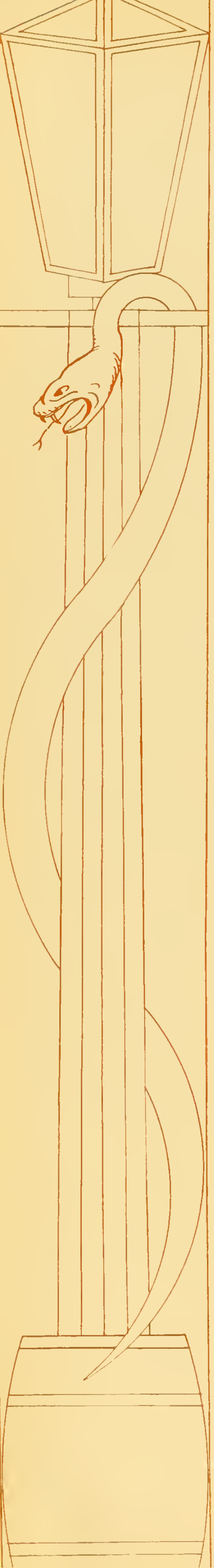
FARMER–"WHO IS IT?"
"I'M A TRAVELING SALESMAN–I'D LIKE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE"
FARMER–"YOU CAN'T STOP HERE–I AIN'T GOT NO DAUGHTER!"

A
· FEMALE SKULL ·

"THE WAILING WALL"

HOW A SENIOR FEELS
AFTER A MORNING OF
— HISTORY TAKING —

SLUMBER
HOUR IN
THE
READING
ROOM



Medical Clinic

(A Misprint from the Hahnemannian Monthly)

GENTLEMEN, we have for consideration today a case both interesting and instructive, and you will meet with LOTZ just like it in future practice. The patient is a young female, good looking, and of exquisite form. For many years she has been partially incapacitated, but she has been able to HALPERN her living by posing in the—the—er—in the habiliments of the bath. I am sure you will be glad of the opportunity to see such a patient as this.

Fortunately for us, we have all the facts BARRON on the case in our possession, and our rECKERTs of her illness are very complete.

Three years ago she was on tour through Italy and had spent sometime in the charming villages of PACELLI and CAMPANA, seemingly in perfect health, but when she came to the beautiful vineyards along the banks of the QUATTROMANI a strange lethargy possessed her which she attributed to nostalgia. And so, shortly thereafter, she embarked on the S. S. PICOLLO and returned to Philadelphia. She made the voyage over a stormy DEMPSEY. A week after her return she came under my care.

She entered my office a nervous wreck. She was wringing her hands and moaning, "No one loves me. No one loves me any more, my sweetheart is tired of me, my brother hates me, father is tired of me, even MARSICO me."

A week later I was called to her home and found her bed-fast. This was on a warm day in August, she was FANNIN herself, and yet she complained of chilliness. "It's KOHLAS HELLER else I'm a LEYRER," she said, as I entered the room. Gentlemen, I never heard a MANKUS so fluently or use fALLAR language, nor dAMDUR, in all my life. I BEDDALL never hear the like again.

You will understand from these facts that there was a pronounced mental phase to this patient's condition, and from this cAUSSPRUNG many difficulties in the way of diagnosis. It was only after careful resolution of the disease picture into its various pARTSIS and careful individual consideration of each factor that we were enabled to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

Now, gentlemen, remember that this patient is twenty-four. She was born in nineteen hundred ah—ah—well, you can figure out for yourselves DIODATI patient was born. The essential fact is, of course, that she was born, and of this we have convinced ourselves as a matter of routine.

Her grandfather had pediculosis at the age of seven; her maiden aunt's second cousin is said to have had a and been rash all her life, while her grandmother died prematurely at ninety-nine and three quarters, after she had complained of not being up to par. This, obviously, was a clear case of senile par-alysis. A prostatic massage might possibly have saved the poor old lady, but, as you know, prostatic massage of the female is a very difficult procedure.

Before I leave the grandmother, I feel constrained, just as all of my medical confreres have been before me, to spring that old wheeze upon you, "A MANUS as old as his arteries."

And now, gentlemen, now that I have purged myself of this superb gem of medical epigrammatic wisdom, I can proceed with greater ease to the case in hand.

How are YER (G)oing (if I may speak colloquially) to treat these cases? How did we?

HADLEY symptoms of this patient been suggestive of meningitis we would have made a spinal puncture; and if we had been suspicious of appendicitis we would have called for surgical KINSELLtation. As it was, however, we extracted DANNER twelve false teeth that were maliciously posing as foci of infection. Immediately after this proceeding marked improvement sat in (it was Sunday night, the family was out, she was a girl and I was a boy—but this is another story).

I want you to particularly note that at no time did we prescribe allopathically. It's SHEAR nonsense to say that these patients do not recover without the exhibition of digitalis. Homoeopathically we gave her horse-radish—pardon me, gentlemen—I mean cantharides 30x (x stands for the number of times, 30 refers to the age of the preparation) because the patient complained of chilliness. The results were marvelous, we literally burned her up, which reminds me that fats burn in the flame of the carbo-hydrates much as men wilt in the arms of the passionate Greta Garbo. WALLACE I was saying, after we gave her cantharides she never complained of chilliness again.

I might say, in reference to treatment, that we did give this patient calomel to keep her bowels open, salyrgan to increase elimination, morphine to allay her pain, veronal to induce sleep, HYNES so forth; but the point I desire to stress is the all sufficiency of homoeopathic remedies homoeopathically prescribed.

You notice that she shows no evidence at present of the severity of her disease. I do see vesicular eruptions on the left arm and also on the right, but I consider that these have no bearing on the entity under consideration. She says that her skin lesions are RICHIE, HAINES there are distinct evidences of scratch marks.

Some simple rules SPELYNG success in the treatment of these cases are:

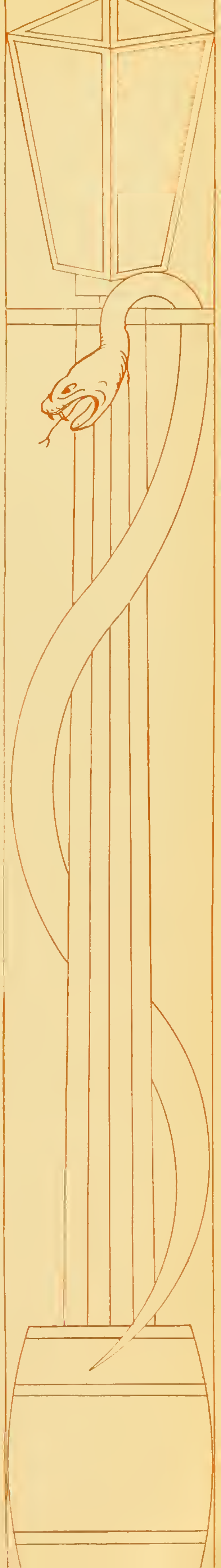
1. Be always WRIGHT in your diagnosis.
2. THUM many books, acquaint yourself thoroughly with the literature.
3. Never use a remedy, unless it's a GOODWIN.
4. Don't pass the BUCK and blame homoeopathy if your prescribed remedy fails, your patient may have been too sick to tell you all his symptoms. In this case make use of your allopathic knowledge. Use allopathy when homoeopathy is useless, and allopathy when homoeopathy is futile. When you finally conclude the patient has one foot in the grave, send for a chiropodist and have him amputate it for you. In this manner you will never lose a *single* patient, because after this strategic manoeuvre he'll never be able to stick more than one foot in the grave, and a patient must be ten feet in to be properly buried. A marriage ceremony is very useful also.
5. Never let the patient play the part of a consummate artist, leading you far, far astray; don't let him make a fool of you. If you must be a ham, at least be a CUNNINGHAM.
6. Keep away from bootleg liquor, BRUNO home brew, visit NODEN of crime.

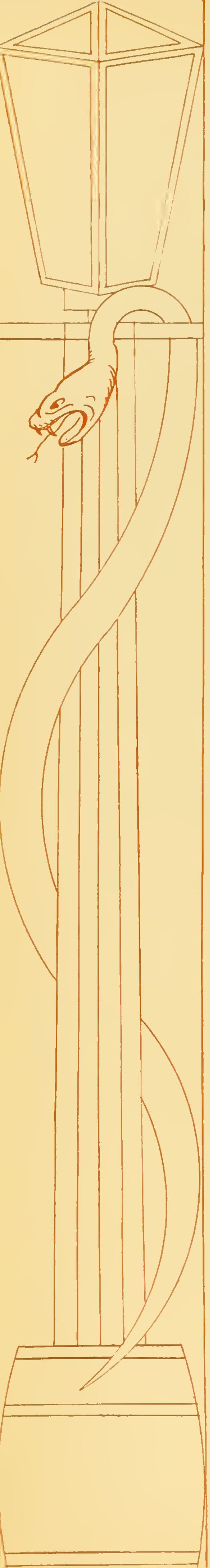
And now, gentlemen, permit me to summarize the salient points of this case.

A yellow skin suggests jaundice, but never forget that the skin of the Oriental is naturally MAURIELLO than that of the Caucasian.

We still have a few moments left. If you have any questions STEGURA hands up and I will endeavor to answer them.

No questions? Very well, gentlemen. That SAHL for today.





Memorable Events

When—

Grossman was seen carrying a notebook.

Roles forgot to ask the lecturer a question.

Scheuer and Stegura went through a complete hour without making a "break."

Mauriello forgot to take notes during class.

Jones only went to the movies three times in one week.

Noden was the victim of mistaken identity at the "Bug House."

Miller and Shear each awoke in Allentown one morning with only one half of their respective mustaches.

Dr. Phillips' facial expression changed during an anatomy quizz.

And—

Bill Buck's expression (facial and verbal) in the G-U dispensary, when the patient whose prostrate he was massaging developed acute incontinent sphincters.

A One-Act Tragedy With a Moral

Time—A memorable surgical clinic.

Scene—The Clinical Amphitheatre.

The Players—Senior Surgeon, Assistants, Operating Nurse, Unsterile Nurse, Orderlies, Internes, The Rabble (composed of students).

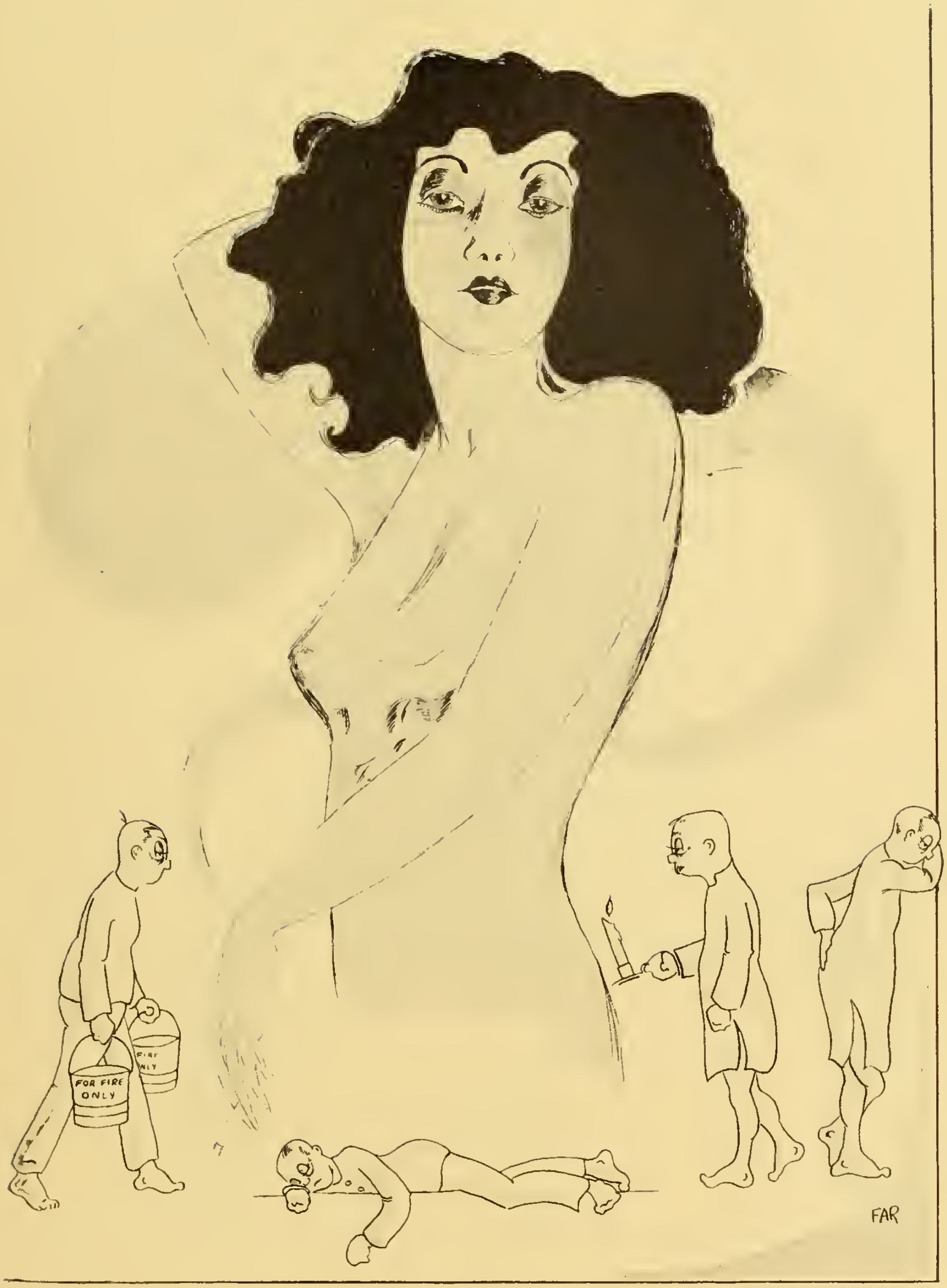
Surgeon—" . . . . . . and now the interne will demonstrate the X-ray film."

(The interne places the film on one of the view boxes and turns the electric switch. On this first attempt the proper view box lights up; whereupon the entire personnel of the operating room and the first two rows of seniors collapse at the sight of the "unexpected." They are later revived with aromatics by some of the orderlies. These last had been passing by accidently in the hope of finding some work to do. The matter is investigated and it is found that the interne had checked up on the lighting system before the commencement of the clinic. He is justly ostracised and forever banished from society for violating the most sacred tradition of the clinic.)

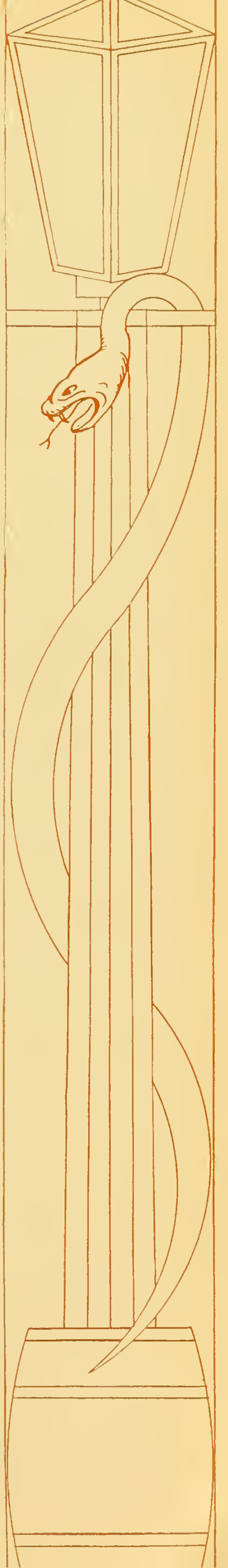
Moral Apply to the Methodist Episcopal Board of Morals if you insist on one.

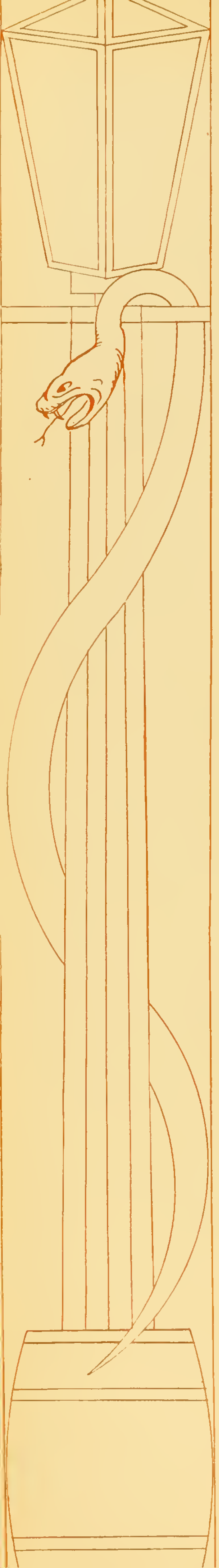
The Automat Song

Let us get up a party of four
to go 'round the revolving door.


FOR FIRE ONLY
FIRE ONLY
FAR

POLLY URIA





Modernized Versions of Verses Compiled By Those Well-Known Poets Drs. Sappington and Palen

I

Harlan said, "It's Rhus Tox."
  Snader said, "Dear no!"
Said Donald, "Make it K. I."
  Quoth Paxson, "Is it so?"
Frank said, "Try the X-ray."
  And Northrop, "Cut it out."
But we'll all attend the funeral
  Without any doubt.

Marter clipped the tonsils.
  Palen pierced the ear.
Nagle put on glasses.
  Hoffmann said, "She's queer."
Ralph found seborrhoea.
  James remarked, "It's twins."
The Lord forgive the doctors
  For these few sins.

Tyler gave her ether.
  Schofield found just piles.
Bushrod placed a pessary.
  Raue said, "Poor child."
Brookey stretched her back-bone.
  Said George, "Her stomach's low,"
But Sammy did the P. M.
  Thus ends this tale of woe.

Tune: "Everybody Works But Father"

II

Not the gonococcus,
  Not the spirochaete.
Not the double bubo,
  Not the chronic gleet.
If you ask the reason
  Leon is so great,
It's because he extirpates
  The large prostate.

Tune: "Because You're You"

Homoeopathic Aggravations

These for a starter:—

Handshakers—Scheuer, Straub, Sharkis.

Eight o'clock classes.

Mr. Smith's hospital regulations for Seniors.

Toxicology.

Albert's bagpiping.

Dr. Crellin as quizz master.

OBS Senior roll book.

Mauriello.

"Heppie's" haircuts.

Eberhard's conception of what the well-dressed man is wearing.

Krochmal and Klembara.

Hicks, the librarian.

Oral quizzes.

Written quizzes.

Quizzes.

Bernstein.

Caution fees.

Mankus' piano playing.

Grades below C.

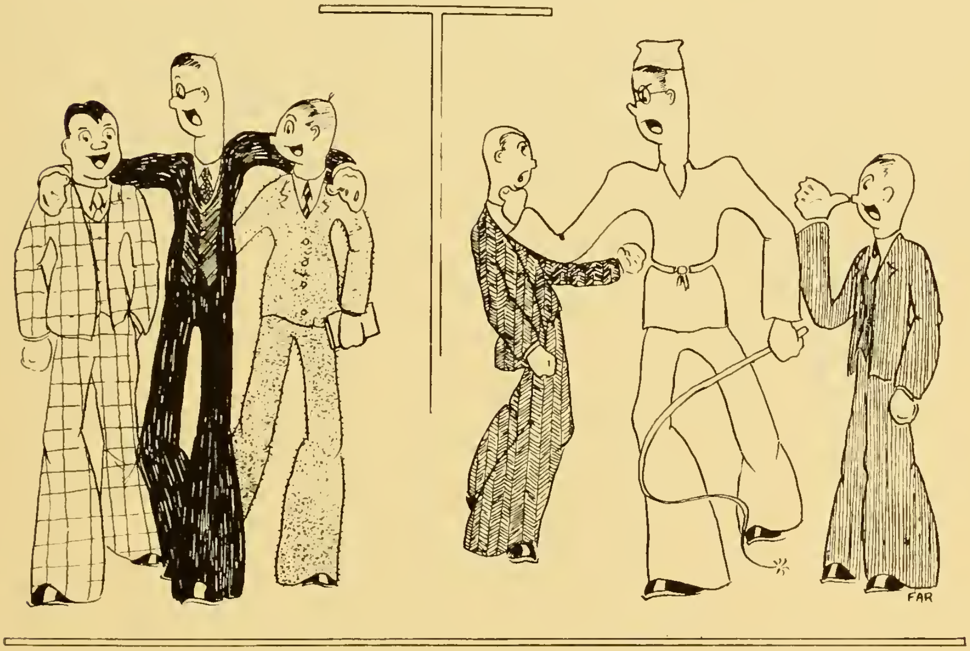
Ashcraft's piccadilly collar.

And, if you think you've finished—

Palmer's No Waster.

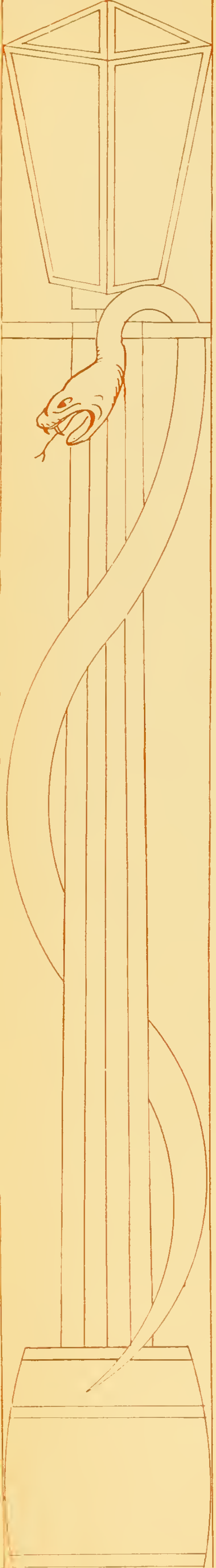
Hahnemann's Lee-tle Boy Blue

A Study in Transformation.



The Carefree, Happy-Go-Lucky Undergraduate

The Slave Driving Clinical Assistant



ARSENIC

Arsenic—burning—
Anxious—yearning—
Stinking liquid fecal flow.
Often drinking—
Cold and sinking—
Face as white as waxy dough.

Bloat—edema—
Emphysema—
Burning, dry, and scaly skin.
Lupus—noma—
Grave sarcoma—
Burning ulcers, foul and green.

A coryza,
That supplies a
Burning liquid nasal flow.
Every itis
When the plight is
In a type of fever low.

Pains neurotic—
Periodic—
Burning like a flame of fire.
Pneumo-typhus
At the crisis
When the tides of life retire.

Asthma—choking—
Chill invoking,
After meals a sanious spue.
Warmth relieving,
Yet deceiving,
Worse A. M. from 1 to 2.

Stacy Jones, M.D.

IN MEDICINE CLINIC

Remember the first time?

"Now,—ah—er—ah—mmmm—er will you please remove your dress while I wait outside?"

606

Holmes was examining the patient. He gave a history of a hard sore some six weeks previous. Over his body was a macular eruption. Holmes carefully scrutinized the records. He turned his weather eye on his ever-present companion, and in his inimitable baritone snapped, "Quick, Watson, the needle."

OVERHEARD IN THE DRUG STORE

"Ya see, doc, ah needs something to fix up my friend. He's feeling pretty sick and havin' a great deal of trouble in passin' water, on account of burnin' and pain, So ah wants to get some medecine for 'im."

Pharmacist: "Well come back here behind the counter and we'll have a look at your friend."

My, what big eyes you have!!
What long white hands. . . . My,
what a lovely soft neck, you
have.
Geez, you ain't me grandmother!

SEPIA

Sepia—How oft the ladies
Look to thee in their distress;
When their wombs are sore and tender,
And prolapsing downward press;—
Stools like balls, with itching anus,
Stitches up the rectum sent;
Urine of a clay-like color
With a foul red sediment.

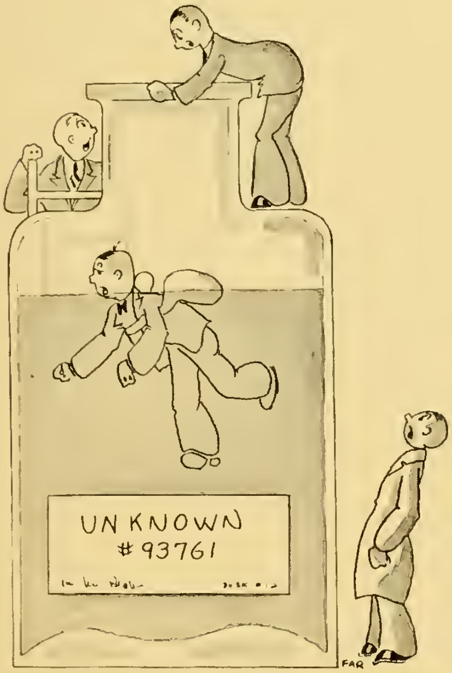
Stacy Jones, M.D.

TO LOUISE

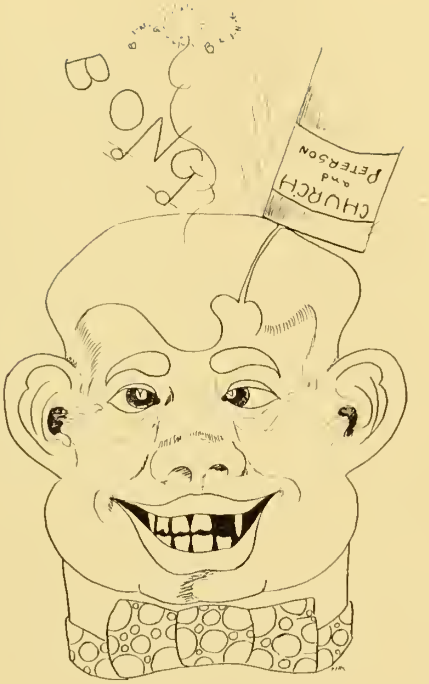
I once knew a girl, a lovely girl,
Who all the men did please;
And she was my love, my life, my pearl—
My innocent, sweet Louise.

But, God, how I'd like to spank her,
This innocent, kind Louise;
For she gave to me my chancre,
And scabies, la clap, and lues.

Mother (to little boy with enuresis): "If you are not careful we'll have to take you to Dr. Ashcraft, and he'll remove your entire genito-urinary system."



The Freshman Looks Into the Great Unknown



Cracked Pot Resonance

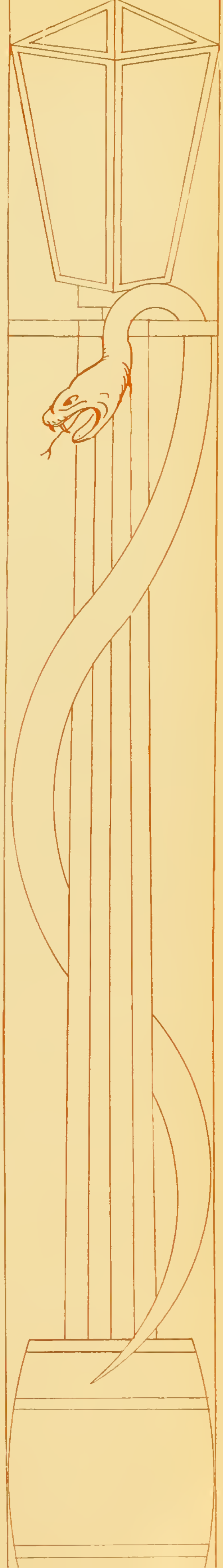
DOLOR OBSTETRICUS

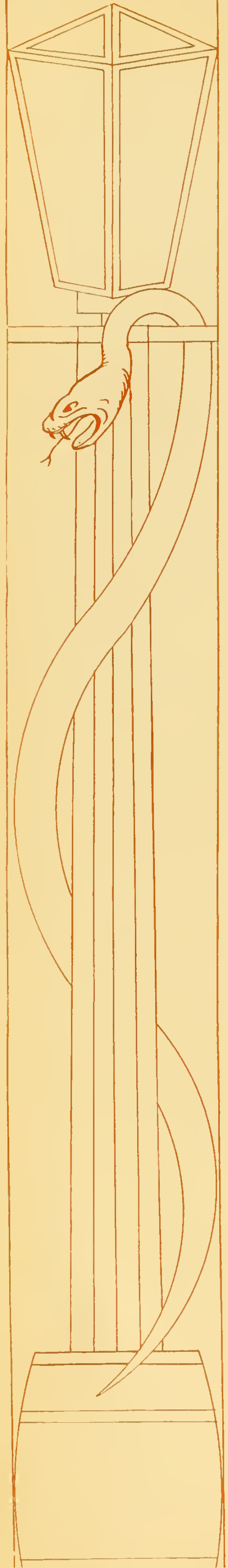
In the long, long ago, whilst a senior,
I performed an obstetrical crime.
Though her Wassermann registered four plus,
I delivered a kid for a "prime."

While walking the streets of the city,
I met the "baby" today;
Now I wish I had saved the placenta
And had thrown the baby away.

Sign on the Second Floor of the Fire House:

Please Don't Throw
Butts on the Floor





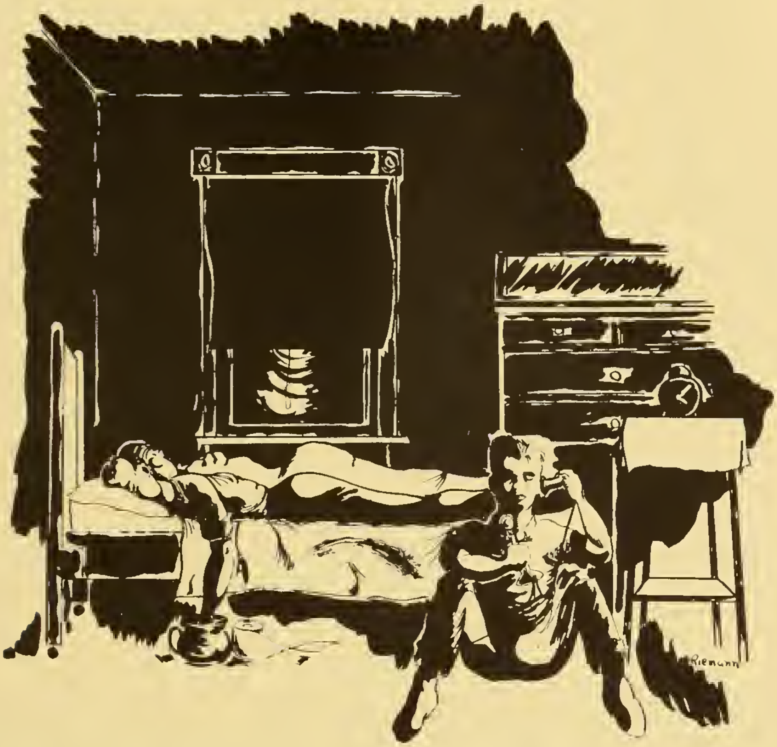
A Resume of Cases Unexplainably Missing from Our Medical and Surgical Wards

Patient	*Diagnosis*	*Treatment*
A. Gross Man	Absenteeism	Cutting
Pearl Roles	Superiority Complex	Guillotine Operation
Nikleass Mary Ella	Parrot Mind	Pan-hysterectomy
Applesauce Prung	Flight of Ideas	Prostatic Massage
R. Lues Cohen	Atavism	Monkey House Confinement
Lee Bottle Smiller	Neurasthenia	Gordon's Gin
Tiny Butch Koreywo	Acromegaly	Corpus Luteum
Jay-jay Shoe Shines	Suppressed Ego	Heroin
Prince Albert Fakely	Psychasthenia	Caesarean Section
Hayfork Right	Writer's Cramp	Amputation of Forearm
Neon Frank Hill	Pin Worms	Normal Delivery
Loose Leopard	Book Worms	Orchidectomy
Hurt Thumb	Cloudy Consciousness	Carbolic Acid
Pepstein	Halpernitis	Manslaughter
Deer Sleyrer	Bowel Obstruction	Castor Oil
Clem Barrow	Megacephaly	Ego-deflation
Crock Mawl	Satyriasis	Klapp Diet
Drib L. Byss	Dribbling	Episiotomy
Mack Hueon	Pseudo-pregnancy	Girth Control
Anthon Neela Rueso	Scurviness	Sterilization
Hal Purn	Nephrosis of Epstein	Epsteinectomy
Mussolini D. Elsie	Hyperesthesia	Cauterization
Mack Kynon	Homoeopathology	Impotentizing
Hardwood Brygeman	Crabbiness	Neutral Pack
D. Gusty Know	Loose Liver	Marriage
Kun Kning Hamm	Alopecia	Decapitation

For the two ladies with whom we have had contact during our senior year in the senior dispensary sections we have a very fitting present. For each we have a sterilized nursing bottle filled with iodine, together with full directions for internal use.

Dr. Hepburn: Now, on the other hand, when breast milk curdles you do not find coarse curds.

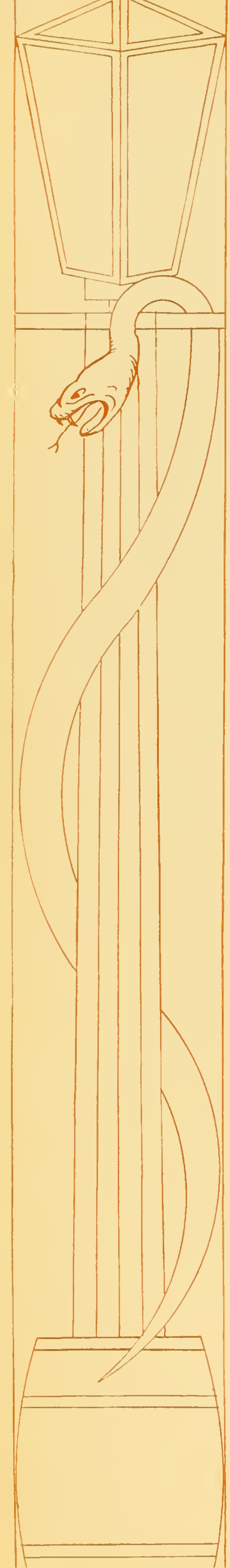
Voice from rear of room: Did you say horse, doctor?



"Hello. Dr. Mercer? . . . What can I do to keep my partner awake?"

If

If you can work through all the day, and study all the night,
And give to every subject ample time;
If you can take a front seat, regardless of exams,
Or, being "rode," commence not others to malign:
If you can stay awake through long and dreary classes,
Successfully withstanding Morpheus' lullabies;
If, knowing more, you show not proud superiority,
Nor affect the mannerisms of the foolish wise;
If you can shine, without incurring lesser men's ill humor,
And bore not friends who loan to thee attentive ear:—
Why then, when halls are rife with foul and baseless rumor,
Be not afraid. Having done your best, you've nought to fear,
Save, that being much too good to live, your life may end
After spending endless years in a sanatorium, my friend.



New and Non-Official Definitions

Anosmia: A condition essential to the urologist, and a severe detriment to the practice of pediatrics.

Apologia: A humor editor's attempt to apply soothing salve.

Antitoxins: Curative agents first used successfully clinically by allopaths and opposed unsuccessfully by homoeopaths. Now claimed by homoeopaths to be really homoeopathic in action.

Aphasia: Read dysarthria first. And this when you are caught waiting for a street car.

Blue Baby: Usually found in infancy; persistence of this condition into adult life occasionally met with. For a splendid example of this attend Dr. Leopold's surgical clinic and look at Bill Lee, the Little Boy in Blue who thinks Abraham Lincoln is still serving his first term.

Borborigmus: The intestines on a rampage.

Boredom: The unhappy state of G-U patients being sounded by Juniors.

Breech Delivery: The first stage in removal of the pants.

Broad Ligaments: The apron strings of the girl friend.

Caesarean Section: That portion of the class studying the history of Rome under the Caesars.

Chancre: See hydrophobia.

Charcot's Knees: His wife's sister's daughter.

Conception: The moment at which the processes leading to death are set in motion.

Crust: An endless piece of dough surrounding cherries. Also a der-mat-o-ological term. What Bernstein has.

Cutting Class: Being so unfortunate as to have no friends in school the day the roll was called.

Diseases of Joints: Lues, G.C., chancroid, scabies.

Dry Labor: Eating hard boiled eggs.

Dysarthria: This is a condition we have frequently experienced during oral exams.

Dysentery: That "all gone" feeling.

Engagement: Betrothal. An event which occurs before birth.

Faculty: A group of men who insist upon under-estimating the intelligence of their students and exaggerating their own importance.

Garter: An elastic band intended to keep a woman from coming out of her stockings and devastating the country.

History: The interne's copy of what the student elicited by copying the interne's report of what the nurse reported.

Hydrophobia: A pathological process which develops after the "old dog" bites you.

Irony of Fate: What the man who had attended every lecture of Dr. Steele realized when he cut the last day and the roll was called.

Labor: The means by which this book was produced. The cause of the HEADACHE.

Line: Every medical student develops this.

Master of Auscultation: Honorary degree conferred upon those who are able to take pharmacology notes.

Medical Epigram: Boned wisdom for weak teeth.

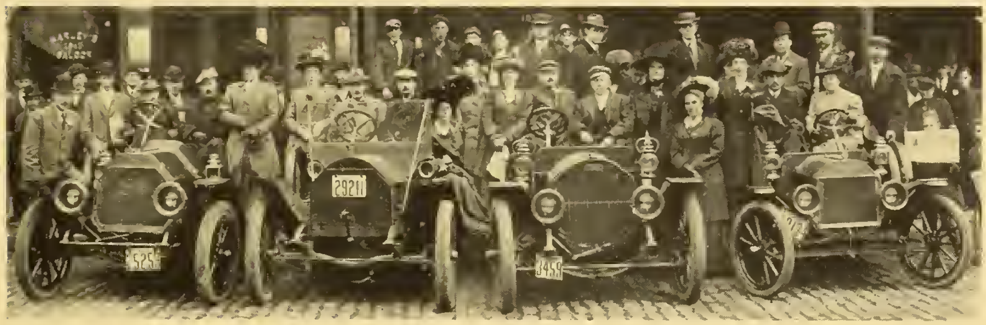
Moratorium: Display room for dead bull fighters.

Peruvian Bark: A noise made by certain South American canines.

Platonic Friendship: A friendship between two men.

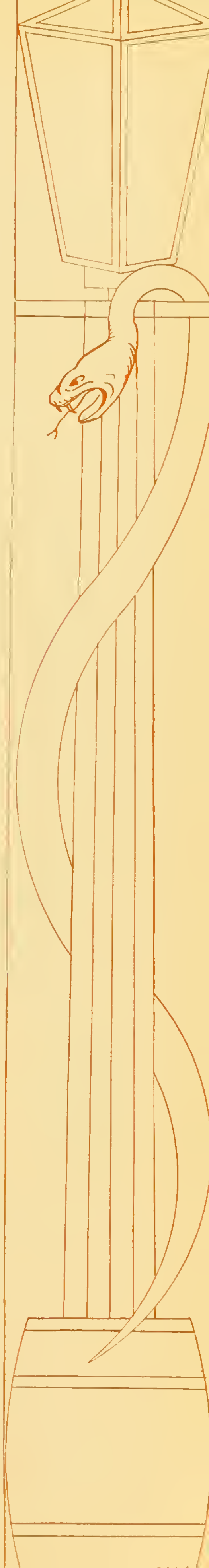
Poise: Chandler at an ether fire.
Post-Mortem: The discussion that follows the game of bridge.
Privates: No, Dimitry Dibich, these are not soldiers.
Seeing Red: A bird's-eye view of McGlynn with his hat off
Show: This is to labor what a rattle is to a snake.
Sinecure: A disease without a cure.
Step-ins: Really a misnomer. Much better—step-outs.
Tac: One-third of a game played during lectures.
Tenesmus: Wasted effort.
Therapeutic Abortion: 50% of these are criminal abortions performed for perfectly legitimate reasons.
Tic: See toe.
Toe: See tac.
Transverse Arrest: Being apprehended by cops when reclining under a table.
Unintentional Tremor: See dysarthria.
Version: Our side of the story.
Vulgarity: The conduct of others.
Wet Dream: The delusion that prohibition will soon be over.
Zero: What we have probably fallen to in your estimation.

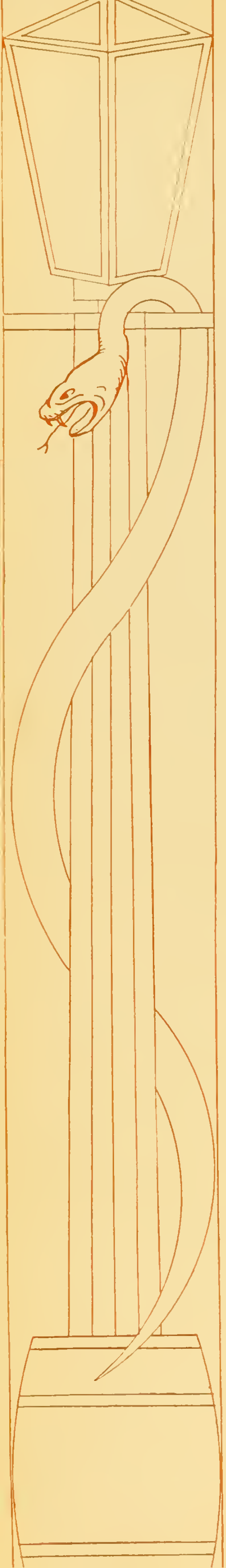
The Annual Outing of the Berth Control League



THIS coterie of joyful funsters were snapped by the *Tabloid* reporter as they were about to depart on a wild orgy along the picturesque banks of the Schuylkill, where they will cavort on its grassy banks. After indulging in croquet and ping-pong the occasion will be polished off in Larry's saloon with beer and pretzels. The Queen Mary hats were introduced in this country by Mrs. Di Lirious, pictured above, sitting on the radiator cap of her new model Isotta-Fraschini.

Note: Due to the misfortune of motor trouble and Dr. O'Zenia developing a bilateral hernia while attempting to crank his car, the celebration took place in the Ladies' Room of the saloon. The merrymaking lasted far into the wee hours of the morning. Dr. Cox Algia was lost in the sawdust under the table, but was later extracted. After the twentieth round of Pilsener, Dr. and Mrs. Pinkpill became quite shellacky and embraced by mistake. Among the high spots were Dr. Bornewot's silent tenor solo, which was duly appreciated. Later the bandwagon of the 15th precinct appeared to escort the funsters to the district house, where they spent the remainder of the morning.





Remember

The garage building used as temporary quarters in our freshman year?

The confusion in the chemistry lab that same year?

Our first class election and our first glimpse of Moyer?

Tenth normal solutions?

Our first impression of Wally Kratz?

Those sessions in the fire house?

The musicals sponsored by Dr. Snyder?

The fun we had with Dr. Hepburn?

The debate and vote as to whether we should have our bacteriology exam before or after the Christmas holidays?

Dr. Nelson's lecture on the non-opposable thumb of the anthropoid apes?

Our recess from anatomy lab to see the first big-league baseball game of the season?

The crullers we bought in histology lab?

The Kjeldahl room?

The hermaphrodite?

The excitement when "letters" were out?

How our time was wasted at autopsy?

The prolonged dearth of water after we moved into the present college building?

The length of time we required to learn the names of all the members of our class?

The turmoil when Cohen, the human fly, climbed a wall to pull down a window-shade?

Those surreptitious displays of unclothed feminine pulchritude on the walls of Room B?

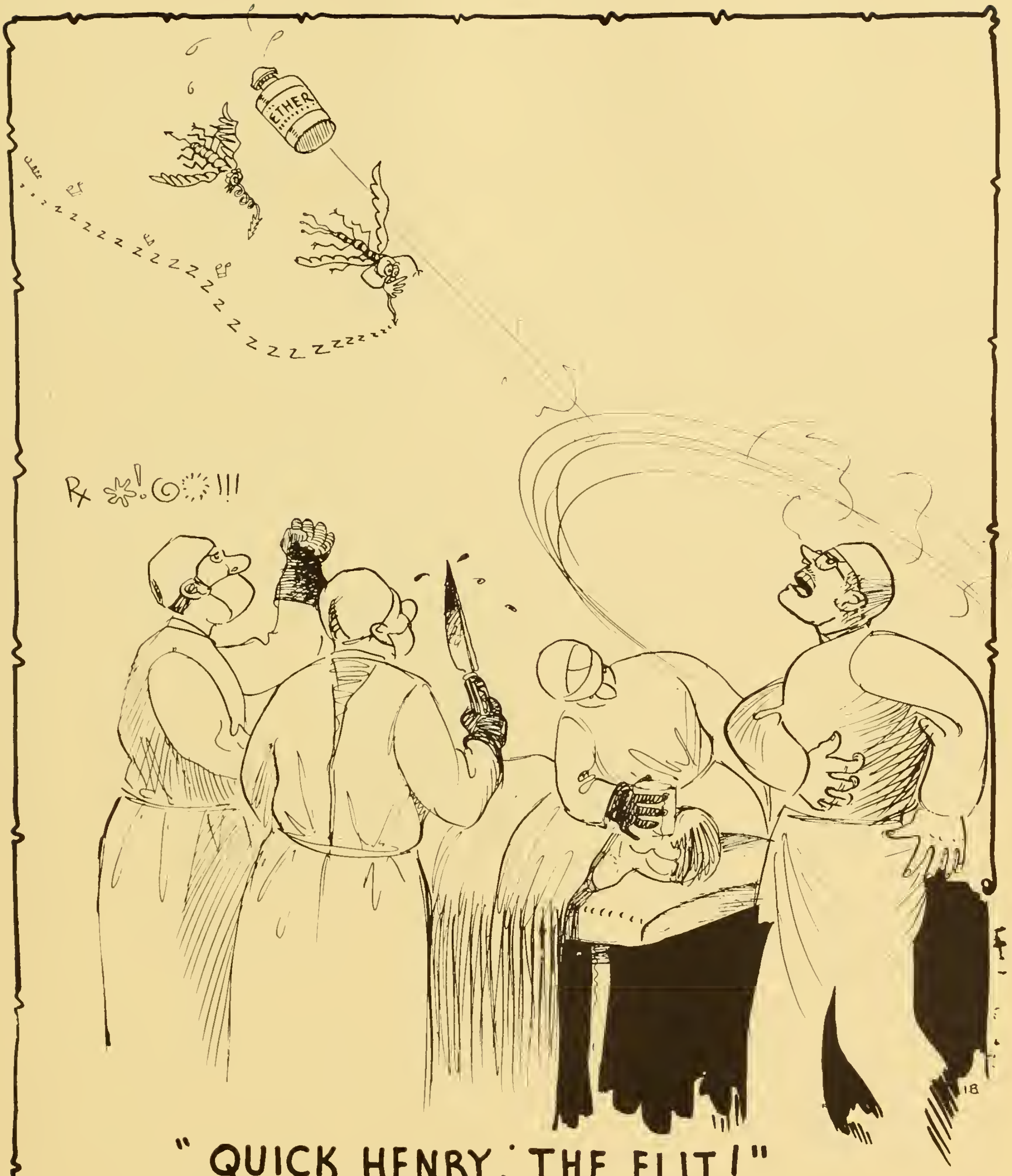
Our sorrow when a lecturer failed to appear?

Miller, returning from Allentown, reciting the following bit of poetry in a P R T elevated train?

"My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night;
But, oh, my foes, and, oh, my friends,
It sheds a lovely light."

His inimitable and naive explanatory note?

"This, my friends, is by Edna Saint Vincent Millay,
Whose very name is po-e-tray."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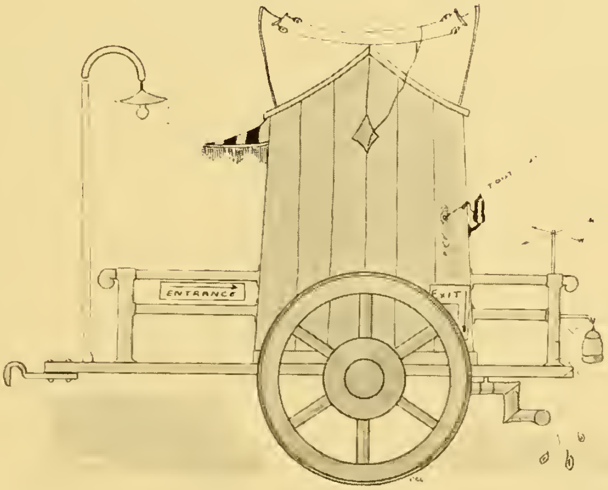

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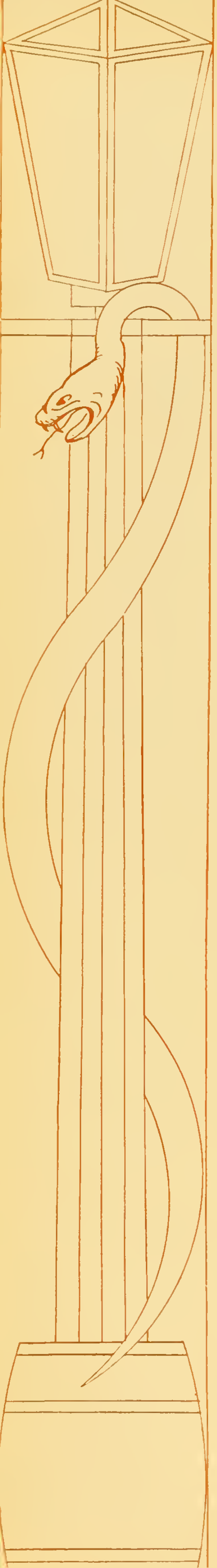

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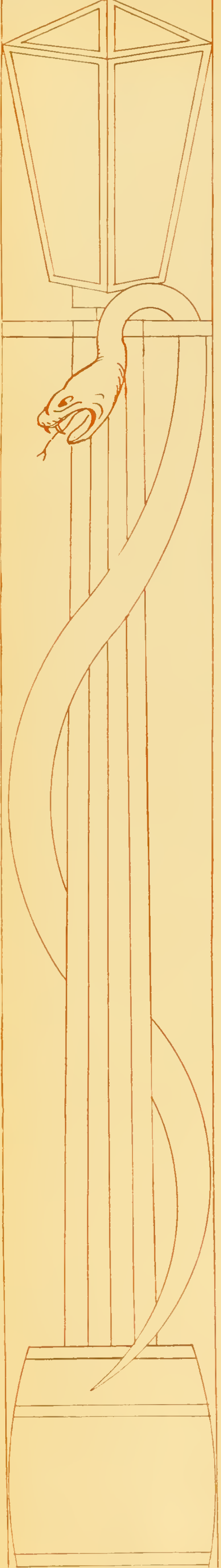

Line Forms on the Left

Finis Coronat Opus

Ye humor editors feel a bit of a vacation coming over them; preferably to Europe for a year or two until the storm blows over. After all is said and done we find it more enjoyable to walk alone rather than with a bodyguard, and besides we are averse to carrying concealed weapons—partly from principle, partly because of the Sullivan Act, and chiefly because we haven't any.

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity to express the thanks of the staff and of the class to the faculty and alumnae for the way in which they have responded to our request for advertisement in and subscription to "The Medic." . . . To our lay advertisers, our thanks are likewise extended. . . . To Davis and Geck, whose advertisement appears in this section, we wish especially to express our gratitude. Many of the most beautiful engravings in this book were used with their kind permission.

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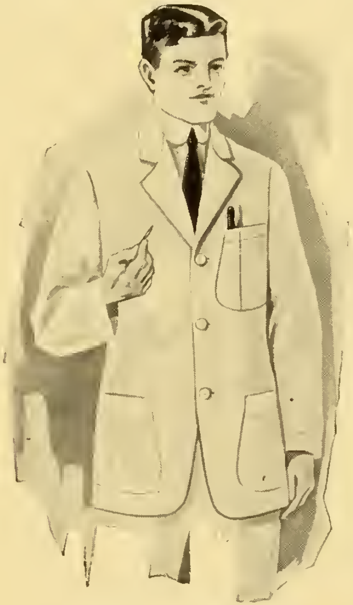

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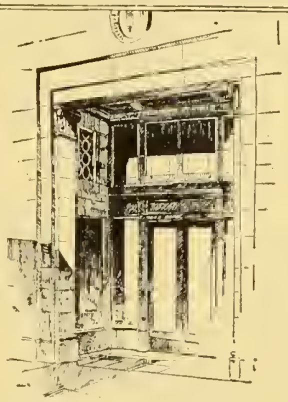

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